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The Voyage of the "Sudden Death"

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

UP in Canadian sporting clubs each "m'sieur", which comprehends also the supposed gentle ones of the species, is valeted, generally speaking, by two guides. The distances are so great, both for paddling and portaging, that this is not the fantastic luxury it appears to one coming from the Adirondacks. There a guide for every two persons is, or used to be, adequate. Moreover, a "m'sieur" is not expected to carry anything unless his own rod or rifle. But the arrangement certainly results in guides underfoot about camp, in intervals of travelling, and when the Captain arrives to be the "m'sieur"—what time the original "m'sieur" is called out—when the six-foot Captain blows into the woods, freshly escaped from business, harking back to strenuous army days, eager to eat up exercise, then the guides, except for cooking and chopping wood, are out of a job.

"Don't let's take guides. Let's go alone. It's so much more fun," pleads the Captain.

And proceeds to set forth how he is in the last agonies, starving to death, as it were, for lack of portaging a canoe.

"I won't carry the lunch in my hand," states the Gentle One, hurriedly. "I hate toting things in hands. I'll paddle till the cows come home. Of course I will. And walk anything. But I won't stir with a package in my fist."

"Oh"—the Captain waves aside that and all obstacles—"I'll tie the lunch to the canoe bar. I won't know it's there. May we take Bill's light canoe?"

Certainly we may, if we won't scrape it on rocks. That twelve-foot, forty-five-pound canvas canoe, made by Josef the Huron in Indian Lorette, is a new toy, and the Captain has a heavy hand with toys. But he promises.

The two consider geography, and find good a round trip comprehending five lakes, differing each from the other as one star from another in glory, but all stars and all glorious. In between lakes are portages of varying length, and a stretch of wild river, decorated with rapids, connects Lac Sauvage with Lac T. N. T. The Captain and the Gentle One start from the dock about ten, with the lunch tied, for its ultimate overcoat, in a white cornmeal bag with a slim waistline and a train. The Gentle One hefts it.

"It weighs nothing. I'd just as soon carry it as not," she repents, but the Captain ignores such late-in-the-day offers.

"It goes on the bar. I won't know it's there," he repeats.

She steps into the bow, and the big Captain stows himself in the stern, and the stern goes shooting down-hill. The little Indian boat, the *Sudden Death*, one calls it, kicks and dances at the very idea of that big weight, and the Captain is intrigued as to where to put his feet.

"I can't sit on the gunwale. The thing won't stand for it," he complains.

"Kneel then," suggests the bow paddle. There is no third attitude in an Indian canoe.

"But I won't go in between," the Captain argues. "It's too tight for my hips."

Whittling him down is the only other scheme, but the Gentle One thinks it best not to be flippant. She steadies the kick-

ing craft against the dock while the Captain wedges in his bones, his too large bones; and with care they are off.

"Gosh, this is uncomfortable," murmurs the Captain at intervals down the lake.

The water is low in the Dammed Little River, so they take a short portage to the next lake, and the slim-waisted lunch goes on the canoe bar. Through shadow and light of the little portage winds the canoe, high in air, upside down, with long legs locomoting beneath it.

"I'll take stern," suggests the Gentle One, as the procession arrives at the next lake, Lac Noir. "Maybe it'll balance better, and you'll have room for your precious hips in the bow."

Down goes the bow, as one hundred and seventy-five pounds of human drops into it, and the *Sudden Death* kicks more earnestly, and a general topheaviness settles on the fleet. The Gentle One, adventuring in the stern, shoves off and hops in, with high hopes of all being well. But intense depression of the bow persists.

"Damn it, there's no place for my feet here," indignantly protests the Captain.

"I can't sit up on the gunwale myself; she wabbles horribly," states the Gentle One gingerly. "*Don't* pull me around with your stroke, for mercy's sake; I don't dare steer hard."

"Don't trifle with the gunwale, woman. Kneel. This boat is dangerous," urges the Captain.

"We won't try this plan again. You'll have to suffer in the stern; at least we're safe that way. The bow is slanted down a foot with your elephant weight." So the Gentle One.

The craft prances, head down like an ostrich, and tail waggling flightily, the length of Lac Noir—Lac Noir sparkling between mountains—and the crew lands, thankfully enough, on a sand-bar before the portage. The Captain lifts the reprehensible *Sudden Death* on his mighty paddle to near-shore, and splashes out into splashing shallows, and the Gentle One follows suit, secure in *bottes sauvages*, high moosehide moccasin-made boots, with soles and hobnails. The coldest spring in Canada tinkles into this sand-bar, and one pushes through the alders to a secret sanctuary, all moss, where dark-brown water murmurs icily over gravel. There is a battered aluminum cup which travels in the Gentle One's breeches pocket, and it comes out, dented and doubled sidewise, and is dipped into the crystal tinkling; the two drink where moose and caribou drank the day little Moses was found in the bulrushes, and before. It is a very old earth up this way, for the Laurentian Mountains were the first things out of water when the round world was making. The steep hills have stood and the streams have twisted through them, and the beasts have come down to the lakes to feed in the same antique likeness—perhaps the most ancient families on the globe—for thousands of years. When Alexander was conquering his world, or thought he was, when Napoleon was tearing Europe to pieces and making it over to suit his fancy, on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the morning of the first Fourth of July, the moose and the caribou made their way through these shadowy bright forests, and across our own wind-blown, sunlit, aromatic beaver meadows, and came to Lac Noir to munch their meal of lily-roots, quite unconcerned as to world politics, the same grotesque old figures of animals which are there today.

The trail from Lac Noir to Lac Creux winds up a slope through a pleasant forest of birch and moosewood. Moosewood is a growth, high of about fifteen feet, and the legend is that the moose eat the young shoots. I never caught one at it, or heard of it; the moose whom I have met have been concerned with roots of water-lilies and with patches of tender grass in beaver meadows. But they may do it, and not let me know; in any case, there is the moosewood, a gay, waving, rustling plantation under gay, rustling white birches. Of these September days, it has a winning habit of turning gold with pinkish and copperish shadings to its leaves, so that the entire wood interior, as one climbs to Lac Creux, is a very tapestry of glory. The air is wine, the sky is firmly blue with cotton-wool September clouds blowing across it, a sky innocent of evil.

Thus, through joy and silence of the open, they come to the Lac Creux end of the trail. The Gentle One is ahead, and,

reaching a tiny deep bay, sheltered with spruces, she looks comprehensively over the landscape, as do all woodsmen coming out on water. A brown bulk about the size of a horse looms, knee-deep among lily-pads. The lake is shallow, and the beast is a hundred feet out, unconscious of an audience. From up the trail the graceful length of the canoe flashes through the trees. The Captain will make no noise; he is woodsman born and bred; but as he tosses the little boat sidewise and lets it to earth, the Gentle One smiles and points.

"A cow moose," she whispers. "No horns."

They watch, and the big lady puts her head under water and rolls it and shakes it, and swashes slowly along, nipping lily-leaves. The canoe is slid in without a sound, for this is a mossy cove, and silently the Captain paddles closer, as close as one dares, for a moose will charge a canoe. The wind is toward them, so that they might almost run into the beast, but at last, tossing her head up luxuriously, she sees something out of drawing on her lake and the toss is arrested midway. The paddle stops; the moose stares; a good half-minute passes; then, with a puzzled over-the-shoulder glance, she turns, deciding that the bush may be healthier, in view of that queer spot on the lake. She trots, not frightened, yet nervous, lumbering, and enormous and awkward, but, for all that, fascinating, toward land. A wake of foam thunders behind her as she goes, and the wild, shy, huge thing, kicking white water, melts as a handful of moss into woods which open to receive their own. A tremendous crack or two, a few lighter sounds, and she is gone, leaving the usual astonishment as to how masses like that can locomote in thick woods with so little fuss. Then the Gentle One picks up her paddle, and the canoe proceeds on its hidden course, punctuated with indignant objections from the hero in the stern about his hips and his feet.

"Fold your hips up, and let your feet hang over," helpfully suggests the bow paddle.

No attention is paid, but shortly the Captain states thoughtfully: "She's a feather to carry, but she's hell on a lake."

One is soon across Lac Creux—no plot to Lac Creux—and twisting down its placid outlet, which strolls through a mighty beaver meadow, wind-ruffled and rustling over a mile or so of pale-green grasses, touched up with spruce and balsam trees. The portage to Lac Ouitouche climbs, and about half-way a whole-souled little mountain stream crosses. The Gentle One, marching ahead, comes around a shoulder of the hill and sees, unexpectedly, water. The beaver are there. A dam of thirty feet long bars the mountain stream in the dip of the land, and above it is the prettiest fairy pond, forty or fifty feet across, set into the middle of the forest quite impossibly. Yet there it sits. The water trickles busily, hollowly, over it, over the dam, and murmurs out of sight among thickets. Messieurs the beavers have felled two birches, big of ten inches through, across the trail, and the Gentle One drops down on one and considers how it is quaint that the boat will have to be put in to navigate this trail. Then the boat, a long green mushroom with legs, swings up the light and shadow of the forest highway, and she signals—one learns not to talk overmuch in the woods. In a moment the *Sudden Death* is tossed down, and with that it is jumping into the water and, astonished to meekness, it is across the tiny lake. Then they are off again, climbing, climbing, to Indian Lake, Lac Sauvage, on the Indian River. A stretch of four minutes on the lake and one takes the river, and there are rapids.

"Do we shoot them?"

"Nobody ever does," states the Captain, "but I think we do."

And with that the dancing canoe, entranced with the adventure, is among big rocks in rushing, whirling, tumbling white water. It is a place for alertness and expertness with a paddle, but these two have handled paddles long years. In and out the boat twists, and one of the voyagers is on a rock and lifting the small craft to deep water, and the other stands in the flowing wetness and shoots the bow toward a passage; the cold river shouts around them, and tries to tip them into itself; they flash, with a deep drop, out—the bow two feet, three feet out into air, over ridges of smooth, oiled flood. They

head off with a paddle from rocks waiting to crash them, and at last flow out, on a foam-flecked speeding wave, into still water. The still water is long and corkscrews through beaver meadow, but bumps here and there into a shore of clear woodland, with rocks on its edge, and swings back to its sunshiny path through grass, and around sudden blind corners.

As the bow paddle pulls water vigorously to help make one such bend, her blade arrests sharply; she turns her head a mere fraction. But the Captain has seen. A bull moose stands on a sand-bar not forty feet away, and the white lining of his antlers, his *panaches*, is like a billboard against the forest. A spread of fifty-five inches those *panaches* must have, and they look to the lowly paddlers as if they towered, with the lordly head thrown up, at least twenty feet. As a fact, it is about nine. The two blades dig into the sand of the river; the boat stops dead; the moose and the voyagers stare mutually. Then:

"Good old citizen," speaks the Captain out loud, "get along to lunch; we won't hurt you."

And the old citizen, regarding them with heaven knows what wonder or *malaise* in the dim brain behind the black small eyes, decides to accept the advice. Turning his mighty headpiece, he plunges at one whirl into shadows. The miracle again—tremendous cracks for a mere instant, then a small breakage of twigs; silence. How they do it is marvellous.

"*We* won't hurt *him!*" the Gentle One repeats. "Likely not. With a package of lunch for shootin' irons! More likely the other way. I wasn't so sure how he'd take us."

"I wasn't either," agreed the Captain. "We came on him fairly close. That's why I spoke. But as you mentioned lunch——"

"It's only twelve-thirty," reasoned the bow paddle, who had not been portaging. "Let's wait till the end of the last portage. There's a nice place for a fire by the river."

"All r-right." So the veteran, wellnigh tearfully.

And ahead tumbled a busy line of water and a ridge clean across the river —a beaver dam. The club guardian had broken a passage, and the *Sudden Death* tiptoed to it and jumped, and slid over the dip into smooth, swift water. Another portage shortly; another stillwater, through high, breezy, coarse grass, beaten down in spots where big beasts had bedded, and marked on the earth-banks with hoof-prints, the tossed-up mud yet wet on one or two. Then more beaver dams, easy to negotiate in this time of high water, while always mountains crowded close to the valley of the river, mountains incredibly vivid in their autumn gaiety. Then came a portage again; another stillwater; then the last and loveliest trail of all. It winds up, this heavenly portage, through large birch woods, and it is wide and of easy footing, and a most charming stream strolls beside, talking in a busy undertone all the way: of moose who have drunk in it, of trout who are flashing in it; of leaves which drop in it and speckle it goldly; of emerald mosses which overlay its stones with velvet; of the high mountain rocks where it was born—of such things the stream talks unendingly, running along by the heavenly portage, till it and the travellers come to the head of the last stillwater.

With a single movement the Captain slips the canoe off sidewise to the shore, its nose splashing into the river.

"There's a spring a hundred yards back, and a good place for lunch," suggests the Gentle One.

"There's a good place for lunch here." The Captain doubles his meaning by patting his anatomy. "I won't go back anywhere, YOU—" he sets forth indignantly. "We'll lunch here. And now."

In a cleared spot overhung of alders and a huge birch, a spot sloping to the hurrying little river, they build their fire of bark and sticks and of yet bigger sticks, and the Gentle One, as is her duty, unpacks lunch and spreads various paper linen and paper china. The Captain carves two long-handled forks from an alder, and when the Gentle One's green rubber coat—her *ciré*, as the guides say—is pulled out of the extreme bow of the canoe, where it is wedged tight, one makes of it a sofa fitted into pleasant curves of old stumps, and one sets to work to toast sandwiches. Bacon and peanut butter are the genus of the sandwiches. Noth-

ing more delectable is known than such a brown and hot refreshment, by a wood-fire, on the bank of a rushing little river, foam-spotted, and most eager to get there. And, after all the bacon sandwiches are toasted and eaten, hot and brown and curling like trout; when the eggs are gone and the little cakes, and the tiny flask's last drop has tempered the river-water in the nickel cups—then the Captain, a well-fed animal, announces his intention to "torp," and he chooses the bottom of the canoe for torpidity, and crawls under the bars. The Gentle One spreads the hard-working green *ciré* and torps in unison, by the crackle of the fire. There is no hurry anywhere in creation. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and he has lent it to these two for a day. Across the stream, narrow and deep here, forty feet away, are rocks with their heads in the sunlit alders and their feet in the flowing. Under half-closed eyelids the Gentle One sees a mink, bright of eye, pointed of nose, svelt and narrow-waisted of body, ripple out on a rock and stop, and stare at the drowsy camp, and slip on again noiselessly, a darker shadow among the dancing shadows of the alders. It stops yet again, curious and bold and unafraid, to reconnoitre once more the unknown big objects strewed about, on the shore of its own peculiar river. They watched the mink play there, melting in and out of shifting alders and shadows for minutes. And then the siesta of peace was over; the bow paddle stepped down to the bow, the sandy shore grated under as the boat slid forward, the Captain came aboard in a jolt, with the last shove, and the *Sudden Death* was afloat again. Soon mountains were standing back; the valley of the river widened; level woods were on each side.

"That scarlet hill is across Lac T. N. T.," stated the Captain, who is much like the people who read aloud the inserts at the movies, for informing one of obvious facts.

"I know it," the Gentle One threw back. "And the mouth of the river isn't a half-mile away. I'm sorry it's over, aren't you?"

"It's not over," the Captain reasoned. "We're an hour and a half from camp. What's that cloud doing in the east? The sunlight's gone."

Suddenly it was. The innocent blue sky, the cotton-wool clouds of morning, were swamped in a morose blanket. By the time the boat tripped around the last wide grass-patch into the lake, all the bright firmament under which they had travelled was hidden with sullen gray.

"We'll get wet."

"Who cares?" said the other. "We've had the day, and there are warm fires and a comfy camp at the day's end."

Any sort of weather has its charm in the woods. The bow paddle did not even slide into her faithful green coat when the sweet rain began pelting on Lac T. N. T.

"I can't paddle in that thing," she said, and turned her collar high, and paddled urgently. It was after three miles of wet progress over lakes, it was after two sopping portages also, that, on turning the canoe into Lac Lumière, the loveliest lake in all the club, one saw blue smoke curling from the trees against the mountain a mile off. The rain pelted yet, it ran off their hats in streams; a cold spot stabbed one shoulder and an arm; one's trousers were dark with wetness and chilly on the knees. But the voyagers had no regrets.

"Look at the pond in the canoe," pointed out the Gentle One.

"Look at me. It all runs down on little me," the Captain complained from the stern. "And my hips—" The laughter of the light-hearted and the wool-clad defied rain.

Ten minutes later, when Josef, the head guide, had met them at the *quai*, and had conducted them to the haven where they would be, where wood-fires burned and dry clothes were heating, when the little *Sudden Death* lay cosily, bottom-side up on the rack by the landing, and Josef had gone off with a parting "Dinner in half an hour; yes, m'sieur"—when this state of well-being had arrived the Captain strolled into the camp of the bow paddle before beginning fundamental dressing and made his speech.

"I just wanted to tell you that this was the best day yet, and I simply love to get squeezed and soaked in the *Sudden Death*," said the Captain.

The Cliffs at Thebes.

The Work of an American Orientalist

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Author of "Recent Discoveries in Egypt," "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are many strategic positions from which to survey the wonders of the world. Some command great natural phenomena: the peaks and glaciers of the Alps, the castellated walls of the Colorado Canyon, the smoking craters of Vesuvius and Etna, where the processes that have shaped the face of the earth are still plainly in evidence. Others, like the heights above Granada or the crests of the Alban Hills, look down on the scenes of such historical events as the final extinction of the Moorish civilization in Europe or the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Of all such view-points, that which dominates the valley of the Nile from the cliffs above Thebes perhaps affords the widest scope to the imagination. Here on the summit, as the chipped flints at our feet attest, lived paleolithic man scores of thousands of years before the great lake that once washed the palisades had given place to the Nile. Near this point, following the receding waters, he descended to the river terraces while the ice of the glacial periods swept back and forth over Europe, extinguishing again and again the nascent cultures of the north. Here on the alluvium, slowly laid down through centuries by the river, he turned from hunting to agriculture and developed the earliest known civilization. And here in later times he established the greatest city of antiquity, which flourished for two thou-

sand five hundred years before the Christian era.

Even this sweep of hundreds of thousands of years need not limit our picture from the cliffs at Thebes. On their crest, among the chips of the palæolithic workshops, we may pick up fossil shells that tell of life in the primeval sea from which the cliffs themselves were formed. For the particles that constitute these limestone rocks on which we stand were once suspended in an ocean that covered, not only the Nile valley, but the whole extent of the Sahara and the Libyan and Arabian deserts. The tomb of Tutankhamen, in the Valley of the Kings below us, was thus excavated at a time relatively near our own, in the sediment, hardened into rock, that formerly stood a thousand feet below the bottom of this early sea.

So from this vantage point, aided by the great temples that mark the site of Thebes, the numerous traces of prehistoric man, and the signs of life in a long-vanished ocean, we may project our imagination back toward the beginnings of the world. If we would extend the scene still farther, we have only to glance at the sun, of which the earth once formed a part, and, as night falls, at the stars that mark each of the successive stages attained by the sun in its early stellar career.

Such a survey, with all the enlightenment its adequate development would bring, is the means naturally employed by any man of science to broaden his conception of his particular field of research. Nothing is more stimulating or more practically useful to the student than to regard every investigation, no matter how specialized, as an element in the great process that is steadily building up a general picture of the whole sweep of evolution. Beginning among the stars, this process finally leads up to the origin of man, his rise from savagery, and the dawn of civilization.

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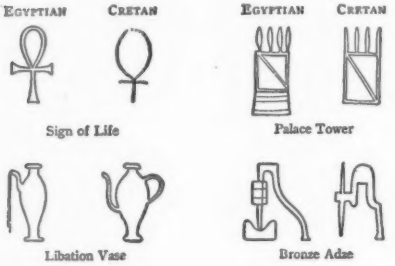
James Henry Breasted in his study at the Oriental Institute.

THE TASK OF THE ORIENTALIST

The problems of the Near East, where civilization arose, have been approached by the philologist, the historian, the museum collector, the student of art, the archæologist, and many others; but too often, as in other branches of science, the interest of the investigator has been



Egyptian hieroglyphics compared with signs from early Cretan writing.

Reproduced by permission from "The Origins of Civilization," by Professor James Henry Breasted.

concentrated upon some specialty or the range of his perception has been too closely circumscribed. Fortunately, as a previous article has indicated,* our American Egyptologists have proved themselves to be broad-minded men. As an admirable illustration of this, and the most inspiring plea for research in the Near East within my knowledge, let me outline the task of the Orientalist as conceived by Professor James H. Breasted, Director of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.†

The first duty of the student of civilization in the Near East is to consider his problem in its relationship to the history of mankind viewed *as a whole.* The old-school classicist was unwilling to admit the influence of the Orient in the rise of civilization, while the chief interest of the Assyriologist was to trace origins to the shores of the Euphrates in opposition to the Egyptologist, who claimed them for the banks of the Nile. The simple procedure of looking at the problem as a unit and of recognizing the *facts*, wherever they might lead, has been sadly neglected. Here the Orientalist may well take a hint from the methods of the American ethnologist, who has followed a more scientific plan.

It seems to be demonstrated that there are only two regions on the earth in which the three essentials of civilization—agriculture, the art of writing, and the use of metals—have been developed from the barbarism of the Stone Age. Oddly enough, each of these occupies, or adjoins on both sides, a great intercontinental bridge, one connecting North and South America, the other Africa and Eurasia. The Americanist, using every class of evidence on which he can lay his hand, has determined this focal point of the New World in many independent ways. Thus the cultivation of maize has been shown to have been distributed over a large area by a process of diffusion from a centre in Central America. Other culture traits, such as the practice of irrigation or the use of metals, when similarly tested, lead back to the same origin. In this central area the only writing is found at the critical period of transition from the pictographic to the phonetic stage. This reached Mexico but did not penetrate South America, which never developed the art of writing.

The leaders in this nucleus of civilization, from which the cultural development of the whole western hemisphere was derived, were chiefly three peoples: the Maya of Yucatan, the Nahua (including the Aztec) of Mexico, and the Inca of Peru. All were greatly superior to the other American peoples, but differed markedly among themselves. Thus the Maya, though generally the leader, never advanced beyond stone tools, while the Aztec and Inca had introduced copper and bronze implements. The Inca, on the other hand, was superior in decorative art. Each influenced the other, and contributed toward the advancement of civilization.

Breasted concludes that a similar process of diffusion must have gone on for millennia in the Old World, where some six thousand years ago essentially

* See "Recent Discoveries in Egypt," *Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1923.

† See "The Place of the Near Orient in the Career of Man and the Task of the American Orientalist," *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. XXXIX, pp. 159–184, 1919.

the same stage of culture had been reached on the Nile and Euphrates as that attained by the Maya, Aztec, and Inca in 1492 A. D. Thus the New World diffusion of culture, continuing down into our own times, is like a great laboratory experiment for the benefit of the Orientalist, showing what must have occurred about the Egypto-Babylonian group before the age of written documents.

Many centuries after the Egypto-Babylonian group had gained highly developed governments and the arts of civilization, the outlying peoples of Africa and Eurasia were in a primitive state of culture development and the more remote inhabitants of Europe were still barbarians. As for China, its oldest contemporary annals date from the second century B. C., while its earliest datable bronzes cannot be placed before the thirteenth century B. C. Moreover, there is much reason to believe that the Chinese civilization had its source in or near the Egypto-Babylonian group. Excavations in Asia Minor, Turkestan, and Persia show the drift of culture in this direction, just as those in Crete and Carthage demonstrate the spread of Egyptian influences toward Europe. "In this vast cultural synthesis, embracing the whole known career of man, the civilizations of the Near Orient are like the keystone of the arch, with prehistoric man on one side and civilized Europe on the other."

No wonder, then, that Breasted pleads for a combined attack upon this single great problem, in which, like the modern astronomer, he would borrow suggestions and methods from every direction, and apply them without limitation or restriction. Thus a slight acquaintance with the botany and zoology of the Nile valley, and of its arts and crafts, would have shown the true origin of the hieroglyphic writing (in which flora, fauna, and implements are pictured) to the able but limited philologists who sought to prove its Babylonian source. Written documents, the sole material of the old-time verbalist, form only one body of available evidence. The classical archæologists of the German expedition that excavated Olympia discarded prehistoric bronzes* with contempt, because they bore no inscriptions. Yet their form, technique, craftsmanship, and other features would have offered invaluable evidence to open-minded investigators.

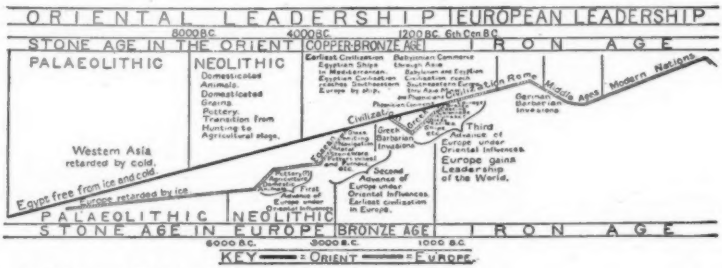


Diagram visualizing the rise of civilization in the Orient and its transition thence to Europe.

Reproduced by permission from "The Origins of Civilization," by Professor James Henry Breasted.

Our museums, indeed, are crowded with materials, perfectly adapted but never adequately used, for the elucidation of the problem of the Near East. This is no argument against further excavation. On the contrary, it is a strong reason for it, as so many links in the chain are missing and must be found to complete it. Much could be accomplished if Ægean archæologists would put together the materials showing the rise of the old pre-Greek Ægean civilization, the influence of the inflow of the Greek barbarians, and the subsequent development of Greek civilization after 800 B. C. Similarly, the history of art would greatly benefit by a study of its transition from the crude

*Rescued for the Copenhagen Museum by Sophus Müller.

beginnings in Sumerian Lagash to the superb sculpture of Sargon and Naramsim at Semitic Akkad.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN THE NEAR EAST

Lepsius, irritated by the discovery of Stone Age man in the Nile valley by an archæologist, is an amusing illustration of the point of view of the old-time Egyptologist. But though long since initiated, the task of the archæologist in the Near East has hardly begun. No one can yet say when the potter's wheel was first used in Babylonia, whether it originated there or was imported with the bow-drill from Egypt, where the potter's wheel had appeared by the thirtieth century B. C. Nor is it known when the Babylonians first employed the composite bow, which must have revolutionized ancient warfare because of its great superiority in range over the simple bow. It appeared in Egypt in the sixteenth century B. C., and fine specimens of these bows were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Thence it passed across Asia into Alaska and down the Pacific coast, finally disappearing in southern California.

Sequence maps, showing the regions utilizing a given cultural attainment at successive dates, tell a significant story. Shaded areas, indicating the distribution of the art of glaze, would include only Egypt in the thirty-fifth century B. C.; possibly reach Crete ten centuries later; cover Egypt, Crete, Syria, and perhaps Assyria after another thousand years; and include Mesopotamia and probably Babylonia in the eighth century, Persia in the fifth century, and China in the second century B. C. But until such studies have been widely developed the direction of diffusion of the essentials of civilization cannot be determined, and it cannot be said whether Babylonia or Egypt was the original centre. In this comparison the archæological researches of Petrie, Reisner, and Lythgoe, which have recovered the prehistoric culture of Egypt, must be paralleled in Babylonia, where the oldest known remains date from the latter half of the fourth millennium (3500 to 3000) B. C., a thousand years later.

Many other means of research are fortunately available to supplement the customary methods of the Orientalist. The earliest known examples of domesticated grains (barley and millet) were discovered in the alimentary tracts of the prehistoric bodies of Egypt, which also afford material for the study of disease and the rise of surgery and dentistry among civilized peoples. Both botany and zoology have important contributions to offer. The discovery of the wild ancestor of domestic wheat, together with wild rye, wild oats, and wild barley, in Palestine and its neighborhood, indicates that their domestication was accomplished by the peoples of the Egypto-Babylonian group. The Babylonian and Egyptian names for the earliest form of cultivated wheat are the same, and much evidence favors the opinion that its use spread to Babylonia from the Nile, where the plough (in the exact form employed there to-day) was developed from the Egyptian hoe by the earliest farmers. The question of animal life is also of great importance to the student of origins, who is still debating whether domestication began in Babylonia or Egypt. Palæontologists, by discovering their wild ancestors at dated levels on the shores of the Nile or the Euphrates, can greatly extend the information afforded by the monuments.

The geology of the Nile valley, when fully elucidated, will throw much additional light on the problem of early man. It is not yet known whether the wide rift between the cliffs that limit the inundated area was caused by erosion or by the sinking of the intervening floor. The study of the pleistocene river terraces of Egypt has been barely begun, while the geology of the Tigris and Euphrates is wholly unknown. Breasted emphasizes the importance of seeking for evidences of the pre-dynastic culture of the Nile valley beneath the alluvium at the foot of the river terraces, where early man must have lived before the alluvium was laid down.*

* A prospector's drill well adapted for this purpose is of the sectional-tube type, designed to bring up cores from depths of several hundred feet when necessary. This or a simpler drill might be used for other purposes, such as the discovery of foundation walls, rows of sphinxes, or other objects lying at a considerable depth. In fact, their plan or distribution might be roughly ascertained by marking the ground surface like a checker-board, and boring at the corners of the squares. This sounding method would naturally be employed only in soil reasonably free from scattered fragments of rock, where complete excavation over a large area, which is always preferable, is for any reason impracticable. Such a region, for example, as that adjoining the temple of Seti at Abydos, where tradition pointed to the existence of "the tomb of Osiris" or the recently discovered "well of Strabo," might have been tested very rapidly with a simple drill.

The huge walls of sun-dried brick surrounding temple areas, which in at least one instance were found to contain

The borings of Horner, some seventy years ago, recovered bits of pottery and other human products from the lower levels of the alluvium at depths as great as eighty-seven feet. As these must date from the Glacial Age in Europe, the necessity of continuing and extending such work is obvious. In Babylonia the problem of the alluvium also delays the solution of many questions, one of which is

Egyptian Peasants Ploughing.

From a tomb relief of the 26th to 27th century B. C., now in the Louvre.
Reproduced by permission from "The Origins of Civilization," by Professor James Henry Breasted.

the age of the ancient Plain of Shinar. If Eridu, now about a hundred and twenty-five miles from the Persian Gulf, was a seaport four thousand years ago, as the evidence suggests, this plain had probably hardly begun to form in 7000 B. C., and the site of Babylon did not then exist. But if Eridu was merely an accessible port on the river, like Basra, such reasoning evidently does not hold.

This brief and incomplete epitome of Breasted's review of the task and opportunities of the Orientalist may suffice to show how far he has advanced beyond the limited outlook of the conventional philologist, to whom grammar meant more than evolution. Let us turn from his precepts to his practice, and watch this broad-minded investigator at work on the problems of the Near East.

BREASTED'S "HISTORY OF EGYPT"

A truly entertaining history, full of color and replete with striking pen pictures, yet scientifically accurate and reliable, is a rare phenomenon. The average reader, unless led to consult it during a winter on the Nile, may therefore be unacquainted with Breasted's "History of Egypt," which is nevertheless one of the most readable books ever written. Although prepared for the general reader, it is in reality the outcome of an extensive work of research, which also resulted in the production of the five large volumes of Breasted's "Ancient Records," comprising the original sources on which the "History" is based.

There are two ways of writing history. One consists in gathering materials from books and journals, which give the necessary information as interpreted by other writers. This method may sometimes result in valuable contributions to

a concealed chamber with valuable contents, might also be pierced at intervals of a few feet with a small drill. Although the chances of similar discoveries are not great, the attempt might be worth making, say at Karnak, as it would involve but little expenditure of time or money.

literature, and in competent hands it is not to be despised. But it is very different from the practice of the scientific investigator, who goes straight to the original sources, however difficult they may be to collect and interpret. If the early history of the United States were in question it would be a comparatively simple task to seek out the original letters, records, and other documents preserved in public and private collections and gather from the familiar words in which they are written the necessary facts. The history of Egypt is a different matter. The original documents are chiefly the inscriptions on the monuments still standing between Alexandria and the fourth cataract of the Nile (far south in the Sudan) or preserved in fragmentary form in the museums of Egypt, Europe, and America. In many cases these inscriptions are seriously mutilated or almost obliterated, so that only an expert can decipher them. Moreover, they are written in hieroglyphic or hieratic characters, which can be read with certainty only by a few experienced scholars.

The first step of Doctor Breasted was an endeavor to copy all the historical inscriptions from the monuments themselves—a great task in itself. He then translated each in the light of the latest knowledge of the language, and compared his translations with those previously made by other Egyptologists. These translations, gathered in chronological sequence with copious references and explanatory notes, constitute the five volumes of his "Ancient Records," * a mine of fascinating information, indispensable to the scholar and of the greatest interest to the general reader. With this material before him, the "History" was rapidly written.†

University of Chicago Expedition photographing inscriptions on the Upper Nile under Doctor Breasted's direction.
Reproduced by permission from "An Historical Laboratory."

* University of Chicago Press.

† The "History" has appeared in two forms: as a large illustrated edition, published by Scribners, and as a condensed volume, also published by Scribners.

Copying the Coffin Texts in the Cairo Museum.

These were written four thousand years ago on the wooden planks of the coffins which have been dismounted for the purpose of copying and photographing.
From left to right: Mrs. N. De G. Davies, Dr. Alan H. Gardiner, Dr. James H. Breasted, Dr. Ludlow S. Bull, Mr. N. De. G. Davies.

RECORDS ON THE NILE

This, however, was merely a beginning in Doctor Breasted's attack on the problems of the Near East. As Nile travellers are well aware, the temples and tombs, whose walls are covered with the most valuable inscriptions and sculptured reliefs, when not by good fortune buried in the drifting sands of the desert, were with few exceptions used for hundreds of years as dwellings by early Arabs or by anchorite monks. Sometimes, too, they served as stables. I have recently seen one at Luxor devoted to the comfort of a camel. Under these conditions it is remarkable that such a vast number of inscriptions, sometimes on delicate plaster surfaces, are still legible. The Antiquities Service of the Egyptian Government is doing all it possibly can to preserve the temples and tombs, but its funds are wholly inadequate to enclose and protect even the more important ones, and a single sharp rain-shower, such as occasionally falls in Upper Egypt, sometimes does serious damage. It is not surprising, therefore, that many inscriptions mentioned by Egyptologists who visited the Nile during the last century have completely disappeared.

As the leader of an expedition sent some years ago by the University of Chicago to Nubia and the Sudan, Doctor Breasted systematically photographed and made hand copies of all the inscriptions on the walls of the temples and tombs then known between the First and Fourth Cataracts of the Nile. Some of the difficulties of this task, in the pitch-dark interior of temples or on high rock walls like that at Abu Simbel, are suggested by the photograph reproduced on page 398.

Below the First Cataract, in the numerous temples and tombs that line the Nile in its descent of more than seven hundred miles to the sea, this fundamentally important task is still to be completed. Fortunately at Thebes, where so many monuments lie, the able British Egyptologist, Doctor Alan H. Gardiner, has compiled an admirable catalogue of all the known tombs, which renders the historical documents in this great treasury of records available for reference by the use of a number. As mentioned in a previous article, Messrs. Davies and Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, are systematically copying, the former in color, the latter by photography, the walls of all these tombs, while the chief inspector of the An-

tiquities Service is rescuing from the natives and seeking to preserve many tombs that would otherwise be lost beyond recall.

The inscriptions on the many other monuments of Upper and Lower Egypt, with some exceptions, remain unrecorded by modern methods, and it is much to be hoped that Breasted's work can soon be extended from the First Cataract to the sea. The resulting great historical library, when adequately published, would preserve for all time an autographic record of the dominant civilization of antiquity and rank as the foremost classic of historical science. As these temples and tombs are scattered all along the Nile, they can be most easily rendered accessible by the provision of a house-boat, a floating archæological laboratory, with an adequate equipment of cameras, scaffolding, darkrooms, apparatus for illuminating subterranean walls, and other necessary adjuncts of research.

ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD"

No one who has visited the great collections of Egyptian antiquities in Egypt, Europe, and America and compared the entire body of published investigations with that of the available material, can feel that the study of this material has more than begun. The search for new objects is more attractive to most minds than the utilization of those already in the museums, and the need for further excavations, when judiciously directed and organized, is in reality very great. But our comprehension of the Egyptian civilization, and its bearing upon the origin of modern man in the Near East, may be greatly widened by intensive studies of objects already in hand.

Doctor Breasted's investigation of the coffin texts, undertaken with the invaluable collaboration of Doctor Alan Gardiner and the cordial co-operation of M. Pierre Lacau, director-general of the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government, is an excellent case in point. Its immediate object is to elucidate the origin and meaning of the "Book of the Dead," the existent translations of which are useless without adequate knowledge of the ancient materials from which it was derived. The oldest extant body of literature in any language is comprised in the religious texts engraved in the pyramids at Memphis of the pharaohs who reigned from about 3000 to 2500 B. C. These pyramid texts reach back in their origin at least as far as the thirty-fifth century B. C. Later they appear in the tombs of the nobles of the Feudal Age, and out of them arose a body of mortuary literature, available for the use of the people, which finally passed over into the "Book of the Dead."

These early texts, available in the versions of local priests to the coffin makers up and down the Nile valley, were written in pen and ink on the inside surfaces of the cedar planks from which the coffins were constructed. The effort of the scribes was obviously to cover these surfaces as rapidly as possible, regardless of accuracy or duplication. In one coffin, for example, the same chapter was repeated five times.

A scientific study of such material must therefore be based upon accurate copies and comparisons of all the available texts. Aided by a valuable publication of eighty-seven chapters by M. Lacau, Doctor Breasted and his collaborators have spent the past winter copying and collating the texts on the large collection of coffins in the Cairo Museum. The complete task is a very extensive one, involving similar work in many museums and an exhaustive study of the great mass of texts thus systematically assembled. This work will eventually be largely in Doctor Gardiner's able hands.

It will thus be possible greatly to extend the studies described in Breasted's book entitled "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," and to establish them on foundations as complete and reliable as those that underlie the "History of Egypt." The coffin texts mark an important stage in the evolution of civilization because they contain the earliest literary expression of ethical consciousness and moral responsibility. Their investigation, developed in Doctor Breasted's customary broad and liberal manner, will extend far beyond the limitations of theological dogma, and shed new light on thought and life in Egypt.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE

The student of science, fascinated by the clarity and precision of the Greek

thinkers of the Alexandrian school, and perhaps repelled by the mysticism, the appeals to magic, or the purely practical attitude of their Egyptian predecessors, is tempted to think of science as springing fully armed, like Minerva, from the Zeus-like head of Greek culture. While it is well known that the Greek philosopher

Surgical instruments shown on the walls of the Temple of Kom Ombo. (Ptolemaic Period.) Although this temple was built in Greek times some of these instruments may have descended from the Egyptian dynastics.

derived initial impulses toward geometry and astronomy from Egyptian sources, and that certain mathematical papyri are of considerable importance, the evidence hitherto available has led many authorities to the conclusion that the Egyptians had very little interest in pure science. The late Babylonian astronomers seem greatly to have surpassed their contemporaries of the Nile valley, though the ancient Egyptians had established a practical calendar beginning about 4241, the earliest fixed date in history.

The publication of Breasted's preliminary account of the "Edwin Smith Papyrus," an Egyptian medical treatise of the seventeenth century before Christ, is an event of exceptional interest because of the new light it throws on the Egyptian attitude toward science. In the days of the Empire the Egyptian physicians ascribed their compilations of magic to the earliest dynasties and sometimes to miraculous intervention. Thus the "London Medical Papyrus" states that: "This book was found in the night, having fallen into the court of the temple in Chemmis [?] as secret knowledge of this goddess [Isis] by the hand of the lector of this temple. Lo! this land was in darkness and the moon shone on every side of this book. It was carried as a marvelous thing to the majesty of King Khufu [Cheops]." While such statements are worthless, there is evidence that medical papyri of some kind, probably not all of them magical, were numerous enough to fill a case in the twenty-eighth century before Christ.

The "Edwin Smith Papyrus" is a roll thirteen inches high and over fifteen feet in length, acquired by Mr. Smith, an American amateur Egyptologist, at Luxor in 1862. It consists of eight fragments of a much larger papyrus, several of which were partly read, though not published, by its gifted owner. The constant use of technical expressions, and our lack of a glossary of Egyptian medical terms, make a definitive translation of such a papyrus impossible. But Doctor Breasted has already brought out a most interesting preliminary account of its contents for the New York Historical Society* and his exhaustive study of the text is far advanced.

The medical treatise proper is accompanied by two brief magical treatises on the "Incantation of Expelling the Wind of the Year of the Pest" (the pestilential wind supposed to carry malignant plagues) and the "Incantation of Transforming an Old Man into a Youth," doubtless as popular a topic in early Egypt as at the present day. These are of the usual type, and need not detain us.

The seventeen columns of the medical treatise contain part of a remarkable book of surgery and external medicine. Beginning at the head and proceeding toward the feet, it represents forty-eight cases. Unfortunately the copyist stopped abruptly, in the midst of the first case devoted to the spine, omitting all other cases below the thorax. Each case is methodically arranged under (*a*) title, (*b*) examination, and (*c*) diagnosis, each of these sections always beginning thus:

(*a*) "Instructions for ....." (name of ailment).

(*b*) "If you examine a man having ....." (giving symptoms).

(*c*) "You should say concerning him: 'A sufferer with .....'" (giving name of trouble).

Then comes (*d*) the verdict, always expressed in one of three forms:

(*d*) 1. "An ailment I will treat" (favorable).

2. "An ailment I will contend with" (doubtful).

3. "An ailment I will not treat" (unfavorable).

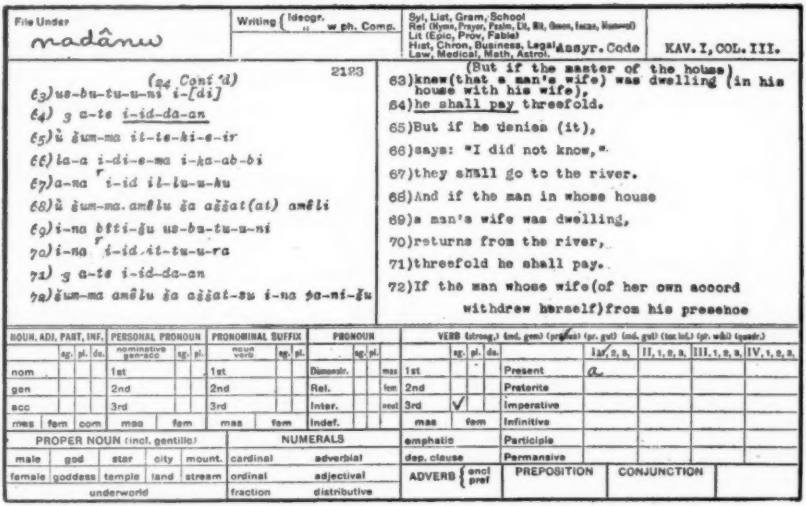
This section is followed by (*e*), the treatment, and (*f*) a collection of explanatory definitions and notes, of which there are seventy in all.

The many instances of knife, sword, or war-axe wounds of the skull found among Egyptian mummies explains the marked attention paid in the papyrus to such injuries. In the ten cases described the surgeon is always told: "You should probe the wound," the verdict depending upon its depth and character. In one case a padded linen brace and a (sun-dried) brick support, to hold the patient in a sitting posture, are prescribed. No mention is made of trephining, not yet unmistakably identified on the skulls of Egyptian mummies, though commonly practised among other peoples in a primitive state of culture.

After seventeen other cases devoted to the nose, mandible, ear, and lips, the treatise takes up cases of the neck and its vertebræ, continuing with those of the collar-bone and shoulders, thorax and mammæ, and stopping abruptly in the midst of one concerning the spine. The building operations in Egypt must have resulted in many dislocations, and scores of examples of fractures have been found among Egyptian burials. In dealing with dislocations of the vertebræ and many other cases pronounced beyond relief, the author nevertheless repeatedly goes into anatomical details which indicate his scientific interest. This is especially true in the appended group of explanations, one of which contains a long account of the heart and its system. Here occurs a famous passage, also found in the "Papyrus Ebers": "There is in it [the heart] a canal leading to every member of the body. Concerning these, if the physician places the fingers on the back of the head, on the hands, on the pulse, on the legs, he discovers the heart, for the heart leads to every member and . . . it beats [literally 'speaks'] in the canals of every member." This note on the heart as the centre of a system is related to the case of a head wound, "apparently," says Doctor Breasted, "in the effort to account for disturbances carried throughout the body, though resulting from the seemingly local trouble in the head. This effort to reach a scientific explanation of the observed conditions illustrates the phy-

* "The Edwin Smith Medical Papyrus. A Preliminary Account." By James Henry Breasted. Published by the New York Historical Society, 1922. A fuller account has since appeared in the memorial volume commemorating the centenary of Champollion's decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics, Paris, 1922.

sician's interest in the scientific aspect of his subject, which we find throughout this venerable document." Moreover, the internal evidence plainly shows that the main text of the treatise, frequently expressed in terms already archaic when the commentaries were added to elucidate them, dates back to a very remote period and that the commentaries themselves may have been several centuries old when they were copied about 1600 B. C. into the present papyrus.



Manifolded card of the Assyrian-Babylonian dictionary after editing.
Reproduced by permission of the Oriental Institute.

Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, wrote a book on "Remarkable Providences," in which he insisted that the devil is alarmed by the smell of herbs and may be expelled by medicine. Early Egyptian medical practice, which so commonly preferred the "art of incantation" to the "art of the physician," is represented at its best in this papyrus, which really contains the earliest recorded observations in natural science. They reveal the existence of a group of men who, though believers in the power of magic, nevertheless systematically practised dissection, organized their observations, and based inductive conclusions upon them. The opinion of Professor Karpinski, of the University of Michigan, that the surviving mathematical papyri demonstrate a true scientific attitude on the part of the Egyptian authors, and not merely an interest in the measurement of the area of fields or the contents of granaries, is therefore considered by Professor Breasted to be confirmed.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

I wish that space permitted me to describe the other extensive tasks organized by Doctor Breasted, especially the great Assyrian-Babylonian dictionary, which under the immediate direction of Doctor Luckenbill is being formed at the rate of some two hundred thousand cards per year. All of these undertakings form interlocking parts of the work of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, a true research laboratory, organized with a staff of thirteen or more members (not all of whom are able to give their whole time to the enterprise) for the investigation of the career of early man in the Near East. Doctor Breasted's long experience and familiarity with conditions in Egypt, his recent exploratory expedition to Mesopotamia and Syria (which resulted among other things in the dis-

covery of the only surviving Oriental ancestry of Byzantine painting), and his open-minded desire to utilize every effective research method, from whatever source it be derived, mark him as the ablest of leaders for such an enterprise. Its immediate purpose is to "furnish fundamental blocks of material ready for the use of the historian. When these blocks of material shall have become sufficiently representative of all the leading channels of human activity throughout the early stage of man's advance, it should then be possible to reconstruct and put together an adequate account of the career of man from his emergence in geological ages, through the origins of civilization and the appearance and development of the earliest civilized societies, from whose culture the civilization of Europe and America has come: in fine, a History of the Origins of Civilization and the Career of the Earliest Civilized Societies."

Those who have read his books, studied his methods, and compared them with the work of other Orientalists know that Doctor Breasted is exceptionally qualified for this great task. Indeed, his remarkable little volume, "Ancient Times," written from already available materials for use in the high schools, affords the best rapid sketch we now possess of the rise of civilization. The fundamental treatise toward which its author is aiming would summarize the steps that most directly concern mankind in the great cosmic process of evolution.

To the elucidation of this process, in each of its aspects, American men of science are making a worthy contribution. The initial raw material, out of which stars and earth are made, is matter, and the recent advances of our physicists and chemists have added greatly to knowledge of the nature of the electron, the composition of the atom, and the evolution of the elements. In this fundamental research our astronomers have also taken part, utilizing the enormous temperatures, pressures, and masses of celestial bodies for experiments beyond the range of terrestrial laboratories. Meanwhile they have begun to make clear the structure of the stellar universe, the internal motions of the rapidly whirling spiral nebulæ, and the evolution of stars from gigantic spheres of the rarest gas to the highly compressed red dwarfs, far denser than water, that mark the final stage of self-luminous stellar life. Out of the sun, when vastly expanded in an earlier period of its existence, the planets were born, the earth among them. Here our geologists, skilled in the interpretation of the varied phenomena of its crust, have intervened to enumerate the processes and to trace the steps by which the face of the earth has been evolved through the ages to its present form. Fortunately, though so much has been lost, the stratified rocks have preserved a marvelous succession of life forms, which our palæontologists have followed from pre-Cambrian to recent times. The causes of the extreme diversity of both fauna and flora, the problem of the origin of species, and the current phenomena of variation have occupied our biologists with no less conspicuous success. Nor have our anthropologists, though favored with less easily accessible material, failed to make great progress in their studies of earliest man.

In all of this work our great research endowments, perfectly equipped laboratories, observatories, and museums, government organizations like the Smithsonian Institution and the Geological Survey, and other exceptional facilities, enjoyed in no comparable measure by any other nation, have played an indispensable part. They have materially helped to counteract the fact, still unfortunately evident, that in the United States the proportion of leading scientific investigators to the total population is far below that of such countries, for example, as Holland. When we are so fortunate as to possess a scholar competent to write the most important chapter in the history of the evolution of man, we should hasten to give him as complete an equipment and as large a staff of associates as our leading investigators in the physical, biological, and medical sciences already enjoy. It is therefore fortunate that the University of Chicago, aided by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has established the Oriental Institute, where it is to be hoped that increasing means will soon provide, under Doctor Breasted's general direction, for the rapid assembly, by skilled associates, of the great body of material which he is so competent to interpret and to weave into a history of early civilizations.

A CITY AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE

AS ONE ARTIST SEES THEM

LITHOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LOCKE

BUSINESS, ALWAYS BUSINESS

CONFIDENTIALLY

SOME PEOPLE
STILL WALK
TO THE OPERA

ALONG THE RIALTO

OPENING DAY AT THE ACADEMY

LEISURE HOURS IN THE SUBWAY

IN THE LIBRARY

A THIRST — FOR KNOWLEDGE

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE
Senator from Massachusetts; Chairman, Committee on Foreign Relations

THE celebration of anniversaries has become one of the most fashionable and popular of amusements. There are very few which need to be in constant remembrance, but as we are creatures of habit, and slaves to the arbitrary divisions of time, we call them up before the glass of memory either annually or when the hundredth anniversary is told off on the calendar.

Among these distinguished few we may properly place the Monroe Doctrine, the hundredth anniversary of which is well worthy of the reverence and commemoration not only of the American people, but an occasion which cannot be wisely overlooked by the other nations of the world if they can spare a moment for meditation upon its meaning and significance.

A large literature has gathered about this now-famous doctrine, but so important is it in meaning and effect that repetition need not be feared, for it has reached the stage of historic distinction where it can never be amiss to review its history and reiterate its significance.

Let us recall briefly the period which gave it birth and consider for a moment the scene the Monroe Doctrine looked upon when it first saw the light. It was a world shaken and broken by a war which with one brief interval had lasted for twenty-two years. In its course this war had involved the British Empire and all Europe; it had finally drawn the United States into the conflict and had penetrated in some degree into every corner of the earth either by sea or by land. It had cost millions of lives and vast amounts of money. It had destroyed capital and savings to a degree never known before. It had disordered all national finances, forced the nations to issues of irredeemable paper, seriously diminished the world's purchasing power, wrecked economic conditions, established new ones, and by its conclusion had shattered those which it had itself created. Victors and vanquished alike were suffering deeply in the years which followed the peace of Vienna and Paris.

The mental condition was as bad as the economic, although not so obvious because the representation of the great powers was in the hands of kings and emperors, of aristocracies and governing classes, and the division of the spoils was theirs. But underneath this ribboned and decorated exterior were suffering, poverty, and bitter discontent, to which those in control gave little heed but which aroused Greece to insurrection six years after Waterloo; nine years later, broke out into the streets of Paris and overthrew the government; and two years after the days of July, 1830, brought England to the edge of revolution, which was escaped only by the passage of the Reform Bill.

All alike, however, the few above and the many below, were agreed that there must be peace and that such a war as had just ended must never be permitted to occur again. Those in control of the political, peace-making machinery were very clear as to the proper means for the right solution: dynasties must be maintained, kings and emperors preserved, territories must be parcelled out by diplomatists, powers balanced and boundaries arranged by wise persons of the ministerial variety. There must be no more efforts for liberty, no popular movements, or governments, no thought of the people anywhere, and the word "democrat" was to be always a thing of fear and horror, with the grim figure of the French Revo-

lution stalking about in the not-remote background.

Had it not been for one man, there can be little doubt that the peace terms at Vienna, and finally at Paris, would have been worked out by the usual process of threatening, arguing, and bargaining, and in much the same political form which they ultimately reached. But the one man who interfered with the ancient system happened to be the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. He had a tendency to idealism and to mysticism, and had cultivated this tendency, which was probably genuine. The result was that the emperor made endless trouble for the very practical gentlemen with whom he had to deal by schemes for a European confederation and for helping and giving a measure of free government to the oppressed populations of Europe, excluding, however, Poland, which was to be cherished and cared for by himself alone. Time was lost and tempers suffered in overcoming and evading the emperor's idealism and mysticism. How real they were no one can say, but when the test finally came, the emperor turned out to be an autocrat, with the views and policy to be expected from an autocrat of such political magnitude. The sole interest to the rest of the world in 1814 was that he formed a picturesque addition to the customary scenery of a European peace conference, and to his real or apparent idealism we owe, in a measure at least, the international agreement which afterward affected the United States and acquired for itself a wide and evil reputation under the name of the Holy Alliance.

The other members of the group which met at Vienna, and subsequently at Paris, to settle the fate of the world are easily disposed of, for it is not a little curious that when one comes to study that situation closely very few of the people who made such a brilliant showing at Vienna and later, appear now above the historical horizon or are at all remembered. The Emperor of Russia, whom I have just mentioned, was, undoubtedly, the most conspicuous. The others whose names still remain in the general recollection of men as dominating the events of 1815, apart, of course, from the Duke of Wellington and the other military chiefs, were Talleyrand, Metternich, and Castlereagh. Talleyrand succeeded at Vienna in bringing his country (to which his life was devoted), although beaten and crushed to earth, back to the position of one of the great powers of Europe.

Metternich, a man of much less force and ability than Talleyrand, but a very able man and quite as unscrupulous as the great Frenchman, probably had more to do than anybody else with framing the Treaty of Peace, and surely had a large part later in managing the Holy Alliance of the Emperor of Russia. Metternich came to a fitting end as a fugitive in 1848.

The third conspicuous figure is that of Castlereagh, a man of great importance at the moment because he represented England. He was not stupid and probably not more brutal or tyrannical than many of the men who sympathized with him in his days of power, but he had the misfortune to have men of genius hold him up to eternal reprobation in poetry that lives, just as Shakespeare held up Richard III. There is no need to go farther. The impression that Byron and Shelley and Leigh Hunt and other poets and writers of that time have made in regard to Castlereagh can never be effaced, and the historians and the whiteners labor in vain. Yet we can say in justice that even Castlereagh, before his death, had begun to see the dangers of the Holy Alliance and took the first steps toward separating England from it. Few people realize, knowing the reputation of that combination, how simple and attractive it looked in its original form. There was signed in Paris on the 26th of September, 1815, by the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, the following agreement:

> Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the Three Contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity. Considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions and in all places lend each other aid and assistance; toward their subjects and armies, they will extend a fatherly care and protection, leading them (in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are themselves animated) to protect Religion, Peace and Justice.

This is the essential article. Those I have omitted add nothing. Everywhere shines

forth the same hypocrisy, the same contradiction of what the signers really meant, as in the one I have quoted. Nothing could have been fairer on the surface, nothing worse than the inner reality and true purpose of this vast falsehood.

After the establishment of peace the second treaty, that of Paris, was signed on November 20, 1815, and on the same day the Treaty of Alliance between Austria, Russia, and Great Britain. Article VI of that treaty reads as follows:

> In order to consolidate the intimate ties which unite the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world, the High Contracting Powers have agreed to renew at fixed intervals, either under their own auspices or by their representative ministers, meetings consecrated to great common objects and the examination of such measures as shall be judged most salutary for the peace and prosperity of Europe.

The first agreement shows the influence of the idealism with which Alexander was amusing himself, and from that agreement came the name of the Holy Alliance. The other treaty of alliance, which was subsequently made at Paris, included Great Britain and was at least free from the religious cant of the prior declaration of the three powers. When we read them to-day, their avowed purposes seem harmless enough: the preservation of peace, the maintenance of religion and of order by agreement among the great powers.

So far as the United States was concerned, the attitude of Great Britain was the most important element. Disraeli, in his novel "Sybil," * said that from the death of the Younger Pitt to 1825 "the political history of England is a history of great events and little men." Like all other generalizations, this one is not wholly true, for an exception should be made in regard to Canning, who rises higher than the general average of English prime ministers and towers above his immediate predecessors, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Percival, and Lord Liverpool, who successively filled the highest place in the government after the death of Pitt, leaving out, of course, the brief ministry of "All the Talents." A man very different from Disraeli and who has never been accused of being either a wit or a humorist, Count Nesselrode, said: "Since Pitt, England has been better governed by mediocrities than by geniuses." * We can easily believe that Russia approved of the mediocrities, but to us the gradual withdrawal of England despite the "little men" and the coming of Canning to power were highly significant. On the 12th of August, 1822, Castlereagh committed suicide, and was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Canning.

At the Congress of Verona the Duke of Wellington represented England, but under instructions which were sharply restricted. Difficulties indeed were gathering fast about the Alliance, both in the East and the West. Greece was in insurrection and there were flagrant disorders in Italy. The Alliance sustained one of the meanest of the Bourbons in Naples and another equally contemptible in Spain. It is, however, when we reach Spain that we come in touch with the events which brought the United States into the field of European politics and within range of the Holy Alliance. Spain, with her Bourbon king, was anxious for support in suppressing the rebellion of the Spanish-American colonies. To the United States this, of course, was a question of the utmost importance. Apart from the sympathy which we naturally felt for the people of the Spanish-American continent, who were seeking the same freedom from Europe which we had won, it was obvious that it was a matter of the highest political moment to the United States to detach the Spanish-American colonies from their European possessor.

From 1816 onward the question of the recognition of the Spanish-American republics had been before Congress. In 1819 we made our treaty with Spain which secured to us the Floridas, and Clay's succeeding motion for the recognition of the South American republics was defeated by only a narrow margin. President Monroe, none the less, took his time, and it was not until March 8, 1822, that he recommended recognition, and then Congress made appropriations in May for the salaries of ministers to the new republics. It was a personal victory for Clay, and this action was also extremely popular throughout the country. The previous years had convinced the Ameri-

* Book I, chap. 3.

* See "Life of Canning," by W. Alison Phillips, p. 55.

can people of the importance of securing the release if possible of the South American states from Spanish dominion. There had been strong movements to secure in behalf of Spain the aid of the Holy Alliance in suppressing the South American insurrections. The Emperor of Russia had interfered and expressed vigorous disapproval of any action friendly to independence. His idealistic schemes were beginning to fade. Notwithstanding, however, all this opposition abroad, the recognition by the United States came and Alexander had to accept it, in sorrow if not in anger. The danger of our action, which looks imaginary now, was very real then, although then as now there was a serious lack of confidence in our own strength, and among certain persons of financial and social importance a queer lurking apprehension of what Europe might do to us—natural perhaps then, ludicrous now.

The recognition of the Spanish-American republics brought the question of the relations of the United States to both American continents, to Europe, and to South America, very conspicuously to the front of the stage.

On the 17th of July, 1823, Mr. Adams made this entry in his diary:

> I told him (Baron Tuyl) specially that we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the editor of his father's diary, says in a note at this point that this "is the first hint of the policy so well known afterward as the 'Monroe Doctrine.'" At that time and for two or three weeks afterward, Mr. Adams was engaged in negotiations with England and Russia for a treaty settling neutral and belligerent rights in time of war and also a treaty with Russia as to the Northwest coast, and this fact must always be remembered by those who wish to understand the general situation as it then was.

Mr. Adams went to Quincy on the 11th of August, 1823, and did not return to Washington until the 7th of November. The diary, therefore, contains no entries as to what was happening in Washington during that interval of nearly three months, and while he was away Canning opened correspondence with Mr. Rush, our minister to Great Britain, in regard to combined action by the United States and Great Britain with reference to the question of the Spanish republics.

In many respects a brilliant man, in all respects a very able man, Canning had larger views and a wider vision than any of the commonplace persons who had been governing England, who were all Tories of a very narrow kind and who also had reached a point where they were extremely afraid of being jostled or jarred by new ideas. Canning had never been a friend of the United States. As Canning's biographer, Mr. Phillips, says: "He reaped in full measure the reward of those who do the right thing in the wrong way." But Canning was a man who could learn, he disliked the Holy Alliance and he was now about to do the right thing, and if he had persisted in his original intent he would have done it in the right way. His proposition for joint action, addressed to Mr. Rush, contains the following principles of the British Government clearly set forth:

> First—We conceive the recovery of the colonies by Spain to be hopeless.
>
> Second—We conceive the question of the recognition of them as independent States to be one of time and circumstance.
>
> Third—We are, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the mother country by amicable negotiation.
>
> Fourth—We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves.
>
> Fifth—We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference.

We had already recognized the independence of the Spanish-American republics and there was nothing in the other propositions with which we could not at that time agree. Mr. Rush went as far as he could under his instructions in dealing with Mr. Canning's proposals, and President Monroe and his administration were, of course, very much impressed by them. Fortunately for us, the inevitable delays of correspondence changed the situation through negotiations which Canning held with France and which relieved him from any anxiety on that side, and we did not commit ourselves to Canning's plan or to any alliance or joint action with England.

It is impossible within the limits of a necessarily brief article to go into all the phases of the discussion in the Cabinet, to which Mr. Adams returned on November 11, nor is it necessary. The story of the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine and the most essential parts of the Rush-Canning correspondence and of that with Baron Tuyl are all to be found in Mr. Worthington Ford's admirable account of the "Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine," published in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society in January, 1902. There and in the diary of John Quincy Adams, which is deeply interesting, and in Mr. Calhoun's speech in the Senate in 1845, may be found the development of the principles finally embodied in Monroe's famous message, and an account of the discussion in the Cabinet which preceded it.

In Mr. Monroe's first draft of the message he had begun with a description of our foreign relations and the condition of the world, involving Greece and Russia and Spain, which Mr. Adams considered very dangerous and calculated to awake unnecessary alarm. There in the diary can be found the gradual change in the tone of the message, the statement of the two propositions which Mr. Adams originated and sustained and which Mr. Monroe adopted, that it should be the policy of the United States not to interfere in Europe, with its corollary that Europe should not interfere in America, and the further addition that the Americas were not to be considered as open to further colonization by any European power. In other words, in the Adams diary one finds formulated the great declarations of the Monroe Doctrine. No one could have any wish to diminish the just credit due to President Monroe. The doctrine bears his name, and properly, because it was he who made the declaration in his message and who took the responsibility for it, but the principles and policies of that declaration were the work of John Quincy Adams. Let me quote from "The Federation of Europe," by Mr. William Alison Phillips, who is not an American but an Englishman, and free from all prejudice as to American statesmen or American parties. He says:

> In the end it was his (John Quincy Adams's) masterful will that prevailed over the irresolution of President Monroe and the famous message to Congress of December 2, 1823, in which the Monroe Doctrine was defined, was essentially his work.

Mr. W. P. Cresson, in "The European Background of the Monroe Doctrine," says:

> It was Mr. Adams's temperate views that prevailed in the Cabinet and the final presidential message of December reflected his desires. . . . In affirming their detachment from European affairs Monroe and Adams also placed themselves in direct opposition to the system of world congresses which Alexander had sought to establish under the auspices of his League of Peace.

When the Monroe Doctrine was thus formulated and came before the world in the President's message, Canning was by no means satisfied. The country which he had angered, the country which had then only an aggregate population of less than ten millions, had suddenly taken the bit in its teeth and announced some policies which Canning had never contemplated. Especially was he opposed to Mr. Adams's pet proposition that the American continents were not open to any further colonization from Europe, which none the less was ended by the Monroe declaration. In justice to Canning, however, it must be said that he took it all in good part in his public utterances. Great Britain recognized Colombia and Mexico in December, 1824, and Canning on December 16, 1826, made his famous declaration, which is usually referred to as though it preceded the Monroe Doctrine instead of coming three years after it. What Canning said was this, and it is a sentence which may well be remembered, for whether uttered before or after the publication of the doctrine, the words were very memorable:

> Contemplating Spain, such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain *with the Indies*. I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old.

If Canning could have lived for a century longer he would have marvelled indeed at the extent to which his celebrated declaration had expanded.

At the moment the full effect of Mr. Monroe's declaration was not comprehended, and it is hardly to be expected

that it should have been. The message and its declarations, however, were very popular even at the earliest date, and there was another man of vision, not in England, but in the United States, who said in the Senate, on April 24, 1826, the same year which later was to hear the famous statement of Canning:

> Sir, I look on the message of December 23d as forming a bright page in our history. I will help neither to erase it nor tear it out; nor shall it be, by any act of mine, blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the government, and I will not diminish that honor. It lifted the hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people. Over those hopes I will not bring a mildew; nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame.

The far-reaching significance of the Monroe Doctrine, if perceptible to no one else, was at least clearly seen by Daniel Webster.

Having now shown the circumstances of the origin and birth of the Monroe Doctrine, I will try very briefly to give the principal events in its subsequent history. I will begin by quoting the doctrine exactly as Monroe stated it. He said:

> In the discussions to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference.

Such was the doctrine. I cannot undertake to trace all its adventures through a century crowded with events and with vast economic and political changes in the relation of the United States both to the American continents and to Europe. It is sufficient to say here that the people numbering in 1820 less than ten millions had grown in 1920 to one hundred and ten millions, and that when the result of the great conflict with Germany was trembling in the balance in 1918, the United States sent to Europe two million men and had two million more soldiers ready to go. The New World came in at the crucial moment "to redress the balance of the old." Throughout all these changes the underlying principles of the Monroe Doctrine have remained the same. In the administration of President Polk, who strongly asserted the Monroe Doctrine, it was also declared that the doctrine applied to the American continents in war as well as in peace and did not interfere with any extensions of territory made by the United States or by any other of the American States in Central or South America. There was nothing in the Monroe Doctrine to contradict this proposition, although it was not specifically declared, but its necessity was obvious, and the fact that the United States extended its territory—for example, by the annexation of Texas by popular vote or by the cessions from Mexico after the war with that country—no more violated the Monroe Doctrine than did the war in which Chile, also by conquest, acquired certain territory previously belonging to Peru.

A few years later the question of the Isthmian Canal brought the Monroe Doctrine forward again in a very marked way in connection with the question of the Canal route. The result was the

Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, designed to settle our differences with Great Britain on that point. That treaty was a derogation from the Monroe Doctrine by making an agreement with Great Britain in regard to the building of an Isthmian Canal. We ought never to have recognized the right of any power or powers outside the American continents to have part or lot in that great undertaking. I do not mean by this to exclude a corporation composed of foreigners, in the nature of a private enterprise, from undertaking to construct an Isthmian Canal, but no foreign government should ever have been permitted to share with the United States in this direction upon an equal footing. Very fortunately the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was never put into practical operation. The years passed and it was not until the close of the century, when the Isthmian Canal once more became a practical question, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty again assumed importance and was superseded by the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Then, the improvident provision of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty having perished, the Canal was built by the United States alone, following the cession by Panama of the Canal Zone, accompanied by a grant of the necessary authority for the construction of the Canal.

In 1861 England, Spain, and France had various grievances against Mexico—England, on account of aggressions upon her subjects and representatives; Spain, because the government of Juarez had refused to recognize a treaty made by the Spanish Government with the rival faction; and France, for alleged indignities inflicted upon her subjects and for the refusal of Juarez to recognize the Jecker bonds which his rival, Miramon, had issued to the amount of fifteen millions. These three powers agreed on October 31, 1861, not to seek for themselves in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated "by the present convention any acquisition of territory or any special advantage." This pledge was kept by Spain and England, who joined with France in landing troops at Vera Cruz. Juarez made terms with the first two and they withdrew, but the Emperor Napoleon had determined to seize the country, which he then proceeded to do. The French captured the City of Mexico in 1863, after much fighting, and called an assembly which elected Maximilian of Austria to be Emperor of Mexico. He arrived in 1864 and set up a government, which was generally recognized by European powers. The United States refused to join in the intervention and called attention to their traditional policy, but, torn as they were by the Civil War, was in no position to take any strong measures for the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. The tone of Seward's despatches, however, which was weak, perhaps necessarily so, began to strengthen, especially after the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and finally the House of Representatives, in 1864, voted unanimously that

> the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to have the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the Republic of Mexico, and that they, therefore, think fit to declare that it does not accord with the policy of the United States to recognize any monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in Mexico under the auspices of any European power.

Even then Seward informed the country and foreign governments that this resolution would not alter the policy of the executive in Mexico. Meantime, Spain had made an effort to reconquer San Domingo, which failed. In 1865, after the conclusion of the Civil War, one hundred thousand American troops were sent to the Texas frontier, and in November of that year our minister in Paris was instructed to say to the French Government that the "presence and operations of a French army in Mexico and its maintenance of an authority there, which rested upon force and not the free will of the people of Mexico, is a cause of serious concern to the United States—they still regard the effort to establish permanently a foreign imperial government in Mexico as disallowable and impracticable."

In February, 1866, Mr. Seward demanded that the French set a time when they would withdraw. The French troops were reluctantly and unwillingly withdrawn, but the United States, strong and victorious, was very different from the United States fighting a civil war, and

the French Government was quite conscious of the fact. The empire which had been set up collapsed and the unhappy Maximilian was executed. The advantage which France had attempted to take of the weakness of the United States owing to the Civil War came thus to a miserable end and the Monroe Doctrine was fully vindicated.

On May 31, 1870, in relation to his policy regarding San Domingo, President Grant declared:

> The doctrine formulated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties and I now deem it important to assert an equally important principle, that hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject to transfer to European powers.

Grant's declaration was not specifically made in the original Monroe Doctrine, but it was an obvious and indeed a necessary inference.

The next case where the Monroe Doctrine played a principal part and was once more put to a test occurred in 1895. There had been a protracted controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain as to the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. To state the case as briefly as possible, Great Britain had been steadily pushing her boundary westward and taking in more and more territory which she claimed was in dispute. She declined arbitration, which Venezuela had asked. For a European power to make slow but steady encroachments upon the territory of a South American state under cover of a disputed claim and to refuse arbitration was in essence as clear a violation of the Monroe Doctrine as if it had been done with troops and by taking possession of American territory as a right of conquest. On July 20, 1895, Mr. Olney, then secretary of state, sent a despatch to Mr. Bayard, our ambassador in London, pressing for a settlement of the Venezuelan question because, while the United States had no objection to any decision fairly rendered by an arbitral tribunal, the seizure of disputed territory in South America by a European power, unless the title to that territory was first determined by a judicial tribunal, was something not to be tolerated. In the course of this despatch Mr. Olney said:

> To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.
>
> All the advantages of this superiority are at once imperilled if the principle be admitted that European powers may convert American States into colonies or provinces of their own. The principle would be eagerly availed of, and every power doing so would immediately acquire a base of military operations against us.

The despatch, which was a long and very able statement, had no result, and President Cleveland thereupon, on December 17, sent in a message to Congress, laying before them the situation in Venezuela and pointing out that there must be a settlement. After proposing an American commission to settle the boundary dispute, he closed his message with the following language:

> In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.
>
> I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization, and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

The assertion of the Monroe Doctrine in this message in the language employed by President Cleveland created much excitement at the time. The result of the message, however, was an arbitration, and the settlement by the arbitral tribunal (on which the United States was represented by two arbitrators) of the disputed boundary. It is not necessary to go into the merits of that decision. The important fact was that the boundary controversy was settled by arbitration. The title was put beyond dispute. The encroachments of Great Britain ceased and Mr. Cleveland's policy prevailed. The President was criticised especially for his language, but the time had come for plain speaking. Mr. Cleveland, who was both a strong and a fearless man, spoke very plainly, and once and for all it was determined that the United States would not permit the seizure of South American territory by any foreign country under the

guise of a boundary dispute, any more than she would permit it by an armed invasion. Again the Monroe Doctrine was vindicated.

In 1902 Germany, England, and Italy made a joint demand on Venezuela for the payment of their debts, which were large in amount and upon which Venezuela had postponed action. Germany and England then sent war-ships and established a pacific blockade. Mr. Hay, our secretary of state, urged arbitration. Great Britain and Italy were willing to come to an understanding, but Germany refused. She would not agree that after she took possession of territory in order to compel payment of her debts, such possession should be guaranteed to be only temporary. On November 18, 1902, an innocent-looking order was issued to Admiral Dewey, then serving on the General Board of the Navy, to proceed to Culebra, Porto Rico, and assume command of the fleet, "engaging it in such manœuvres and exercises as in your judgment would best advance the interests of the service." The order went on to give directions about "gun-pointers" and various other technical questions, and Dewey went to the fleet at Culebra, which was the important fact. Then as Germany refused to arbitrate and merely stated that her occupation would be temporary, a very uncertain statement, President Roosevelt proceeded to act. The story is told in Mr. Thayer's "Life and Letters of John Hay," and I quote it because it is not possible to improve upon it. The story also has the merit of being perfectly and exactly true. Mr. Thayer says:

> President Roosevelt did not shirk the test. Although his action has never been officially described, there is no reason now for not describing it.
>
> One day, when the crisis was at its height, he summoned to the White House Doctor Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory. Doctor Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the Ambassador might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Doctor Holleben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action, and would treat it as taken on German initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Doctor Holleben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a despatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then manœuvring in the West Indies) nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told for what.
>
> On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so stanch an advocate of arbitration.

If all this had been generally known at the time, Mr. Roosevelt might have come in for some of the criticisms which had been levelled at Mr. Cleveland, but it was not known at the time and nothing could have been more effective or more efficient than Mr. Roosevelt's action.

Once more the Monroe Doctrine was vindicated. It seemed, indeed, to have acquired a certain educational value. People in Europe were beginning to learn more and more about it.

A few years later there were rumors, which gradually assumed concrete form, that a Japanese company was organized and preparing to take possession of Magdalena Bay on the west coast of Southern California. The Senate asked for information in regard to it and then a resolution, which Senator Root and I drafted, was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations. This resolution was much discussed both in open session and behind closed doors, and on the 12th of August, 1912, it passed the Senate with a slight amendment. The resolution is as follows:

> *Resolved*, That when any harbor or other place in the American Continents is so situated that the occupation thereof, for naval or military

purposes, might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see, without grave concern, the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such a relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

This resolution was spoken of in the press as an extension of the Monroe Doctrine, which was not quite accurate because the resolution rested on the much older doctrine of self-preservation, which is held by all nations. In the days of the Monroe Doctrine, great commercial companies and corporations, so plentiful now, did not exist and, therefore, the plans attributed to a Japanese corporation did not come within the scope of the Doctrine; but under modern conditions the same result could be obtained by a corporation taking possession of a harbor or port or other place fitted for military or naval establishments and thus, although the government did not act directly, the same result would be reached. The Magdalena Bay resolution was framed to guard against operations of this character carried on through a corporation or company. It may be said that this was nothing but a resolution of the Senate, but a resolution of the Senate adopted by an overwhelming majority was a notice which other nations could not overlook and which, as a matter of fact, they did not overlook. By this addition the Monroe Doctrine was fortified and strengthened.

In the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations there was no provision pertaining to the Monroe Doctrine, which excited so much criticism that Mr. Wilson had the following article inserted:

Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

When the President explained the second draft of the covenant to the Peace Conference in Paris he said, "Article 21 is new," and that was all he said. The statement is both truthful and exact but not particularly illuminating. An explanation was made, however, although not by Mr. Wilson. The British Delegation took it upon themselves to explain Article 21 at some length, reviewing its history and meaning. I quote the last paragraph which contains the essential point:

In its essence it is consistent with the spirit of the covenant, and, indeed, the principles of the league, as expressed in Article 10, represent the extension to the whole world of the principles of the doctrine, while, should any dispute as to the meaning of the latter ever rise between the American and European powers, the league is there to settle it.

The explanation of Great Britain apparently received the assent of France by a statement made at the time in *Le Matin* by Mr. Lausanne. The British declaration was never withdrawn or modified, and as it stands is the official interpretation by Great Britain of the provision which has just been quoted. Such being the understanding of Great Britain, accepted by the other signatories of the treaty and not denied by Mr. Wilson, who presented the League covenant to the Paris Conference, it would have left us, if it had not been dealt with by the Senate, in a reservation, committed to the British interpretation. On March 22, 1920, by a vote of 58 to 22, the Senate adopted the following reservation, which is substantially the same as the one adopted in the previous November:

The United States will not submit to arbitration or to inquiry by the assembly or by the council of the League of Nations, provided for in said Treaty of Peace, any questions which in the judgment of the United States depend upon or relate to its long-established policy, commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine; said doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of said League of Nations and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany.

This is the last official declaration made in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, and with marked brevity declares the attitude of the United States in regard to it.

Having thus sketched in the barest outline the origin and history of the Monroe Doctrine and its subsequent adventures during its hundred years of existence, it is only necessary to say a few words in regard to it by way of conclusion. In the first place, it is to be remembered that although the insurrection and independence of the Spanish-American colonies were

one of the proximate causes of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 and that the "Holy Alliance" was another proximate cause, neither of them carries the principle or explains the character of Monroe's declaration. We call it a "doctrine," but it is a great declaration of the policy of the United States. The Holy Alliance died, long ago, and more than a century has passed since the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was recognized, but the Monroe Doctrine remains in full force and with the same character and meaning which it had when announced. In fact, any one who follows the history of the doctrine during the last hundred years cannot fail to be struck by its steady advance in effect, in importance, and in recognition by the world. It is now known to be the settled policy of the United States designed to protect its own safety. Through the century that has elapsed, it has been, on many occasions, a shield and a defense to the states of South America, but that is merely incidental.

The central, dominating fact of the Monroe Doctrine is its declaration of a policy designed to secure for all time the independence of the American continents and, thereby, the safety of the United States. It is inextricably interwoven with our history. It has promoted the peace of the world, saved us from having dangerous neighbors, and thereby prevented the necessity of becoming and always being a great military power armed to the teeth by land and sea. It has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the United States. It is now and always has been just as strong as the United States, and to-day it has all the force given by the power of a great nation which stands behind it. It is not international law, and is no more to be disturbed or questioned or interpreted by other nations than are the independence of the United States, the Constitution which gave it its form of government, or the powers inherent in its sovereignty.

The application of the doctrine rests with the United States, and for the security, the peace, and the well-being of the American continents and of the people of the United States it is just as vital, just as essential now as when Monroe and Adams formulated it and gave it to the world in the presidential message of December 2, 1823, thus completing and perfecting the policy laid down by Washington in the Farewell Address.

Nostalgia

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

He brought the record home with sheepish pride
And wound the old machine. The crystal notes
Swirled through the little room like gleaming motes
In jeweled light. He listened open-eyed;
But when she wept he tiptoed from her side,
His own eyes dim for cherry blooms and tears,
The crimson rapture, the unspoken fears,
The lyric sorrow of the wistful bride.

He could not know her grief was not for pain
Of love forsaken, but that far away
Were scented beauty piled in galleries,
Wealth, color, silver voices, proud display—
While here stretched out the long and dusty plain
With great buttes shouldering the windy skies.

The Blue in the Labradorite

BY JULIA WINIFRED JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

GUESTS at Old Mission that summer were curious about Barbara Ripley. She wore clothes that made the women stare, those simple things with a cut that cannot be copied; and she had a trick of twisting the most delicious looking scarfs—sea-green and mauve—about her throat with a sinuosity that didn't belong exactly to the North Woods. The women were not envious; there was a wistfulness which drew them. She was so helpless about tramping or sailing or swimming; and she seemed so determined to cram into one short month all she could learn of wood-lore, fishing-bottoms, and lighthouses. It was as if she had set out to understand the intrigue which brought people back to the island year after year.

Her days went fairly well, but the evenings were difficult. When they threw balsam into the big fireplace she'd slip out and wander up and down the pier—a wraith in the half light. It made the circle about the fire uneasy; they pretended not to see, but they were all watching her. At last one of the group, upon some pretext, would go out after her.

She scarcely ever slept through the night; from two o'clock on she ground over in her mind the change one year had brought. Upon this July night a high wind awakened her; her eyes came back from the lighthouse light to the rough knots in the pine wood. A moon lighted the bare room. She laughed discreetly (the partitions were thin), remembering Oak Knoll and her bath with its perfect frieze of water-lilies, real enough to make her admit disappointment once when poling with Heman and a friend for lotuses.

"I'd rather look at the lilies in my own bath-room," she had blurted out as her husband twisted a particularly fine lotus from its rubbery root. Heman had worn that queer look, the look of wishing she hadn't. Why did those memories torment her?

Her thoughts ran on to her husband's first law office over the hardware store in the little Illinois town, to the sagging floor and the old coal stove. There was always a group around that stove; she could smell the tobacco now, and see the dust on those books. The new office in the brick building overlooking the river was always dusted and well kept. She spanned Heman's quick rise to first criminal lawyer of the State. To her his progress was like an Arabian Nights tale. She loved to dwell upon those offices in the Mayfair Building in Chicago; the waxed floors, the soft napped rugs; and Miss Babcock, in shell rims, taking dictation in the inner office.

Most often Oak Knoll, their country place, came back to her with its winding barberry hedges turning red, its close lawn a bit brown as it sloped to the quiet river. It troubled her that she was not able always to recall Heman's face distinctly; but to-night she saw him standing against a big white porch pillar, his bag of clubs in his hand, waiting for the car. The sob in her throat almost stifled her. What was there in the face that held men? Was it the deep-set eyes with dreams in their depths, dreams which the firm mouth made true? She shivered in the lonely room.

Heman was always making a train or coming back to pack a bag after the big house was built. For her there was tea or bridge or week-ends with people who bored her. She never saw Heman alone. If he asked her to go with him she had an excuse; she loathed golf, fishing was an abomination; one got wretchedly burned and missed a lot of good things in town. Besides, he never asked her to go to New York.

To-night she saw him standing against a porch pillar, his bag of clubs in his hand.—Page 424.

When they were together, once in a blue moon, they were two lonely, dissatisfied people in a big, childless house, forever seeking distraction; forever living a lie, the lie that there was no discontent. One day the pretense ended upon Barbara's part. The invisible barrier that had been as delicate as a Japanese screen became suddenly an obstruction formidable as an old cathedral door.

Barbara had been in town to a Saturday matinée and had missed her train out. Heman was off for a week-end; it didn't matter. She decided to wait in the station for the next train. Crowds fascinated her; she liked to watch faces. All at once she found her gaze resting upon a woman of about her own age. Often since she had tried to describe her. She was like—like the misty white wisteria one finds climbing up old Southern galleries; she was like clear, white crystal, she was like mountain fragrances borne to one at dawn—the fragrances one never, never identifies.

She seemed uneasy; once she walked to the marble stairs and looked down, returned and dropped again into her seat. A moment later Barbara saw her face change. A man was coming up the stairs, two at a time; he was coming toward her, impatience in every inch of him. Except for his youth and haste it might have been Heman. Now he was taking the woman's hands, looking into her face, possessing himself of her wrap. The two faced Barbara. It was almost a year since, but queer little shoots of pain ran up into the back of her head whenever she recalled it. The man was Heman, her husband.

Before she could make up her mind how to act, Heman was at home with a nervous breakdown. The doctor had ordered a Western trip, a complete change, with cheer and the things he liked to do.

"Above all, Mrs. Ripley, don't give him a moment to brood. Something has upset him, horribly. He's had a close shave."

With all her will Barbara put the nightmare chapter into the background. The West improved Heman. In a fortnight he was playing golf, tramping, motoring; but underneath it all Barbara detected a restlessness. While waiting for him at the Country Club one afternoon they brought her the news. He had gone suddenly, dropped on the green, almost at the end of his game. A black wall rose to meet her that day and didn't recede for many months.

She had rioted through many states since then: through jealousy, through humbled pride, through bitter loneliness. Now she believed she was coming out on the other side. Studying the pine knots in the gray of the morning she knew what she wanted. She, who had failed to get close to the spirit of her husband in life, was obsessed to understand him now. To know his friends, to read his books, to visit the places he loved, became her single purpose. Somehow this programme comforted her.

One day a friend of Heman's, John Davis, showed her an uncut stone, a labradorite. "It makes me think of Heman," he said, twisting it in his long artist's fingers. "Gray, cool gray, until the sun catches it and you find that wonderful blue fleck in it."

Until she found a match for that stone Barbara never rested; she wore it night and day, caught about her throat with a silver ribbon. In agony she saw that, to her and her friends, Heman was gray, the labradorite out of the sun.

The friend confessed, afterward: "Men are lonely creatures; your husband was like the rest. A man needs at least one who understands; and when he finds the one—he will pay—oh—almost any price." Like a sky-sign those words were pricked into her mind.

A smoothed-out lake and the air with the tang of the North gave to Barbara the day she wished for her Big Bay trip. A Ford truck took her out to George's (the king fisherman of the island); one of his men escorted her through the wood-road to the bay. She found Mack, the Big Bay fisherman, at the lagoon with a boat and the fishing things.

The eeriness of the lagoon frightened her; its beauty held her in a spell. Tiny islands of a spring-green dotted the water; tall rushes and cat-tails—their stems hugged by water-lilies—swayed in the breeze. A loon's cry made her shudder.

She had been warned of the quicksand depths everywhere. She thought: what a simple way to end everything, just to sink down, down! There was a rush of wings from the cat-tails and a silver-blue heron raised its awkward legs in flight.

Mack was trolling while she rowed; at last his line began to tug. Barbara knew how to follow directions—in the early married days she had gone fishing with Heman. Mack had a strike; he hoped it was a big one. It was almost as if Heman were there; she seemed to hear his voice, tense—low. "Forward, now easy—a little finesse and we'll save him." Her eyes were on the line, bending the rod almost double; three, four minutes it lasted, and a four-pounder lay in the bottom of the boat.

Afterward she rested in Mack's cabin; Maria brought her a blueberry pie fresh from the oven. A lad with a face like a kewpie's ran in from play to show his mother a shell. This was the boy, Maria explained, Mr. Ripley had saved. Barbara looked dazed.

"Didn't Mr. Heman (Barbara found they all called him that) tell you about Roddie?" With the corner of her blue-checked apron she pecked at her eyes. "No? Well, ma'am, the boy was never without a cold the whole year long. Not learning one of his lessons, just moping around all the time."

Barbara drew her chair closer to Roddie.

"Your husband, ma'am, as soon as he seen him, said, 'It's his tonsils. Cut them out and you'll have a new boy.' Mack took him to Washburn on the next boat—to the big doctor there. The sum he named, ma'am, for them operations—adenoids and tonsils—was fierce. And Mack with no regular job since he was fireman in the steel-mills in New Duluth. I always said it was wrong—him leaving and coming to this island. Picking up a bit of fishing here and there—for a living." She waved contemptuously at the lake.

Barbara nodded understandingly.

"I'd planned to work nights, ma'am, in a restaurant at Washburn—and very willing. I was cookee—in a lumber-camp, ma'am, before I married Mack. Yes, ma'am, I can cook."

Mrs. Ripley remarked the pie was excellent.

"But how far, ma'am, would that go towards paying for them operations? Your husband, dear, good man, steps up and says, 'Maria, count on me for help.'" The corner of the apron found the round eyes again. "And he didn't forget as soon as it was said—the check came promptly. That was the kind of a man he was."

The note of the white-throat piping in the woods tugged at Barbara's heart as she went back alone by the wood-road. She had been nagging Heman for some local charities about the time he had been helping Maria; she remembered he wore his three-year-old blue suit and the overcoat that was almost threadbare; he gave up his favorite cigars, too. She understood now.

Perhaps the long-haired, lame fellow who rowed fifteen miles to the mainland each week with his chickens and his eggs was another of Heman's charities. The fellow had tears in his eyes when he came to see her. "Mr. Heman was my friend, ya-yessir," he had said. Queer little house he lived in, perched at the top of a rock, overlooking Superior—like a bit of Norway. She hadn't known the world contained so many strange people.

For a long time she had believed happiness lay in getting things, mere possessions, houses, motors, laces, and jewels. Heman had known better. Perhaps he had found out here, while fishing in the lagoon, or tramping to the skidway, or lying on those rocks. There was something soothing about this island; one left struggle behind and relied. Relied upon what? Was it the blue of the lake or the whiteness of the clouds, or the tender green of the trees that gave strength?

Barbara put her hand to her cheek as she came out on the open road; the hand was wet. In front of her lay the blue lake; yonder the giant Norway pine that marked the steps running down to George's dock. Gulls wheeled over the reels where George's men worked at the nets. At the cabin door, the old Finnish mother stood, waving her a welcome. Barbara went slowly up the path.

She looked curiously about the best front room; Heman had spent hours with

the stuffed birds on the wall and the silver watches suspended by their chains. The floor was oiled like the bobbers on George's nets; and strewn upon the table were maps showing the fishing bottoms of Lake Superior. In the corner rested an accordion; the lilt of an old song with its vagabond words came back to Barbara.

"Ola the hobo from Norway—"; the tramp song had delighted Heman.

A vague shuffling sound cut through her thoughts. She turned to see a woman of perhaps twenty-five years, hands and feet crippled, making a slow way into the room.

"I am George's sister, Sara." She said, "I had to come in to see you. Your husband was so good and kind to me."

"I—I didn't know," Barbara began. "You see, this is my first trip to the island."

"Yes, Mr. Heman said you were never used to roughing it." Barbara had seen awe creep into faces before—perhaps it was the knickers she wore. "But now—now that you are here—it isn't so bad, is it?" the patient voice pleaded.

"No—no, indeed." Barbara had not expected to find an islander talking so well. "Have you been sick long?"

"Four years. Mr. Heman got me to go to the Mayos'." The face brightened, died to gray again. "I hoped so much from that trip. But, you see, it was too late."

"Oh, don't say that," urged Barbara.

"That sounded like him. He was always telling me to keep up my courage. It's not so easy—now—now that he'll not be coming back again." The face turned away.

Something impelled Barbara to cross the room, to take those crippled hands in her own white, artist-modelled ones. "You mustn't give up, my dear. He loved the island so—I believe"—the words came slowly—"He's not—not far off to-day."

"Oh, do you? How wonderful to think that." The hands were pointing to a bookcase inside the alcove. "He sent them all to me; some I have almost worn out." The smile hurt Barbara. "I used to wonder—he was such a busy man—how he had time to bother about just me up here in the woods." She shuffled over to the case and brought out a worn book. "This one's about an Englishwoman and her garden—it never fails at night, when I can't sleep."

It was a new book to Barbara; she resolved to get it at once. She asked to see the books. They had been selected with care: a "Life of Lincoln," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "Roosevelt's Letters." Heman had undertaken to educate her as well as to divert.

"When I get back to town I shall send you a book regularly, just as my husband did. I want to be your friend. May I?"

The girl followed Mrs. Ripley to the door. "I'll never forget—your promise—to be my friend." She said. The old mother stood behind her, nodding goodbye.

George, with wind-red face and hair like pulled molasses candy, was straightening a kink in the silky net. Again Barbara was surprised at the dignity which matched her own. Three shaggy dogs sniffled at her heels; at a word from George they skulked away.

"I'm just beginning to understand your island." Barbara ventured after she had shaken hands.

"You like it, you mean?" He drove to the heart of the matter.

"I wish I understood it as my husband did."

The fisherman looked grave. "It don't seem right without him. Fifteen years since he begun coming up here. I was fishing with a sail-boat in them days. The new launch, with the gasoline lifter—" jerking a thumb in the direction of the dock—"didn't interest him, 'cept for me getting a bigger haul with lighter work. He'd ruther go out in the old sail-boat any day." He burst into a merry laugh.

"He loved sailing." Barbara picked up her basket. "I'm going to wait on your steps. I like your rocks—especially 'The Arch.' They call it 'The Urn' on the post-cards."

His face lighted. "There's an artist down there now—been painting since morning. I tol' her mebbe you'd take her back in the truck. She's going to the Mission."

Barbara had a minute of revolt; but

She turned to see a woman—hands and feet crippled—making a slow way into the room.—Page 428.

she answered. "Of course, delighted. I'll speak to her down there."

Below on the rocks the artist, in a blue smock and a wide sun hat, worked. "Some of them are frumps," thought Barbara, "but this one looks attractive. I hope she won't talk every minute of the way back."

Barbara selected a spot with a good view; perhaps on this very step Heman had rested, smoked a pipe, and delighted in those deepening blue hills. He had had a fine trip over there and brought back a string of rainbow trout; his description had stayed with Barbara. Save for the noise of the gulls nesting in the rocks it was very still. A long black ore-boat was coming into view. At last the rumble of a machine broke the quiet; the artist heard it too; Barbara watched her put on some rapid strokes, stand off, survey her work.

She forced herself down the stairs to meet her. The next moment she was looking into the face that had haunted her for months; in spite of the horror that sent again those queer little shoots of pain into the back of her head, she recognized the strange fascination of that face; the something that set it apart, marked it—romance.

"I am Mrs. Ripley, of Chicago." She heard herself say in a dull voice. "I think you knew my husband?"

The woman was so still, for a second, Barbara wondered if she had heard. When she spoke, her voice matched the personality. "I am Mrs. Goddard. I have seen pictures of you—but hats change one so." She followed up the steps with the sketch in her hand.

Neither spoke until they reached the top; Barbara resented the quietness which threw the burden upon her. She could scarcely wait to study the face again.

At the top the artist seemed unconscious of her, wrapped in a back-flung glance at sky and water. Mrs. Ripley looked at her watch.

"We'll just have time to make dinner. Oh, how wonderful! You've been doing 'The Arch.'"

"Oh, do you think so? I'm taking myself rather seriously to-day; we architects don't often have a chance at this impressionistic stuff."

"It's her eyes," thought Barbara. "They're like blue pansies rimmed with black—or is it the mouth? It's the saddest—how can she make conversation with me?" Aloud: "It's nice to go back together. George said you were stopping at the Mission."

Mrs. Goddard smiled. "Just long enough to sign my name this morning and leave a bag. I was off for here within an hour."

They were on the road now, travelling toward a patch of primrose sky; Barbara clung to the seat as they rode the bumps. The boy driver was in a hurry. Occasional clearings flashed by with deserted shacks upon them; now and then the lake opened out. Deep woods lined the road on each side, sometimes a cow-bell sounded from within, or a crow's impatient "Caw! Caw!" came from a tall fir-top. Directly in front of the school-house the Ford began to choke and sputter; suddenly it stopped.

The hulking boy dropped down, opened the hood, and began to poke an oil-can into various places. After a few minutes he added, "I dunno what ails the blamed thing. I'll go and fetch one of George's men."

"What a beautiful chance to explore." Mrs. Goddard was on her feet almost as soon as the boy started.

"Oh, dear," wailed Barbara. "It's these things about roughing it that always spoil it for me."

The artist came back. "You've been in the broiling sun all day—you're tired. We'll make a comfortable seat out of my top-coat, on these school-house steps."

Barbara yielded. Did one study in dramatic schools to acquire such a voice; or did certain experiences in life give it to one? "Thank you," she managed to say and watched the other swing down the road toward a clump of mauve mallow. She does her exercises night and morning, I know; if only I could! Eighteen might be envious of that figure! These Peter Pan people! She's full of surprises; one could never diagram her. Heman adored that type."

Presently Rhoda Goddard came back, her hands full of flowers; she dropped down Turkish fashion on the grass to arrange them.

"When I'm back in the office I shall shut my eyes and see them on this road."

"How does one go about making the flowers and trees mean something to one?"

"I don't know—one must have an interest first of all. Gratiot—I studied with him in Paris—would have gone mad over this island. I wish he could see the rocks and this road."

"I've been interested in plain things always, like running a home, canning, keeping out the moths, dressmaking. Somehow, I never learned to care for the out-of-doors. I wish—I might——"

"It's you who have done the worthwhile thing."

"My job—was an utter failure."

The artist looked up. "Why do you say that?"

"Because—I was in the station—that

Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

Barbara watched her put on some rapid strokes, stand off, survey her work.—Page 429.

"My job—was an utter failure."—Page 430.

day in November—when you met my husband."

The flowers dropped from Mrs. Goddard's hands; they looked to Barbara suddenly limp. "That dreadful day! I shall never forget it." At length she remembered Barbara. "It was my boy. He was lost in a snow-storm in the Adirondacks. I was frantic—frantic."

Barbara strained forward. "But—what—what could Heman, my husband, do?"

Each stared at the other.

"You've never had a son, or you wouldn't ask. He was going to help me find my boy—find Sydney."

Had interest in the boy chained Heman to this woman? A wave of relief swept Barbara; but it left her comfortless as the vision of her husband bending over the woman in the station rose between them.

"Wasn't it a strange and unconventional thing?" Barbara asked in an acid voice.

The rimmed eyes were compassionate. "If—at the golf grounds—some woman had offered to get Heman back to you alive, would you have stopped to consider—anything?"

Barbara was escaping the top-coat. "It doesn't seem a parallel case. Ever since that day in the station, I've writhed and fumed—over—over—what I've imagined. I think I can endure anything if only I can know the truth."

Almost as if she had not heard, the voice from the grass came quietly. "When we reached Lake Placid my boy was safe. An old Adirondack guide found them. They had escaped from the storm into one of his abandoned shacks."

Mrs. Ripley was free of the top-coat now. "My husband went—all the way

East—then? You're too attractive a woman not to know your power. How did you dare?"

Again Barbara was confronted by that stillness. "There have been times, my dear, when I've known my power. But not then. Your husband existed, then, simply as a means."

"You were wrong." Barbara turned Pharaoh-like upon her. "From the first you should have repeated over and over to yourself: 'He is a married man. He has a wife and a home. Take care. Put yourself in that wife's place.'"

"I was selfish. Your husband was my lawyer; I was absorbed in straightening out my husband's estate; in getting together enough money to keep my boy in school."

"I suppose." Barbara's hardness yielded a little. "I know very little about that practical side."

Rhoda Goddard jumped up from the grass. Up and down the school-house path she paced; it seemed eons to Barbara before she came and stood in front of her.

"I loathe excuses for anything. But it isn't always easy for a woman alone to rear a boy. There are problems. It was an older woman—a teacher—of whom Sydney was too fond. I didn't know what to do. I knew his nature—all fire—and I knew I mustn't make a false step if I wanted to save him. Your husband helped me—oh—so wonderfully. It was then—then—I knew how much I had grown to care."

"Go on, please."

"Living through the decision of that week will make every problem I ever have easy. Three times I packed my bag, with the tiny volume of Keats he loved on top." She turned away from Barbara. "Three times I went to the very platform of the train that was to take me to him. And then—it was my boy who held me back. His mother—couldn't set her son such an example." She laughed a little harshly. "It's like reading the chronicle of another woman's life; a romantic woman who loved flowers—not a money-grubbing woman living in a sky-scraper. We'll be getting started back soon now." She started toward the road.

Barbara caught her. "You're a brave woman." She looked deep into the dark eyes. "You've told me the truth. I hated—hated you at first. I haven't any real incentive to live. Won't you give me one? Let me help your son—Sydney—through college, just—just as Heman might have done."

Rhoda Goddard's eyes were like wet pansies; and her hands shook as she detached the platinum locket from its chain. "Here's the boy—here's Sydney." She said. "If you really mean it—it would be beautiful—to help him. I don't deserve it."

Voices came from the road; George's men were coming. Barbara felt a new, sudden, warm sense of kinship with Heman.

Kinship

BY ALICE LEIGH

I AM akin to lonely things:
The hidden path, the night wind's cry,
The shivering elm that, heedless, flings
Its silver hoard before the blast;
And yet so near does Beauty lie
Her shadow touched me as she passed,
Companioned by such dear delight;
So near—and yet I only hear
Like distant bells at twilight,
High and thin,
The call of futile, lonely things
To which I am akin.

Great Personages in the New Italy

THE KING, MUSSOLINI, THE POPE, AND CARDINAL GASPARRI

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

Author of "Have We a Far Eastern Policy?" "French Memories of Eighteenth Century America," etc.

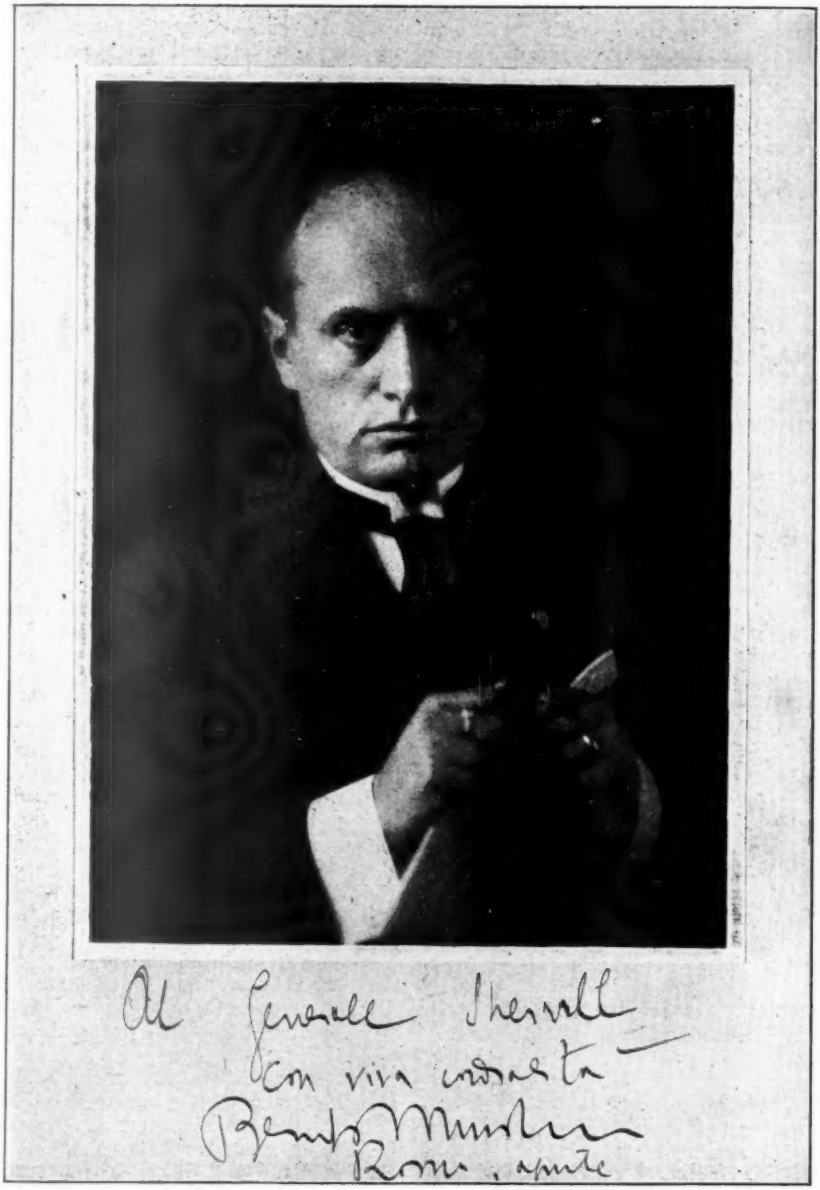
ILLUSTRATED WITH AUTOGRAPH PORTRAITS PRESENTED TO GENERAL SHERRILL

THE ancient Greek dramatists loved to work up to a tragic moment in their story when nothing short of a *deus ex machina* could unravel the twisting threads of the tale. The world hardly realizes that such a moment arrived not long ago in the world drama of Civilization versus Bolshevism. The time has come to stand back and appraise it. Fate appropriately laid the scene in Rome, so long and so often the centre of the world. We shall see how the practical common sense of a modern king turned a revolution into an orderly government. "But," you object, "this sounds entirely local"; not so, for this revolution was the Fascisti rising against Red Socialism—the world's first practical retort to Bolshevism.

It is the morning of October 28, 1922. A strange hush has come over Rome, Rome that has always loved talking, and hearing itself talk. Armed soldiery hurry by to the gates, shut and defended by cannon to protect the city threatened by Fascisti armies outside at Monte Rotondo, at Tivoli, and at Santa Marinella. Government placards have blossomed out on house walls announcing martial law—that the city is in a "state of siege." All this means, can only mean, that civil war is officially recognized as imminent. Civil war means wide-spread killing, and when killing begins in Italy it is loath to stop. But something happens. The King looks out of his palace window and sees these placards: their appearance has a special meaning for him, since such a declaration requires his signature to a Royal Decree, and he has signed no such decree! Always this King had scrupulously regarded the limitations imposed upon the crown by the Italian constitution. But now at last had come a rich reward for years of conscientious deference to those limitations, for, by asserting his rights under that constitution, he can avert the armed clash of Italian against Italian and bring order out of imminent chaos. He sends for Prime Minister Facta, orders that there be instantly revoked this "state of siege" so unconstitutionally proclaimed, and accepts the resignation of the entire cabinet, whose continued vacillation in face of Red excesses had provoked the Fascist rising.

A plain man of the people, an editor of Milan, his father a blacksmith, Mussolini by name, commands the 60,000 black-shirted avengers of public order outside Rome. He received the Royal summons to come into the city for a face-to-face, man-to-man talk with this King of common sense, who recognizes in the blunt, straightforward patriot the exact type of leader needed at this national crisis, and appoints him Prime Minister to form a cabinet and take over the Constitutional Government. The revolution becomes an evolution, and civil war disappears from Italy. Not only is it a great moment in Italian political history, but what is much more significant, a dam against Bolshevism is thus erected in Europe.

Here is a fact which posterity will rank higher in political value than we are able to do—we are so close to the trees that we cannot see the forest! No matter how long or short a time this King may reign or when Mussolini may lose political control or be assassinated (for he breathes an atmosphere of threats) one outstanding fact will always remain—that just when a



Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy.

gloriously patriotic movement was confronted by the hideous necessity of civil war precipitated by the panic of a feeble government, a king of good, hard, common sense interposed, like the *deus ex machina* of a Greek drama, and saved the situation.

In passing, one wonders if all would have gone so well had this Fascist rising against Red excesses occurred in a republic headed by a president. When the revolutionary leader—another Mussolini—gained control of the republic's capital, must not that have meant the overthrow of the President? It would seem inevitable, for even a president with so little real power as a French president could not exist beside a Mussolini—a president is too little a symbol and too much a political factor. And what then? The President overthrown, this other Mussolini would become an acknowledged dictator—and the Napoleonic era begun all over again! Out of date for this century. No, Fascism, fortunately for all who yearn to see Bolshevism mastered in manful fashion, blossomed in a country where a king does the reigning, while the governing can be constitutionally conducted by the leader of such patriots as the Fascisti.

And we who look on and rejoice from the outside at the success of this anti-Bolshevic movement in Italy, let us not forget that the Black Shirts of the Fascisti have done as much for modern civilization the world over as the Red Shirts of Garibaldi did for the Italian problem of national unity. And signs multiply that in Mussolini there has developed a combination of Garibaldi and Cavour—an able steady-headed administrator following a deeply purposed leader of armed revolution. For months he has possessed greater power than has any other Italian Prime Minister, but no mistakes as yet—extraordinary!

There could hardly be a stranger contrast—physical as well as mental—than that between the two chief actors in this dramatic scene of which the world has talked so little, but will talk so much—King Victor Emmanuel III and Mussolini. When first seeing the King of Italy an American is apt to wonder why President Roosevelt ranked him so high among the Kings of Europe after meeting so many. He is not of imposing proportions, nor does he strike the passing stranger as possessing those kingly attributes that history books teach republicans to expect in royalty. Not at all. But whoever meets him in private audience soon remarks his fund of common sense, his integrity of thought, his sense of duty, but above all his sterling simplicity. All this Roosevelt saw, and it won the great American. The King was at the front during most of Italy's participation in the war, mingling constantly with the soldiers in the trenches, and allowing himself such leaves of absence as the other officers received. Such is his modesty that he refused to take the High Command, leaving that to professional soldiers. It is not generally known that he was wounded in the hand by the bursting of an enemy shell—because he forbade its publication!

When one reflects upon the results of this King espying the unauthorized proclamation of martial law, and his sternly prompt action—practical patriotism in the broadest sense—there comes to one a feeling that all the preceding life of this modest sovereign had been but preparation for this psychological moment of great opportunity. He instantly did the right thing at the right time—did something that no one else had the right to do, and averted civil war. It was a moment in the history of a nation when steadiness and clearness of vision outvalued all showier traits. Italy, fruitful in that greatest of products, men, proved once more to have produced the man needed in a tragic crisis. The King acted, and Italy's advance, so rudely checked by Red Communism, again fell into orderly step. And who shall say that to-day she is not leading all the rest of us in the world struggle against Bolshevic propaganda!

And what shall we say of the loudly acclaimed hero of this drama, Mussolini the Great?—for a great man he certainly is. Did he create Fascismo, or only seize the leadership of a widely existing reaction against Red disorder encouraged by the truckling of a flabby government? Perhaps the best answer for American readers is that his relation to Fascismo resembles that of Roosevelt to Progressiv-

His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel III.

ism—they both co-ordinated and provided central leadership for a leaven already existing, but needing leadership to become effective. Mussolini endowed with unlimited power wrung from a politically hostile parliament after a speech denouncing them to their faces—and yet he makes none of the expected mistakes of a dictator! His oratory is frankly, even rudely, anti-sentiment, anti-pussyfoot, anti-demagogic—indeed, when addressing a parliament that loves impassioned oratory, he hardly takes the trouble to make himself heard. Stern as he outwardly seems and clearly wishes to appear (it is silly to "look pleasant" at Red Bolshevism!) he certainly has another side. At least that is the impression left on the writer after two interviews with him. He is far from lacking a shrewd sense of humor. It is said that a distant cousin called at his ministry and asked permission to salute Mussolini, whom she had not seen for twenty years. He sent out word: "Tell her I am busy, but will be glad to see her if she will call back in another twenty years." A saving sense of humor, even a grim one, is essential for overworked statesmen.

Perhaps the most striking thing about his Napoleonic head and face (stronger than Napoleon's in the jaw) is that flashing glance of his that comes and goes and comes again, like light from a revolving lighthouse. It sticks in your memory.

My two conversations with him showed two entirely different men, externally as well as mentally—one turned toward the public on a public occasion, the other in the seclusion of his office—the political leader dressed for a palace appearance, and the administrator at his desk careless of attire. The first man was on view at the Quirinal Palace reception in honor of Princess Yolanda and her fiancé, Count Calvi di Bergolo, the evening before the wedding. The setting of the picture was regal in the extreme—the great courtyard crowded with arriving automobiles, inside the portal a giant guard of cuirassiers (the finest set of men I ever saw in uniform!), who came smartly to the salute whenever a uniformed guest entered, the superb apartments with their gorgeous tapestries and pictures, and—Mussolini standing in the first of a long series of salons, in simple evening dress with only the green ribbon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, a decoration hardly noticed, since all the other men wore so many more. Besides, do not forget that when the King offered him the one unassigned Collar of the Annunziata, greatest of all Italian honors, he waived it aside in favor of Tittoni, veteran statesman and ambassador, now President of the Senate. How long has it been since an Italian made so unselfishly graceful a beau geste! Notwithstanding the simplicity of Mussolini's attire amid the brilliantly uniformed men and bejewelled ladies of the court, there was no mistaking his outstanding importance, for around him always crowded seekers for an introduction.

When next we met he was an entirely different person in looks, in speech, and in garb. It was in a large room in the Chigi Palace, now used as the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and therefore his office. It was only lately that the Foreign Office had been moved down from the Palazzo della Consulta (opposite the Quirinal), now about to lodge the Heir Apparent, the Prince of Piedmont. There sat Mussolini, deep in thought, behind a desk at the far end of the room, where he could "size up" each newcomer as he entered and advanced across the room. Plainly dressed in a far from new business suit, here in his seat of power (one had almost said—his lair!) one sensed the mental strength of the man and his power far more than when at the palace the great world fawned upon him. There he had borne himself haughtily, as befitted the leader of bold uprising in face of great national danger. Here he was the thoughtful administrator, care-worn, almost glowering. At the Quirinal he had talked freely of the United States and intelligently too: "No, you do not yet need Fascismo against your Reds—your great problem is the assimilation of newly arrived citizens for which New York City is a melting-pot, a cocktail of foreign elements. As one goes west in your country it becomes more truly American, until on the Pacific slope it is entirely so." This and more in the same vein, but all of America, and that which all around might hear. At the Chigi Palace the talk was different. There he seemed always think-

ing of Italy. When the talk turned on things foreign, such as the great Preparedness Parades of 1916 in America, it was because of the usefulness of public demonstrations in meeting Italy's problems. He knows that his life is in constant danger, and glories in the fact. Of course a man takes his life in his hands when he discharges 60,000 superfluous railway employees and another 60,000 in other government offices. Are these 120,000 and their families feeling pleasant about losing an easy living? And Mussolini has not yet finished purging the rolls of office-holders! He has come out strongly against government ownership of such public utilities as railways, telephones, etc. In Italy they have always been run at a loss, and he is for amputating this chronic deficit. He is a strong believer in private initiative, and insists that private enterprise be encouraged, so that competition under proper supervision may afford incentive to increase national production. Production, and still more production! that is his constant appeal and demand.

He has recently pointed out that though Italy lacks raw products she is rich in laborers, and he believes that Italian labor should be helped to reach its best market. Mussolini insists that Italy can profitably export labor for the Argentine harvests and again in the same year for those of North America, possible because South American seasons are the opposite of ours. Thus Italian manpower could benefit its own pocket-book, and at the same time increase the wealth of two foreign countries. Rather a practical bit of applied economics this, exporting labor to the labor market where and when the demand is greatest, and therefore the price highest. Because this export of Italian labor is so profitable, one hears much criticism there of our recent laws restricting the number of emigrants we will admit. Italy says we admit raw products from other lands, so why not her product of raw labor!

But why had Mussolini swung over from extreme socialism to decided conservatism? Like many another European Socialist he has found that radical policies read well, but do not work out in practice. It must be admitted that nowadays, when all are applauding Mussolini, bald logic demands that we revise our opinion of Henry IV of France, Henry of Navarre—whom readers of historical novels have long abused as flippant for saying "Paris vaut une messe," when changing from the Huguenot to the Catholic religion to gain a crown and a capital. Mussolini began as a Socialist, anti-church, anti-monarchy, anti-private property. Now he is pro-church, pro-King, and against government ownership of public utilities. So advanced was his radicalism that he was expelled from Switzerland by a governmental decree, which same decree had to be annulled before he, as Italian Prime Minister, could attend the International Conference this winter at Lausanne. Here was a change of noteworthy proportions.

It will greatly benefit certain smug folk the world over if they will only investigate why Mussolini made this great swing in his politics, for thus will they learn the hideous conditions that Red Communism had brought to Italy in 1919. Perhaps they will then begin to look about them at home! In many a land, even in the United States, are sinister outcroppings traceable to Soviet propaganda paid for by Red money—Red in more than one sense of the word. Already one English Labor newspaper has been proved to be Soviet-financed. How much Soviet is there in Britain's Labor party to-day? It certainly has made no such splendid anti-Soviet pronouncement as the American Federation of Labor.

Perhaps American and English readers will have forgotten the hideous state of affairs just before the Black Shirts struck. The Red Socialists, finding the government unwilling or unable to repress them, advanced from one excess to another. They seized factories, placarded them "Fabbrica internationale socialista" and hoisted the Red flag. Nor did they stop at attacking property. At Turin a Red Tribunal, composed partly of women, caused men to be thrown alive into the blast-furnaces. Seizure of private property spread from the towns out into the country, and peasants everywhere laid hold of their masters' stores of grain, oil, etc. Especially incensed were the Socialists against officers or men in uniform,

who were everywhere set upon, men beating them and women spitting in their faces. They were thrown out of railroad trains, for the Socialists had seized the railways, and no train was allowed to start if there was a uniform on board. The absurd government at Rome met this by instructing the military to travel in mufti! Some sailors discharged from a man-of-war at Leghorn, forbidden the trains, hired two motor lorries to carry them to their homes in Florence. They were ambushed half-way by a band of Socialists, men and women, and literally torn to pieces, every last one of them, with all the excesses of the French revolution—the women ripping off ears with their teeth, etc. Above many a town-hall the Red flag was waving undisturbed by the futile government. Later the Fascisti forced over 500 Communist mayors to resign. Everywhere respectable folk were being shot down in the street, and attempted reprisals only increased the disorder. In Milan, Turin, Florence cannon and machine-guns began to be used in the streets.

Walls everywhere were placarded with "Abasso il Re—Evviva Lenin" (Down with the King—Long live Lenin). Why did the Reds thus contrast Lenin, brutal boss of organized murder and plunder, with a king against whom as a man no one had ever voiced a reproach? Because they selected the King as the best symbol of stable enlightened government, and Lenin, head of the Russian Terror, as symbol of the unpractical and ruinous Communism that has devastated Russia. Is it any wonder that Mussolini and his men took up this challenge and made their choice? Very well, said they; as against Red Communism we swing round to the King as a symbol of stable government. The Reds abolished religion, most of all in the schools. Very well again, said the Fascisti—we turn back to religion and replace the crucifix as symbolizing decency versus indecency.

It was just because those very Reds taught Italy to recognize the King as a symbol of government and the church as a figurehead for decency that the Fascisti turned to espouse these causes trampled on by the Reds. "Men are perhaps tired of liberty, they have had an orgy of it" said Mussolini, "if necessary we will march calmly over the partly decomposed corpse of liberty. Take force away from government, and it will be at the mercy of any organization bent on its destruction. Liberty is not an end, it is a means." For such talk as this, there is need everywhere to-day. It is no wonder that Lenin has said that there is not room in the world for Bolshevism and Fascism at the same time!

When Alexander II was assassinated in Petrograd, three of the guilty were executed. When the Soviet Commissar of Moscow was shot a year ago, the Soviet Cheka executed 23,000! Terror or stable government—that is the choice offered the world to-day, and the choice was swiftly made by the youth of Italy with Mussolini at their head. How young and how few made up this gallant Giovinezza was truly amazing. A decided majority were under twenty-one, while many were only fifteen or sixteen. It takes but a few of the right sort to leaven a nation, a vastly valuable lesson taught by these handfuls of Black Shirts. Thirty-two of them armed with revolvers marched into Ancona, and took the government of the city away from the Red usurpers. Even after many such successes there were only about 50,000 Fascisti that made their triumphal march into Rome. They took less than seven hours to pass the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. For drilled troops marching sixteen files front to regulation time, seven hours means 60,000, and photographs prove this splendid defile to be less than that total. A few indeed, but what a select and gallant company of patriots, marching in advance of civilization's greater legions that must rally to defeat Bolshevism wherever it raises its hideous head.

The greatest change of all in Mussolini is one presenting great significance to Americans to-day. He was born and bred an Internationalist. He has become an ardent Nationalist. "Italy gives nothing for nothing," declares this intensely Italian Prime Minister. And when one speaks of the League of Nations, he smiles!

The fact that Fascismo has replaced in the schools crucifixes, emblems of that re-

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

ligion which the Reds abolished, brings us to consider two other personages of world distinction who reside in Rome, first His Holiness Pope Pius XI, head of that tremendous organization the Roman Catholic Church, and then after him, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. What is their part in the anti-Bolshevic crusade?

Professor Boni, who has done so much during his long life to bring to light the Forum in its ancient condition, and now in his sunset years inhabits a small villa overlooking it, told me this pleasant story: One day there came to this villa a great churchman of Milan, a deep student and learned writer. They fell to discussing the benefit to the mind of reasonable bodily exercise, and the professor urged the prelate to write out what classical study had taught him that the dance as practised devotionally by the ancients might do to help the mind. The promised writing was never done, and why not? The prelate, made Cardinal of Milan, was shut up in the Vatican to help elect the new Pope, and it was upon himself that the choice fell!

The benignant countenance of Pope Pius XI is so well known that comment thereon is superfluous. The writer had the great honor of being received twice in audience, and the chief impression he carried away was the personal interest the Pope seemed to feel in each individual rather than in the group in the throne-room before which he slowly moved, extending his hand to each. Especially do I remember his interest in two little Chinese girls and the message of personal greeting he bade them carry back to their distant home. The kindliness of the man is at once apparent to every one, and from such a character all untoward incidents glance off. Sometimes there are odd happenings at these audiences, attended as they are by representatives of all nations. We ourselves saw one; the Pope extended his hand for an Englishman to kiss his ring, but instead the hand was cordially shaken! Needless to say, this did not ruffle the Papal benignity.

There is a distinct difference between the impression one receives from a Papal audience and one with any other sovereign. During the former, one cannot but sense the long succession represented by the Pope, while with the latter the impression is individualistic and personal, no matter how impressive—or the reverse!

Mussolini as Minister for Foreign Affairs heads the Italian Government Foreign Office, but we must not forget (any more than he forgets!) that there is just as well trained and active a foreign office lodged in the Vatican as that in the Chigi Palace. There are residing in Rome accredited to the Vatican almost as many ambassadors and ministers as are sent to the Quirinal. In a few cases the former are of lower rank than the latter. For example, there is a British ambassador to the Quirinal and a British minister to the Vatican, and so it was with Russia before the war. France, who, like the United States to-day, used to have no Vatican representative, two years ago, during the Prime Ministership of Briand, sent thither an ambassador, in addition to their veteran Ambassador to the Italian Government, Camille Barrère, who has served his country so admirably there for over twenty years.

Cardinal Gasparri, charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Papacy as its Secretary of State, is indeed a striking personality. His apartments in the Vatican, one flight up from the Cortile di San Damaso, are just beneath those occupied by the Pope, so every one going to an audience with His Holiness passes the Cardinal's door as he mounts the ample stairway guarded by Swiss retainers garbed in their ancient yellow-red-and-blue uniform designed by Michael Angelo. The Cardinal generally receives visitors in audience between six and seven-thirty P. M. One waits in the council room or consistory, where eleven large silver inkwells marking the places at table of the Papal cabinet officers are less impressive than the framed prayer to the left of the presiding officer, its Latin bespeaking Divine guidance for all deliberations there held. From this spacious apartment with charming aspect across the Piazza di San Pietro and out over Rome, one is ushered into a small room alongside, the Cardinal's reception-room. It contains a desk on one side, a sofa and a couple of chairs on the other. After the greeting, the

Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State.

Cardinal seats himself on the sofa, with the visitor facing him on a chair. Here is a powerful personality, but wearing easily his power. Heavily built and of an agreeable countenance, but in it one sees all that a Scotch Presbyterian means by the word Papacy. Indeed, if it be not indiscreet of a Protestant, Cardinal Gasparri seems to us outsiders to be the Papacy incarnate. Perhaps the most striking feature of his face is the natural upward and outward tilt of the heavy eyebrows—almost Mephisto-like! This great churchman likes simplicity. It is told that when he was first elevated to this high office there promptly called a certain Count Gasparri, who expressed vast pride in the honor come to their select name. "But I come of a large family of sheep raisers" objected the Cardinal. "Numerous almost as our large herds—indeed it has long been a problem with us as to whether the good Lord made the numerous sheep for the Gasparris, or the numerous Gasparris to tend the sheep."

Our talk fell upon the International Chamber of Commerce Congress recently held in Rome, and from his sound and shrewd comments it was easy to see that he was essentially practical, and believes in the wisdom that produces results. Lost motion does not interest such a mind as his. There is an element of repose in his countenance that one is not accustomed to see in the faces of those distinguished men who conduct the Foreign Affairs of their respective countries.

Rumor has it not only in Rome, but also elsewhere in Europe, that the leaders of Bolshevism are seeking to buy an alliance with the Papacy by delivering lock, stock, and barrel the machinery of the Greek Orthodox Church. Of course one hears that certain conditions are attached, some possible, others seemingly impossible (reading of the mass in the vernacular instead of Latin, abolishing the celibacy of the clergy, etc.); especially in Prague and Belgrade does one hear of this movement. This Bolshevic scheme for the lion to lie down with the lamb will meet careful analysis from the Papal Secretary of State, for the Gasparris, as we have seen, have long training in the care of sheep! Indeed, one would fancy Bolshevism's chances with Cardinal Gasparri no better than they are with Mussolini and the Fascisti.

No matter what be one's religious affiliation, it seems clear that in Italy the church stands side by side with the present state in a common crusade against Bolshevism. In the lead are the Fascisti, those gallant Black Shirts whom modern civilization applauds and will, if need be, follow.

Song of Youth

BY EDITH BURR

THE streets of Florence changed beneath the sun
  When Giovinezza set her mystic seal
  Of melody upon the air — I feel
The youthful voices have their guerdon won;
Of glowing threads their fiery theme is spun.
  That daring cry of joy that would reveal
  The onward path of truth with love's appeal;
That cry of youth, a renaissance begun.
A chord is struck alive and quivering
  Against my soul; which soon will thunder past
    The outward verge of every land; will cry
The glory of Italia; will sing
  The flowering of her hope; in song forecast
    A golden day of beauty drawing nigh!

Seeing the Invisible

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

Director Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics; Chairman Administrative Council, California Institute of Technology

UNTIL very recent times most of our information about our own world and the whole of our knowledge of the myriads of other worlds, in comparison with which ours occupies a place of utter insignificance, has been gained by the sense of sight. Only within a few years has man learned to detect, and in a measure to read, the ether messages which are coming in to him from all sides, but to which his senses are not attuned—to which his eyes are stone-blind, and his ears stone-deaf. Poets have sung about the music of the spheres, but only very recently has man, whether poet or ploughman, learned that it actually exists, and that any man may hear it as soon as his deaf, earthly ears are touched by the magic wand of science. It is the story of this recent dropping of the scales from man's eyes and the unstopping of his ears that I am going to try to tell.

Did you ever stop to think what an amazingly limited sense is that upon which in the past we have had to depend entirely for our ether messages—namely the sense of sight? What is it to which our optic nerves respond in the act of seeing? This is perhaps the most fundamental and the most universally interesting query of physical science. It is the first question which forces itself upon the awakening mind of the child as he receives the glorious warmth and the brilliant light of the sun. It is due—so men have said—to a swarm of swiftly flying corpuscles, or other material emanations, which are shot from luminous bodies and stimulate the sensation of sight when they strike the retina. This is the simplest possible theory. Why not adopt it? It is what the Greeks thought, and what even the great Newton held. Indeed, it was quite orthodox physics up to the year 1802 A. D. But beginning with that year the corpuscular theory has been repeatedly and conclusively disproved, so we moderns think. If it were correct, the velocity of light coming from a star which is moving rapidly toward the earth would be greater than the velocity of light from a star which is moving rapidly away from it. For in the first case the corpuscle would fly through space with the speed of its own ejection *plus* the speed of the star ejecting it, while in the second case it would clearly move toward the earth with the speed of ejection *minus* the speed of the star. Whether there is in fact such a difference between the speed of light coming from a body which is moving toward the observer and one moving away from him has been tested with every possible refinement of modern measurement, both when the light comes from double stars, one of which is moving toward and the other away from us, and when it comes from rapidly moving terrestrial sources—artificial double stars rotating on the rim of a wheel. But in all these experiments the light has always been found to travel with a speed of exactly 299,860 kilometres per second (186,350 miles) even though the change in the speed of the source in the case of some double stars has been as much as 300 kilometres per second, which is much more than sufficient to render the difference observable if it existed.

We know therefore from these, as well as from other experiments, that the speed of light, like the speed of sound, is altogether independent of whether the source which emits it is at rest or in motion. This is a fact of the greatest significance for the solution of the problem as to what it means to see an object. For it shows that light has some properties which are quite like those of sound. When we look further we find that light is like sound in an extraordinary number of respects.

Thus sound travels through air with a speed of 1,100 feet per second, through water with four times, and through steel with fifteen times this speed; *in a word—through any medium with a speed which is determined solely by the physical characteristics of the medium itself*, and is quite independent of the condition of rest or motion, or of any other characteristics of the emitting body. *Precisely the same is found to be true of light*, but with this notable difference, that, while sound cannot travel at all through a vacuum, light travels with the greatest ease, as everybody knows, not only through the best vacuum which we can produce artificially, but from sun to earth and from star to star, that is, through interstellar space, which is a void so perfect that the planets and stars are not retarded at all, so far as we can find, in their motions through it. This fact alone makes it necessary to assign to *space* one at least of the characteristic properties of a material medium, namely, the property of transmitting light with a speed which is independent of everything except the properties of the medium. But to be thus forced to talk continually about the properties of that which *by definition* has no properties at all except that of extension, namely empty space, is a sort of hibernianism which was thoroughly distasteful to our hard-headed British and Dutch scientific ancestors. Hence they introduced the idea of an all-pervading ether, the sole property of which was to transmit light with its constant and characteristic speed of 186,350 miles per second. The ether, when so defined, is then scarcely a theory at all; it is merely a word to describe the experimental fact of the independence of the velocity of light upon the velocity of the source, and this fact is much more certainly established to-day, in spite of the appearance of the famous doctrine of relativity and of all the sins that have been committed in its name by both scientists and laymen, than it was a hundred years ago. For, though the experimental discoveries which go under the names of the Michelson and Morley experiment, the Trouton and Noble experiment, etc., which called forth the theory of relativity, had not been predicted by the ether theory, and were in fact difficult to reconcile with a certain particular form of it, yet every relativist is to-day obliged to *attribute to space every property which the early physicists, and most later physicists, have attributed to the ether*, and no one has ever suggested any logical way to avoid doing so. We may, of course, drop the word ether, if we wish, and assign all its established properties to all-pervading space, but most physicists have as yet found no particular satisfaction in playing ostrich in this fashion.

I shall make no apologies then for writing about ether-waves and their properties precisely as I should have done if relativity had never been heard of. Indeed, the analogy between sound-waves and light-waves, and, therefore, the necessity for thinking in terms of some kind of an undulatory, light-carrying medium goes much farther than is brought out by the consideration of speeds of propagation alone. Strike middle *C* on a piano and the string begins to vibrate and to push the air adjoining it back and forth 261 times per second. Each of these pulses travels away through the air at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, so that at the end of a second there are 261 of them crowded into a sphere the centre of which is at the vibrating string, and which extends 1,100 feet in all directions from it. The distance between two adjacent pulses or wave-fronts is then $\frac{1100}{261}$, or about 4 feet, which is called the wave-length of middle *C*. If we had no other way of knowing that middle *C* has a frequency of 261 vibrations per second, we could at once determine it by finding how far from a reflecting wall the ear would need to be placed to find the point at which the incident and the reflected waves would interfere with and destroy one another. This distance is obviously one-half a wave-length, since at the instant that one pulse strikes the wall the one just behind it is one wave-length away from it, and must be met by the returning pulse at one-half this distance from the wall; so that we could at once compute the frequency of middle *C* by dividing the velocity of sound by twice this distance. Now it was in 1802, that Thomas Young first showed with complete conclusiveness that light-waves interfere with one another in this way precisely as do sound-waves.

The distance, however, from a reflecting wall at which the first point of interference occurs was found to be extraordinarily minute, namely only about three ten-thousandths of a millimetre (a millimetre is one twenty-fifth of an inch) in the case of yellow light. This means that the wave-length of yellow light is .0006 millimetre, and hence that the vibrating source which gives rise to yellow light has a frequency which is obtained by dividing the velocity of light, measured in millimetres, namely 299,860,000,000 by .0006, which gives the stupendous number, 500,000,000,000, for the number of vibrations per second executed by the source of the ether-waves which, when they beat against the nerves of the eye, are translated by it into the sensation of yellow light. The immensity of this number reveals at once the extreme minuteness of the bodies whose motions send out the ether-waves which enable us to see, for only a body of well-nigh infinitesimal mass could possibly send out such a number of vibrations per second. The radiating bodies are indeed electrons, the smallest entities which, so far as we now know, exist at all.

The lowest note upon a piano vibrates about thirty times per second, while the highest vibrates but about seventy times as fast or 2,100 times per second. This seems to us a note of very high pitch. But the pitch of yellow light, measured by vibration frequency, is more than 200,000,000,000 times as high as this. In order to deal with numbers which are small enough to be intelligible, it is better, however, to consider not the number of vibrations per second, which in the case of ether-waves is equivalent to the number of waves (crests and troughs) which are found in a length of 300,000 kilometres (186,000 miles), but rather the number of waves in one millimetre (one twenty-fifth of an inch). This is clearly the reciprocal of the wave-length expressed in millimetres, *i. e.*, 1/.0006 or about 1,700. A train of ether-waves then, which, when it strikes the human eye produces the sensation of yellow, has 1,700 crests or troughs to the millimetre.

Now the narrowness of the sense of sight is clearly brought out by the fact that the human eye cannot respond at all to less than 1,350 waves per millimetre, nor to more than 2,500. The corresponding wave-lengths are .00074 millimetre and .0004 millimetre, which are usually written 7,400 angstroms and 4,000 angstroms, the angstrom being the name which we give, in honor of an outstanding Swedish physicist, to a new light-wave yardstick which, as will be seen from the foregoing figures, is one ten-millionth of the length of a millimetre. Seven thousand four hundred angstroms correspond, then, to the deepest red color which can be seen at all, and 4,000 angstroms to the most extreme violet. While, then, the ear can respond to frequencies from about 16 to 16,000, or has a frequency range *a thousand* times that of the lowest frequency which it can recognize as a definite tone, the eye has a frequency range of less than *two times* the lowest frequency to which it can respond. In other words, while even a piano has a range of more than six octaves, the human eye has a frequency range of slightly less than one single octave. All of our knowledge of what is going on in other worlds, and most of our knowledge of what is going on in this, has in the past been gained from waves which chanced to fall upon our eyes within this exceedingly narrow range of frequencies. Have unperceived messages been coming to us in waves outside this range? A hundred years ago no one knew.

Then came two developments which, though they have not been responsible for the extraordinary extension of the range of our perceptions which has recently taken place, were, nevertheless, the tools without which but little of this progress would have been possible. The one has been the indispensable servant of the physicists who have pushed out into the region of the ultra-violet, the other of those who have explored the mysteries of the infra-red. The first is the photographic plate, which responds in general only to frequencies or pitches higher than those of the visible, the other is the thermopile, which is capable of seeing only in the dark regions of the infra-red. In 1881 Langley, director of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, first explored systematically the low-frequency ether-waves—the so-called heat-waves—which

come to us from the sun, and found what he called a "new spectrum." Up to 1881, no one had ever found waves of lower frequency than 600 per millimetre, but Langley found that the sun's radiations extended all the way down to 190 waves per millimetre. And ten years ago Rubens, late professor of experimental physics in the University of Berlin, found that a quartz-mercury lamp, such as that made by the Cooper Hewitt Company in Hoboken, emitted waves having a frequency as low as 3 per millimetre. So that the whole frequency region of ether-waves from 3 vibrations per millimetre to 1,350 per millimetre has now been quite fully explored. It will be seen that this region, though it is two hundred times as big in terms of the frequency ratios of its limits as the visible region, has, nevertheless, only about half the frequency range of the human ear.

Only five years after Langley's famous voyage into the infra-red, another theretofore unknown field of ether-waves was also brought to light and began to be explored. It was in 1886 that Heinrich Hertz first proved that it was possible to produce artificially, by means of electric discharges between plates or spheres, ether-waves which travel with exactly the velocity of light and are in every respect identical with light-waves except that their wave-length is very much longer. These are the waves which every young wireless enthusiast now picks up on his receiving set as he reads his wireless messages from Arlington or Panama, from Paris or from Nauen, and the waves with the aid of which the bedtime story is being broadcasted at seven o'clock each evening from Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other centres of population for the delight of both childhood and age. These waves are produced by the oscillation of electrical charges back and forth between the condenser plates in a period which can be controlled by changing the size (*i. e.*, the capacity) of the plates, or by varying the dimensions of the pipe which connects them (the resistance and self-induction of the circuit). By making the oscillating electrical system just as minute as possible, mere pin-points with electrical sparks passing between them, ether-waves of this kind have very recently been produced and measured which have a wave-length as small as .6 millimetre—in other words, there is a gap represented by a frequency factor of but about 2 between the longest infra-red waves given off by a quartz-mercury lamp of wave-length .3 millimetre or frequency 3 per millimetre, and the shortest wireless waves which we have thus far been able to produce artificially of wave-length about .6 millimetre.* Among wireless waves themselves it is, of course, possible to produce a perfectly continuous series of wave-lengths from 3 millimetres up to infinity, those most commonly used in amateur wireless telegraphy having wave-lengths of between 50 to 350 metres; those used in long-distance telegraphy having wave-lengths of more than 3,000 metres.

This practically continuous passage from light-waves to the longest wireless waves requires that the same theory explain wireless waves and *static electrical fields* as well as light, since static fields are nothing more than wireless waves of infinite wave-length. But no one, so far as I know, has ever thought of regarding static electrical fields as corpuscular—another very good reason why the corpuscular theory of light is now completely in the discard. Indeed, no theory of radiation need hope, henceforth, to receive attention from scientific men which does not first reconcile itself with the three following fully established, experimental facts: (1) The independence of the speed of light upon the speed of the source; (2) the shortening of the wave-length or increase in the pitch of a note which is emitted by a source moving toward the observer (Doppler effect), and that in precisely the amount predicted by the wave theory; and (3) the practically continuous passage of explored ether-waves from the frequencies of light up to static electrical fields. It appears to be a practical necessity, not only for the purposes of the exposition of the facts of wireless, but for their understanding and correlation into a self-consistent scheme, to retain the terminology of ether-waves.

Since our lack of success thus far in completely closing up this gap between wireless waves and heat-waves is due

* This accomplishment is due to E. F. Nichols and J. D. Tear of the Nela Research Laboratory at Cleveland.

simply to the purely mechanical difficulty of making and working with more minute electrical oscillators than the pin-points previously mentioned, it is not improper to say that *the limits of perception of the human eye have been extended on the long wave-length side by the march of physical science during the past half century, so as to make it possible for us to acquire any knowledge which might come to us in practically any wave-length whatever, greater than that of the longest visible waves.* But despite the much-advertised attempts of Tesla and others to pick up wireless waves from Mars, there has been thus far no indication whatever that the music of the spheres, or of the hypothetical inhabitants of other spheres, is travelling through space in waves of the wireless type. No one, so far as is now known, has ever picked up any wireless waves save those generated by thunder-storms or by man himself. Man's knowledge at a given instant of what is going on in his own world has been marvellously advanced through the wireless art; for by means of it we can know here in the United States what is happening in every capital of Europe or Asia within a second or two of the time it happens, if we wish; but man's knowledge of other worlds than ours has not yet been enhanced by this development. So far as we have thus far been able to discover, the only waves of wireless lengths of any sort which are picked up on the earth are produced by standard artificial apparatus somewhere on the earth. So that, though the wireless is one of the most useful of all inventions in that it promotes international understanding and good-will through facilitating communications, and though it has been of great theoretical value in demonstrating the wave theory of light, it has not opened up new worlds to our perception.

Only less disappointing, too, have been the messages which have come to us in the infra-red. It is, indeed, stimulating and suggestive to know that there exist in nature not only in quartz-mercury lamps, but presumably also in the sun and stars, bodies which are continually sending forth through space notes of such low frequency as 3 waves per millimetre, and others of well-nigh all frequencies up to 1,350 per millimetre (the deepest red); but what these bodies are we are not yet able to say with certainty—presumably heavy, charged molecules, or groups of molecules, which act like electrical doublets, rotating or vibrating under the influence of the violent impacts which they make with one another in the random motions which constitute heat.

But, turning now to the ultra-violet, voyagers who have explored this unknown region have come back with far different tales. Up to 1912, it is true, they had made but little progress. With the aid of the photographic plate and the fluorescent screen, made from some substance like uranium nitrate which, when struck with invisible ultra-violet rays, is stimulated to give off frequencies or notes which are in the visible, they easily pushed up as much as fifty years ago an octave beyond the visible, *i. e.*, from 3,700 angstroms or 2,700 waves per millimetre, which is just beyond the visible, up to 1,850 angstroms or 5,400 waves per millimetre. This region was explored with the use of quartz prisms for producing the spectra, glass prisms becoming in general opaque at about 3,000 angstroms or 3,300 waves per millimetre. But, in the opening up of this region, man found nothing of great interest. The mercury vapor lamp and other incandescent vapors were, indeed, found to emit great numbers of monochromatic radiations, *i. e.*, notes of perfectly definite pitches scattered throughout this region, but the Rosetta stone which was to unlock the meaning of these writings of nature was yet undiscovered. Further advance seemed blocked by the absorption of both air and quartz, which simultaneously become opaque to radiations at a wave-length of about 1,800 angstroms. In 1896, a wonderfully skilful German technician, Schumann, pushed on still farther by working partially in a vacuum. He produced his spectra with a grating—an instrument which does its work, not as does a prism, by the aid of the transmission of light through it, but rather by the aid of the reflection of light from a series of very fine lines ruled 15,000 to the inch by a diamond point on speculum metal. His source of light shone through a fluorite window into this vacuum where it fell upon the grating which formed a spectrum on a photographic

plate, also inside the vacuum. He thus pushed the limits of explored ether-waves from 1,800 angstroms down to 1,200 angstroms, the last of which corresponds to 8,500 waves per millimetre. But still the interpretation of the multitudinous notes which he heard way up in this region of very high pitch was a mystery. The music of the spheres was thus far a jumble of noises, quite devoid of harmony. Then Lyman of Harvard improved upon Schumann's technique, and sailed still farther into the ultra-violet. He got rid of the fluorite window, the absorption in which had limited Schumann's progress and exhausted his vacuum-grating spectrometer to about the pressure usually existing in a geissler-tube—about one seven-hundredth of an atmosphere, and thus got the spectra due to glowing hydrogen and helium without any absorption other than that due to the millimetre or so of gas left in his spectrometer. In this way he pushed on just about an octave farther into the ultra-violet than Schumann had gone, but still the secret to the reading of the spectra was unrevealed. He too, like Schumann, heard the atoms of hydrogen and helium piping in shrill tones, but no light as yet as to the meaning of it all.

Then came the great discovery of Moseley—one of the very greatest in history in the insight it gives into the heart of nature. By shooting electrons with very high speeds produced in X-ray tubes with the aid of high electrical potentials into different kinds of matter so that they could penetrate into the inmost regions of atoms, he stimulated the electrons in these inner regions to make their presence known by giving off each its characteristic note. These notes he analyzed with the aid of a photographic plate and a new instrument invented by the German physicist, Laue—a so-called crystal-grating spectrometer. The highest note that he could thus produce was not only unbelievably high, 10,000 times higher than the highest ultra-violet frequency which had up to that time been obtained, but more wonderful still, Moseley found all the different kinds of atoms singing, so to speak, the same chord, *i. e.*, emitting the same group

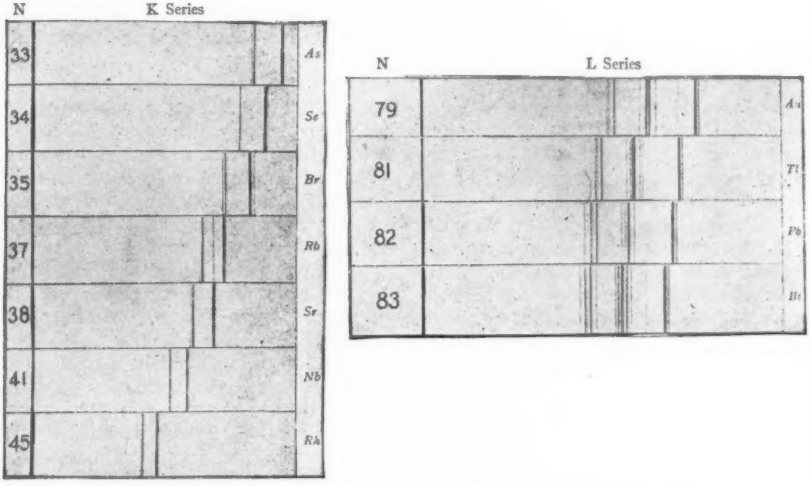


Fig. 1.—Photographs of the spectra of the characteristic X-rays from certain substances.

The remarkable element in these photographs is the exact similarity of the spectra produced by the different elements and the step-by-step shortening of the wave-length (which is proportional to the distance from the line on the left to the spectral lines) as the atomic number N (which is roughly proportional to atomic weights) increases. This is shown both in the K series, which is produced by the inmost pair of electrons in each atom, and the L series, which is produced by the group of eight electrons in the second ring or shell from the centre. The coincident lines in strontium and rubidium show that *Sr* is present as an impurity in *Rb*.

of notes, save that the pitches or frequencies of the whole group decreased in extraordinarily systematic fashion as he went from element to element. This wonderfully orderly progression of the elements, when arranged in the order of decreasing wave-length, can be seen and

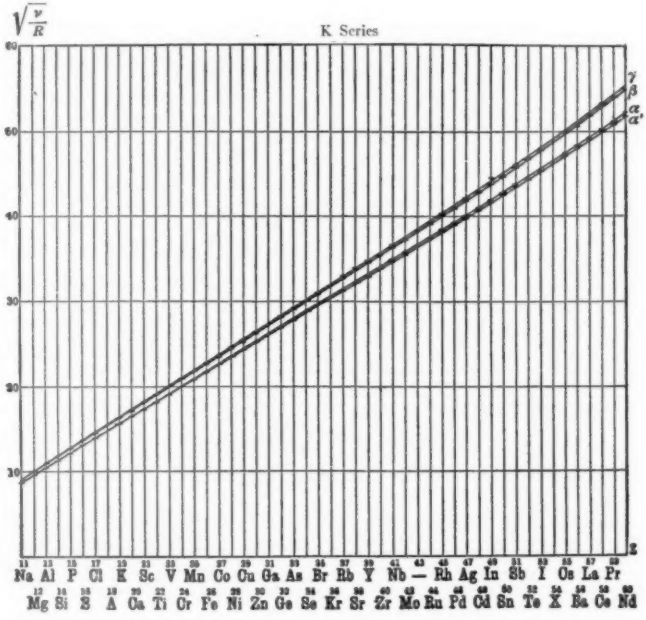


Fig. 2.—Atomic numbers and square roots.

This diagram shows the almost exact linear progression with the atomic numbers of the square roots of frequencies obtained from spectra like those shown in Fig. 1, starting with sodium, atomic number 11, up to neodymium, atomic number 60. Within this whole range there was only one step which does not correspond to an element which has been discovered and its characteristic spectra actually measured, namely, that corresponding to atomic number 43. Similar linear relations are found between any one of the characteristic lines of the L series, but these have been obtained by X-ray methods, only from atomic number 29 up.

admired by any one, in the diagrams shown in Figs. 1 and 2, in which the elements yielding higher and higher frequencies are arranged lower and lower down upon the page. Here was ethereal music of a frequency range far, far up above the visible, the existence of which had never been known before, and in which there was not noise or discord, but wonderful harmony which all could hear and understand. Far up above the ultra-violet, a region of X-ray frequencies had been opened up and explored from a wave-length of 10 angstroms—a frequency of 1,000,000 waves per millimetre—to a wave-length of one-tenth angstrom, a frequency of a billion waves per centimetre, and throughout this whole region wonderful simplicity and order. To this day it seems almost too simple and unambiguous to be true. For nature is in general the most extraordinary coquette. She reveals just enough of herself to her lover to make him sure that he has got her, that he sees and understands her beauty, and then, as though she were afraid of becoming dull and monotonous to him, she is off on some utterly unintelligible caprice. Thus she draws us on in an intensely interesting, never-ending quest by just enough revealment to prevent despair, just enough concealment to prevent ennui. Never had she so nearly given herself up as when Moseley extended our senses so that we could see,

or hear, whichever figure one prefers, the ethereal vibrations set up by the electrons in the inmost regions of the atoms, and thus become familiar with their family

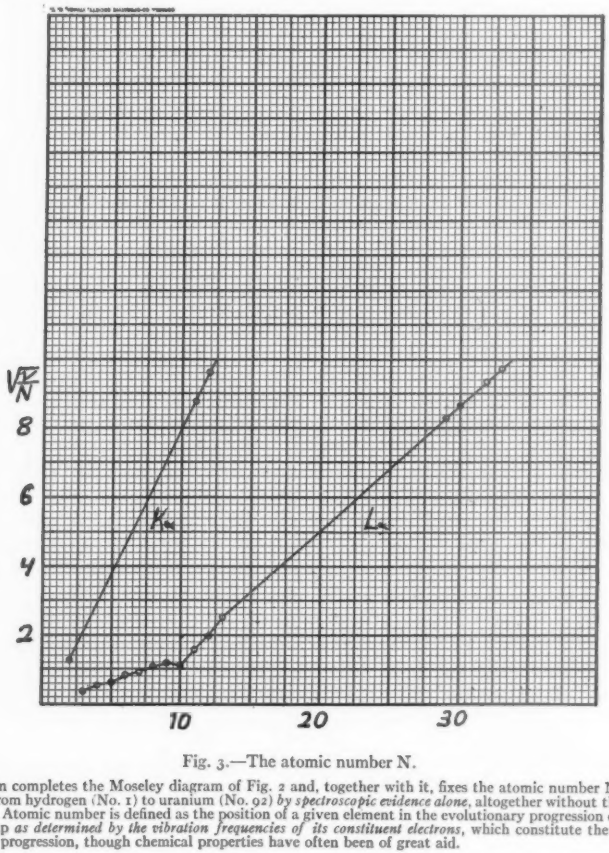


Fig. 3.—The atomic number N.

This diagram completes the Moseley diagram of Fig. 2 and, together with it, fixes the atomic number N of every element in nature from hydrogen (No. 1) to uranium (No. 92) *by spectroscopic evidence alone*, altogether without the aid of chemical properties. Atomic number is defined as the position of a given element in the evolutionary progression of the elements from hydrogen up *as determined by the vibration frequencies of its constituent electrons*, which constitute the only infallible criterion for this progression, though chemical properties have often been of great aid.

life. Here we found the simple, scarcely mistakable, evidence that there are just 92 elements in nature in the discovery that the frequencies (more accurately the square-root frequencies) of the inmost electrons in the different atoms move up by just 92 equal steps from hydrogen to uranium with only 4 or 5 steps of double width which correspond, no doubt, to as yet undiscovered elements.* This arithmetic progression in frequencies, in turn, must mean that the positive charge on the nucleus of these 92 atoms increases by the successive addition of a unit charge (one positive electron) from 1 up to 92, and this, in turn, means that the inmost electrons in the successive atoms send out their vibrations of higher and higher frequencies because they are in the stronger and stronger fields of force, due to these stronger and stronger nuclei, the arithmetic progression of positive charges on the nuclei being mirrored in the arithmetic progression of frequencies mentioned above. Again the fact that the highest frequency given off by the helium atom is exactly on the Moseley line connecting

*The step from the lightest element, hydrogen, to the second lightest, helium, is not of exactly the same size as all the rest, but there is a reason for this simple divergence which is now well understood.

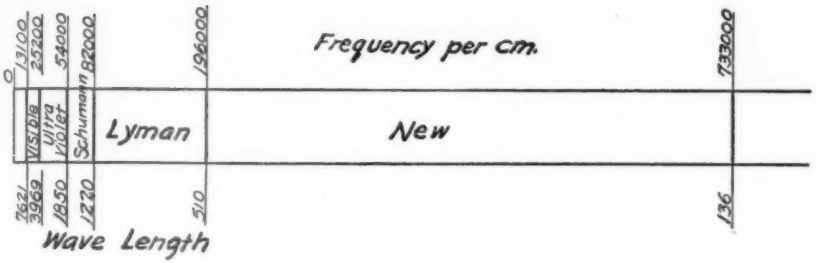


Fig. 4.—Distances from left to right are, in this diagram, proportional to the frequencies.

square-root frequency and atomic number—this line is shown in Fig. 3 (see line labelled $K\alpha$)—is justification for the view that the electronic structure in the helium atom repeats itself in the inmost electronic ring, or shell of all atoms. But we know that helium contains just two electrons, for we can knock them both off and have left only the nucleus which is the alpha particle of radium.

Hence we infer that the inmost shell of all atoms contains two electrons. This is enough to show what an amazing fund of knowledge about the physical world has come to us within the past nine years because we have learned to hear the notes which the denizens of the subatomic world, the electrons, send out into the ether when they are stimulated to emit their characteristic pitches. Are waves of these high frequencies coming to our earth from the stars? Is this the very nature of the music of the spheres, or are these very high frequencies only stimulated artificially in our man-made X-ray tubes and the like? As yet we do not know, though when some experiments which are now under way are completed we shall hope to have more light upon this point.

But those who opened up this intensely interesting field of X-ray frequencies, namely Laue and Moseley, using as their tools photographic plate and the so-called crystal grating, had not so much extended the region of explored frequencies, as jumped across by a great bound into a new region of ether frequencies. It remained to bridge the gap between the two domains, and in doing so to study the emitting properties of atoms whose natural frequencies were too low to be accessible to the Laue-Moseley method, too high to have been thus far accessible to the methods of ultra-violet spectroscopy. The attempt to bridge this gap was begun in 1916. By the use of high-potential sparks in practically a perfect vacuum between electrodes very close together, it was found possible to excite vibrations in the unexplored region and to analyze them and measure their wave-

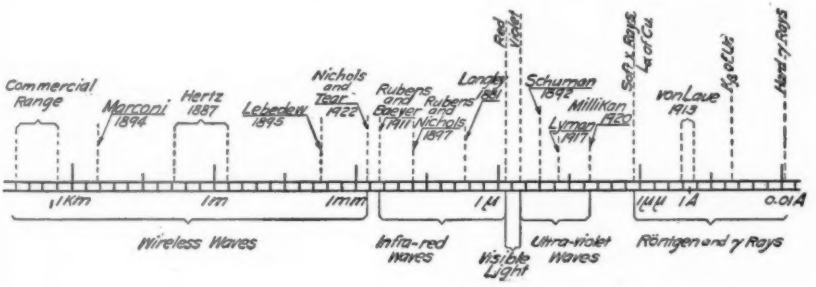


Fig. 5.—Range of frequencies.

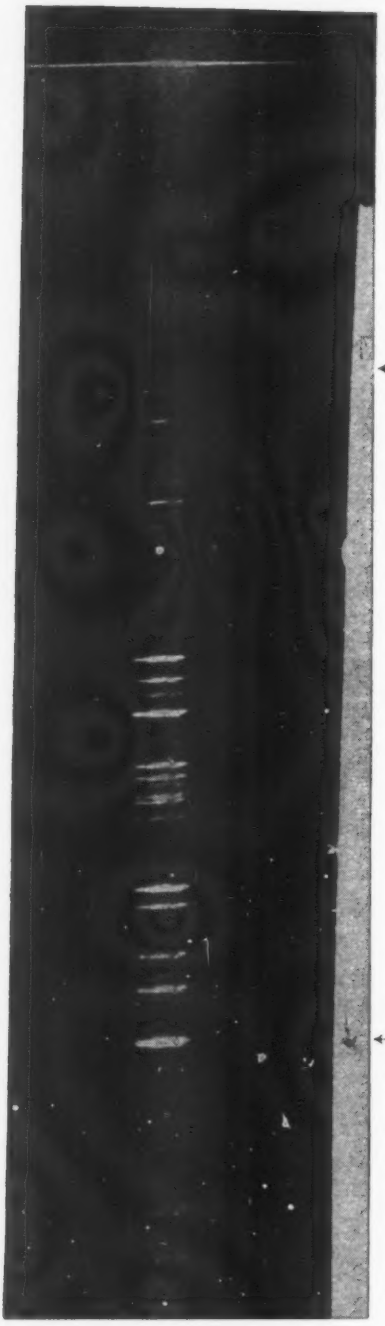


Fig. 6.—The characteristic spectrum due to the atom of oxygen. This starts about 230 angstroms on the short wave-length side and reaches a maximum of intensity in the very powerful line above the arrow at the left, which has a wave-length of 834 angstroms. This is the first time this spectrum has ever been seen on the printed page. Indeed, I think no lines which could be reproduced have ever before been obtained at shorter wave-length than about 700 angstroms.

length or frequencies with a modified diffraction grating with the results shown in Fig. 4. These results have all been obtained within the past two and a half years, two of my pupils, Mr. Ralph Sawyer and Mr. I. S. Bowen, ably assisting me in obtaining them. In this diagram, distance from left to right represents the number of waves (crests and troughs) per centimetre. Two years ago the "farthest north" in the ultra-violet lay at wave-length 510 angstroms, or frequency 19,600 waves per millimetre; now it is at 136 angstroms, or 73,300 waves per millimetre, or very nearly four times as far up in the ultra-violet as it was two years ago.

The result to date of all this work upon the extension of the range of man's perception may be stated thus: The whole range of possible vibration frequencies which can be transmitted by the ether has been explored from the zero frequencies, infinitely long wave-length, of the slowest possible electrical disturbances of the type used in wireless telegraphy, up to frequencies of the highest-pitch X-rays, which reach the stupendous value of 1,000,000,000 per centimetre, with only two little narrow gaps, the first between wireless waves, which now stop at a wave-length of .6 millimetre, and heat-waves, which now begin, so far as our measurement are concerned, at .3 millimetre, two times as far up, and the second between ultra-violet waves, which now stop at 136 angstroms and the longest X-rays measurable by the method of crystal spectroscopy, which start at 13 angstroms, ten times as far up, and extend up to frequencies about a hundred times as high as this. Fig. 5 shows a diagrammatic illustration of this whole range of frequencies prepared by Doctor Paul S. Epstein, who has been forced to use a logarithmic scale in order to get it

upon the page. Each of the smallest divisions upon this scale represents an octave of frequencies, that is, the frequency at the end of each of these small divisions of the scale is just double what it is at the beginning of this division.

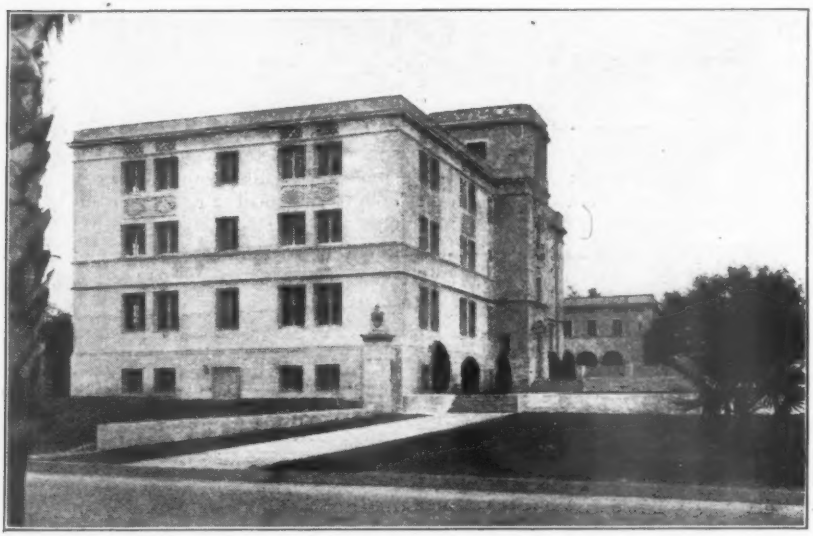
In other words, so stupendous has been our advance in physical methods during the past forty years, and especially during the last ten years, that instead of being now limited to the extraordinary narrow range of perception with which nature endowed us when she made our eyes, and which was about all that we had as late as forty years ago, we have improved continually upon nature, until we are now in a position to read any ether messages that may come in to us in practically any frequency whatever from the limit 0 on one side to the limit 1,000,000,000 per centimetre, or 30 billion billions per second, which is the rate at which the electrons which are closest to the nucleus of the heaviest of all known atoms, the uranium atom, are sending out their inconceivably shrill notes.

It is this advance which has been responsible for most of the extraordinary increase in our knowledge of the physical foundations of this universe in which we live. It is chiefly by listening to the notes which the electrons within atoms emit that we have learned not only how many electrons are in the different kinds of atoms—that was Moseley's discovery—but also where the different electrons are. I have already given the evidence which we have that, in every atom from the second lightest, helium, up to the heaviest, uranium, atomic number 92, the inmost group of electrons consists of *a pair*. This pair is, of course, pulled closer and closer into the nucleus as the charge on that nucleus increases from 2 to 92 in the progress through the elements from helium to uranium; indeed, we think that the distance is inversely proportional to the charge. But other notes besides those emitted by the inmost pair can also be discerned. In all the heavier elements it is found possible to excite another group of frequencies about one-seventh as high as those due to the inmost pair. This means that in all these atoms, at distances from the nucleus which are presumably on the average four or five times farther out than those of the inmost pair, there is another group or shell of electrons. Altogether convincing evidence that there are eight electrons in this second group, or shell, in the cases of all elements from uranium down to neon, is furnished by the foregoing studies in the ultra-violet as well as in other ways. For Moseley found this lower series of frequencies given off by the different elements to progress from element to element just as did the higher series, but he could only follow it from uranium down to zinc, atomic number 30, because here the ever-increasing wave-length becomes too large to be handled by the method of crystal spectroscopy. But in our recent extension of the ultra-violet, we have been able to pick up the notes emitted by the electrons in the second shell of the atoms of aluminum, magnesium, and sodium, never before observed, and these are found, as Fig. 3 shows, practically on the Moseley line of the *La* series. (See lowest three circles on the straight part of the line labelled *La*, Fig. 3.) But at the element neon there comes a break, see Fig. 3, which shows quite independently of other evidence, of which there is a good deal, that the second shell of electrons repeats itself in all elements from uranium down to neon. Again, since there are but 10 negative electrons all told outside the nucleus of neon, and since 2 of these are near the nucleus, there must be just 8 electrons on the second ring or shell of all the elements from neon up to uranium. Below neon the second shell of 8 electrons is no longer complete, and this is nicely shown by the sudden break of the *La* line of the figure which occurs at atomic number 10 (neon).

One of the chief purposes of these new studies in the ultra-violet was to find, if possible, the characteristic notes which are emitted when the electrons in the incomplete outer shell of the atoms just below neon are stimulated to make their presence known. *The results revealed the same orderly progression of spectra* among these elements of low atomic number, even in this region of frequencies which extends clear up into the visible, as Moseley had found in his studies in the region of X-ray frequencies. *So that their electronic frequencies alone, without assistance*

from any other properties, chemical or physical, have now revealed with certainty the place of every element in the orderly, step-by-step progression from the primordial element hydrogen to the heaviest element formed from it, uranium.

The way the group of lines characteristic of each element were disentangled in this most recent work from those of



Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, of which Professor Millikan is Director, and where the work described in his article is now being carried on.

other elements which were mixed with them as impurities is in itself an interesting story. The key to the solution was found in the fact which at first sight seemed very extraordinary that "chemically pure" aluminum and magnesium yielded spectra which were identical in every line between the wave-lengths 235 angstroms and 1,000 angstroms, while from 1,500 up to 4,000 angstroms they each showed their altogether distinct, characteristic spectra. This could only mean that these elements had no lines at all between 230 angstroms and 1,000 angstroms, and that the rich spectrum found in that region was due to some common impurity. When all oxidizable metals were found to give these same lines, and when these lines were found to grow weaker and weaker, as the metal became less and less oxidizable until they disappeared altogether in silver, it became certain that oxygen was their cause and that thenceforth we could identify all the notes given off under our form of stimulus by the 6 electrons in the outer shell of the oxygen atom. They were found to start on the short wave-length end at about 230 angstroms with a few weak lines, and to crescendo up to a very powerful note at 834 angstroms. (See Fig. 6.) We were then in position to identify all the notes given off by the 4 electrons in the outer shell of the carbon atom, since we could get carbon which was free from all impurities except oxygen and aluminum, whose lines were now known. This spectrum of the carbon atom was thus found to consist of a definite group of lines, which began feebly at about 360 angstroms and crescendoed, quite like the oxygen spectrum, up to a powerful maximum at 1,335 angstroms. From this pushing of both the starting-point and the end point, or point of maximum strength, toward higher wave-length as the charge on the nucleus passed from

8 (oxygen) to 6 (carbon), I predicted that the spectrum of the nitrogen atom, which had never been obtained at all up to that time, must be one whose lines occupied an intermediate position between oxygen and carbon, and which therefore had its line of maximum strength between 834 angstroms and 1,335 angstroms. Twenty-four hours later we found it with a beautiful strong maximum line at 1085.3 angstroms, just as predicted. We then sought the notes given out by the 7 electrons in the outer ring of the fluorine atom and found them, too, where they belonged, with their maximum at 657.2 angstroms. This progression of the strongest notes given off by all the atoms from the element lithium, which has but 1 electron in its outer shell up to neon, which has 8, is shown in the *La* line of the diagram 3 below the discontinuity which begins at atomic number 10.

The vision which man has seen through a study of all these electronic radiations is a very wonderful one, for the exact number of different kinds of atoms in this universe, the exact number of electrons within each of these 92 different kinds of atoms, the approximate position of each of these electrons within its atom—in a word, a roughly correct picture of the whole constitution of this marvellous subatomic world has burst within a very few years upon our sight, because the physicist has developed a technique with the aid of which he has learned to hear the characteristic notes which the electronic inhabitants of the subatomic world give out when they are induced to sing; or, shifting the picture from sound to sight, because man has learned to *see* the invisible radiations which the electrons within the atoms send forth into the ether.

Ghosts

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

You have familiar faces and warm hands,
You kindly women and you friendly men,
Who speak to me from long-remembered lands
That I have known and shall not know again.

You do not know that you are ghosts of dreams
Who once were flesh and blood,—you do not know
That you have no more being than bright gleams
Of winter sunlight on deep-drifted snow.

You cannot see what valleys and what hills,
You cannot see what sounding oceans lie
Between us in this room that laughter fills,
The while we greet and talk and say good-bye.

When you have buried what remains of me
In the brown earth below the wind-swept grass,
Cold carven marble will your witness be
That you were with me then, and saw me pass.

One year from now perhaps, or twenty more,
You will attend me on that last gray ride
And never know you did not close the door
And never know how long ago I died.

The Blue Hen's Chicken

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS
Author of "Eneas Africanus," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY PITZ

"BRACE up, Dad! Just one more day of this, and we'll shake the dust of the city!"

The inner office door swinging to and fro behind the speaker, after the manner of double-hinged doors, came to rest abruptly. On it the governor's eyes lingered a moment and his mouth twitched. His last glimpse of the boyish figure had caught the limp. Now they shifted to an open window and the Blue Ridge in the far distance. Wonderful heights! The restful hills!

"Governor sometimes, poet often, son of the mountains always," an editor had written of him. He smiled over the memory. The peace of the mountains flowed in upon him. Beyond their serrated sky-line was a valley and tucked away in that valley an ancient village where little torrents cascaded over mossy cliffs, foaming, flashing, swirling, and widening out here and there for the rainbow trout. Home!

"I am looking for the governor!" The voice behind him was a soft drawl and carried the flavor of apology. His swivel chair whirled and he found himself face to face with a young man of splendid physique and martial bearing clad in the khaki and wearing on his sleeve the insignia of the All-American Division. At the first glance he recognized the mountaineer in whom neither military training nor education had annulled the pattern of the centuries.

"I am the governor," he said with a smile. Mountain folks were very dear to him. The visitor's hand went up and poised in the salute. Then suddenly another hand, a little to the right and rear, went up also, in perfect mimicry, and a girl glided to the soldier's side.

Astonishment and admiration held the governor for a long moment. She seemed to have stepped out of his day-dream. On her cheeks was the crimson of mountain sunsets; in the superb poise of her head, freedom and alertness. But in the dark eyes there was a wavy flame like moonlight on marching bayonets; and in the upturned, tolerant smile of perfect lips was the challenge that delights every man of red blood.

Deliberately the governor arose, drew up his six feet one inch of responsive manhood and gave the military salute. The hands of the others dropped instantly and the girl's smile ripened into a soft laugh as she relaxed and calmly seated herself in a big armchair.

The governor's gaze rested on her for the briefest of moments, but in that glance he saw, or thought that he saw, the fashion girl of 1917 swept off her feet by virile manhood in uniform and the glamour of war. This type was familiar, too, and commanded a sort of admiration for the poise that nothing could disturb. From hat bow to shoe point, from arched instep to arched eyebrow, everywhere was written boulevard. But her radiant face was toward the window.

"Oh, those dear mountains!" she whispered. And then aloud: "You seem to belong out there, not here." Her rounded eyes and parted lips conveyed the idea of original discovery. He laughed softly.

"But for the view, I might have thrown up my job long ago. I unloaded care on those mountains hourly. They ought to be some inches taller by now, and I am sure their blue is much bluer." He turned to the soldier, whose grave countenance had not responded to the byplay; "and now, sir, how can I serve you?"

"I have a confession for you, sir. I am glad the mountains are out there, it will come easier to tell, easier to understand."

His gaze returned from the window and for a moment was downcast. Then slowly his head went up and his level gaze met the governor's. Again the soft drawl:

"Two years ago the State held me as a convict under a ten-year sentence for murder. I escaped, enlisted, and went over with the 82d. We were at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. Now I am back and discharged, and I reckon it's your move next." The liberty of a man in the full strength of youth passed with the statement.

The eyes of the two men locked and held. The silence was absolute. The girl, now upright in her chair, unnoticed, every vestige of color gone from her face, was rigid as marble. Her whole consciousness was focussed on the governor's profile. That leonine head, poised above massive shoulders, was the sovereign State.

Under the broad, lofty brow, swept by a single lock of mingled snow and shadow, were the wisdom, dignity, and justice of the law; and—conscience. But the immemorial woman sought the immemorial man.

Presently she saw the stern mouth relax, the eyes crinkle to gentleness and fall away from the tense face confronting him. She drew back slowly into her chair and her disarming smile returned.

"What is your name?" The governor was speaking without emotion.

"My name does not enter into this. I was tried, convicted, and served a year as James Denton. But neither I nor Denton killed anybody."

"You were innocent?"

"No, under the law I was guilty. I recognize that. But it is not a good law."

"Well, son," said the governor, waiting a moment for the other to resume, "suppose you tell me all about it."

"It is quite a story, sir."

"Necessarily. There's always a story when a man of your age and environment reaches crime. I should advise you to tell the whole story or none of it."

"I'll tell you all, then, and try to be fair. To begin with, I made a bum start. With a college education and a year at the Tech I should have done better, but I got in with the wrong crowd. Don't misunderstand; I am not trying to shift the blame! this is only explanation. My father, who is the salt of the earth——"

"I have known men who got to be the salt of the earth to begin as the pepper. Was he wild at any time in early life?"

"I have heard that he was, sir. It was in the days of the feud, though."

"So! And afterward the good Lord reached out and plucked him as a brand from the burning." Was it irony? The soldier's eyes questioned.

"You have a perfectly lovely scar in your forehead," said the girl, "why do you wear the lock of hair over it? It would be very becoming." The governor flashed her a look of understanding. The young man continued:

"My father tried every means he could think of to check me up, except sympathy. He is a preacher, and a mountain preacher forgives everything but weakness, and, believe me, I was a weak brother!"

"I know them all and the code of their church people; God bless them! We fathers, how we forget! We never really hate our own errors until we see them repeated in our children."

"I blame no one but myself, sir!"

"The manly course. But this is a subject I have thought on a great deal. Two things I am sure of; one, that a boy is always as old as himself and father; the other, that many a young chap who falls down simply stumbles under the weight of the ancestor he is carrying."

"My father is a preacher, living the life."

"You are not, though the son of the preacher. Human life travels on a level line. You may be a preacher some day, but you had first to be your father's son. Pardon me, you may proceed."

"After a while I had not a friend in the world; none worth the count except a girl. She did not shake me. I shook her." The serene being in the best chair lowered her eyes demurely and touched her bosom with a finger. Little lines of care appeared on her forehead.

"Exhibit A," she said resignedly. The governor managed to keep a straight face by turning back quickly to the tragedy being unfolded.

"I thought, sir, with her help I could go straight, but she turned me down cold and I quit. I don't blame her now."

"Pardon me, here's where I enter," said the girl, sitting up. "You see, governor, it was this way"; and the confidential air was perfect. "He wanted me to marry him and take the chance of reforming him and I wouldn't. I had seen that kind of reform movement at close quarters, twice in my own family—two brothers-in-law. What spectacles they were; and are, for God still spares them to us. Why, their very souls have to have crutches! And we are the crutches. The man who depends on a woman to reform him is some weak brother. If he hasn't got it in him to play square for the love of squareness, well, believe me, he belongs in the scrap heap. Big Boy over there actually got mad because I told him that. No real woman wants a husband she can control," she continued with an air of finality, "she wants one to control her. There's nothing in the man who is afraid to break his wife's neck, but is just brave enough to break her heart. I should say not!" She did little things to her apparel and settled back. There was about her an odd suggestion of ruffled feathers subsiding. The governor was laughing at her through swimming eyes. As a *l'envoi* to the subject, she added: "There was a big fellow in the hospital at Bordeaux, and I hurt his leg changing the dressing. He kicked me clear across the room. I went back and almost brained him with his crutch. Now, there was a man! He called me 'the blue hen's chicken,' and wanted to marry me—to wring my neck, of course. He was normal!" This time the governor laughed outright. The blue hen's chicken! The game hen's chicken! Remembering, he turned to the soldier:

"I beg your pardon——"

"She was right, of course," continued the soldier gravely, "but I did not know it then. I took to the road. A year of that and I was back in the mountains fifty miles from home, ragged, dirty, and a whiskey soak. My own mother wouldn't have known me. Thank God, she was dead!

"Then the tragedy occurred. The people who had taken me into their cabin were feudists and moonshiners. The State tried to serve a warrant on the old man for something growing out of the feud, and we thought the revenue officers were after us. The fight lasted two days. They killed the old man and then we surrendered. We did not know that one of their men was dead. But I did not kill him—he wasn't on my side of the house, and I had to fight. I was eating their bread, their roof sheltered me and they had nursed me when I was sick."

"Yes, you had to fight their battle; I should, had I been there under the same circumstances. But we mustn't forget that you oughtn't to have been there."

"I know. You see, though, the fix I was in; I was no good in general and regarded as a lost soul in my home town, but I had brought no great disgrace on my father's name up to then. And I was determined that I would not. Nobody knew me where I was, so I gave my name as Jim Denton, and concluded to take my chance in the dark. Well, they got me, and I went to prison." He shook his head sadly over the memory of it all.

"Twelve months did lots for me, though. They cured me of whiskey and my soul began to heal. And I began to get glimpses of myself—in the night time. I would have liked for my father to know of the change, but he might have thought I was crawfishing. I had made a bad bargain; and if I couldn't fight, I wouldn't beg my way out.

"I suppose you don't know that a light burns in every prisoner's cell, a very little light, usually, but still a flame. No man outside ever sees it. Hope of escape or release in some way is that light, and no prisoner could live without it long. Those who die there usually die because their lights go out. Mine was almost a torch. It did not seem possible for anybody to hold me ten years against my will, big as the odds were.

"But at least one friend on the outside or inside is necessary to every escape, and I cast about for mine. Suddenly I realized that among all my old associates there was no one to whom I could turn for help or intrust my secret. My kind of trouble narrows a circle of friends pretty quick. I knew down in my heart that the girl I had insulted and spurned had stuck; that she was the one friend in the world I had left to me. She was the girl I had loved at the Tech. The Lord always leaves you one friend he can talk to you

through, they say. Sometimes it's just a dog. With me it was just one frail girl."

"Exhibit B," said his companion, touching her bosom again, and her smile was as dawn on the mountain crest. Only the governor saw her other hand desperately clenched over her crumpled-up glove.

"I finally wrote her the whole truth and she came at once. But now comes the unbelievable. You will never understand until you know her as I do: she refused to help in any way in my escape. She said it would be a violation of her creed, which was that every man should pay his debts. I owed the State a debt and it must be paid in service. It would take six years more, deducting for good behavior. She would wait for me clear through, but my escape would end everything between us. She would never marry a man who welched."

"Yes!" said the girl, breaking the silence that followed and stirring under the sudden tense gaze of the governor. "Behold the 'frail girl'!" There was just one defiant flash from her wide eyes before her straightened lips relaxed into the ironical smile. He started to rise but paused with his hands on the chair arms. The face with its little smile was lifted for his inspection, but her eyes held her secret behind the veil of half-closed lids. The secret was that she knew, in the way of women and quite beyond masculine comprehension, that from her entrance she had appealed powerfully to the imagination of this big, chivalric man.

"You haven't told me your name, have you?"

"Haven't I? But now that I remember, you haven't asked it. I was just a part of the scenery, I supposed. However, my name is now Jenny."

"And the rest of it?——"

"Why spoil a little romance? Oh! you men! I believe the best of you would ask a bride the cost of her veil! My other name is 'The Blue Hen's Chicken.' The French soldiers called me 'La Poulet de la Poule Bleue.'"

"Well," he said, after a moment's exchange of confidences, her eyes and his, and turning to the soldier, "you were saying——"

"I could not grasp the bigness of it, then, sir. I was desperate and rough. We parted and I cursed the whole race of women since Adam, but in time this passed and I wrote asking her forgiveness. It took a struggle to get me that far and say 'you were right,' but I owed it to both of us. My debt-paying began right there. I felt better at once. It was manhood reasserting itself. Things took on their true proportions. I began to discharge every duty because it was a duty, and not because I was a prisoner. And books began to appeal to me, especially the poets, Milton, Holmes, Lanier, Hayne, and Timrod. I could always sing at home, and on Sundays I took to singing for the other prisoners in the chapel. Sometimes I preached a little, like they do back in the mountains, giving in their experience." He paused to steady his voice. Memory had flashed one of her pictures.

To the governor all was as an open book. How familiar that slow musical drawl, reflex of the mountain man's cautious tread, echo of the winds in the pines. How natural this reversion under the strain of suffering and solitude to ancestral emotion. No man so perfectly echoes his environment as the dweller in mountain wilds. Ignorant, in a way, yes; but with a depth of nature and a spiritual response not often found among any other people. This man was a perfect type. Memory multiplied him into the thousands. He himself was bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. Their God was his God. And where they were he would make his home, God willing. Son of the mountains!—*of the mountains:* Did that editor realize what that meant?—that his age was not to be measured in years but in centuries? That in life's battles he would have to stand with his feet on the unriven rocks and bare his head unterrified to the lightning and the storm?

Well, here before him, meshed in the nets of heredity, torn by the primeval forces of environment, was another son of the same mountains; but this one a boy carrying a Sindbad burden. He had become his brother's keeper. But he was also the keeper of his country's honor and dignity. Would he keep them? He was a son of the mountains!

The voice broke in again:

"The letter I wrote to Jenny changed

my whole life. On it everything had hinged. For after I had squared myself with her, I filled it with another little friend of mine, a wren. The morning after Jenny left the little bird came into my cell, which was an outer one at the end of the new annex. She came between the bars and stopped on the sill chock-full of questions. You could see that, sir; the second-hand of a watch. Such airs! She agreed at last that everything was proper, and began to explore the nooks and corners, paying no more attention to me. I watched from my cot pretty happy that my breathing didn't frighten her away. She was a regular prison visitor, as I found out later, and all the men down the line knew her. But in all that small army of toughs, she was safe. Outside they might have thrown things at her, but not inside. Can you explain it, sir? I guess she meant for most of us childhood, the old home porch and sunset songs, all back for a few minutes.

"Well, I was flattered when she gave me her confidence and accepted a few bread-crumbs, making believe she enjoyed them—which she didn't. It broke me all up when she passed out through the bars again and flew away. I was so excited I ran to watch her, a little brown spot against the green. She crossed the outer wall beneath me and went straight to a big water-oak that stood alone, a hundred yards away, with branches spreading out and down to the ground.

"But the next morning she was back again to pay a visit and look for insects and eggs. And then again she was off to the oak. I soon realized that she had a regular route along the line of prison windows, and that mine was the last station before she visited the shade tree.

"It takes very little, sir, to divert a prisoner. Anything to get him out of himself! The name 'Jenny Wren' from some old child story had come back to me. Jenny! I am not more superstitious than most mountain folks, but I could not ever quite forget this Jenny came the morning after the other had left me; and her last words: 'I'll begin every day thinking of you and sometime you will understand and forgive.'" The speaker's eyes turned to his companion, but she did not look up.

"In this letter I told, too, how one of the wardens, a mountain man himself, had brought me, at my request, a little box for Jenny. He cut a hole in the end of it and I tied it over the window. We named it 'Squeeze Inn' and printed the name on it with a pencil. The next day Jenny found it, evidently much to her delight. Of all the airs! And later in the day she came back with another wren, who was almost but not quite as sure of me as Jenny was. I guess she must have indorsed me pretty strong, for he soon forgot me in the excitement of that house Jenny had found. Of course he was Jenny's sweetheart. Evidently everything looked good to him, for after a visit to the tree together they came back and began to do things to that box. I knew then that they were going to live with me, keep house and raise a family." For the first time since he began his story the soldier's face wore a smile.

"Well," he resumed, "the warden shared my tremendous secret and my happiness too. Me? Think of having a couple to come and keep house in your cell! And one of them named Jenny! Can you beat it? I'll tell the world no!

"I wasn't lonely any more, after that, and I got to lying silent in the mornings watching the two little fellows help each other and getting some pretty strong hints from their devotion and tremendous industry. I guess team-work is the best safeguard of the home after all.

"Then one day as I lay there, thinking, something unfolded in my mind—you know we grow that way, new blooms, higher up—like the morning-glories. The wonder of it! All that happiness overhead was within a prison cell!

"'Well,' said a voice to me, 'what is man but a prison for his soul? And shall his soul shrivel there alone behind the bars, or shall it go forth and come at will and bring back its mate and build him a home?' I jumped up and walked the floor when the meaning of the message swept into me. You see God had stretched out his hand and touched my eyes and they were seeing straight at last: My cell held the whole wide world. And so we built us a home—my mate who came in through the bars and my soul waiting there for her. We built it beyond

the mountains in a valley where the little streams tumble down the steeps and the rainbow trout leap in the whirling pools—a valley where the colors of the sunrise and the sunset are the wings of the days passing over. I guess that's the land we have been hearing about—the land where all our dreams come true. But"—and the speaker hesitated—"I am forgetting——"

"Go on," said the governor gently, his voice falling into the mountaineer's musical drawl, "I know the place—I live there—I'm going back there to-morrow!"

"My dear little mate had come," his eyes shifting to the silent girl in the other chair drew the governor's. Caught thus unawares, she sat with the back of her hand pressed across her mouth, her features swollen, her eyes blinded with tears. She forced the ghost of a smile and again touched her bosom:

But the word would not come.

"And then," said the soldier hurriedly, "I seemed to be living in another world. I reckon you remember Lanier's lines about the marsh-hen building her home in the greatness of God; and the new mansions for his soul that Holmes built after the nautilus showed him—well, we built like that. It was all in the letter I wrote to Jenny.

"And it was in this letter I told her, too, about the little lady bird coming in with a thread to weave into her nest, and getting it hitched on a splinter; and how I freed it and handed it up inch by inch as she wove away on the inside of her home. I called myself the subcontractor in that home-building.

"That letter brought Jenny back again and with a gift for me. Gifts are always closely studied in any prison, but no one could object to the little 'housewife' she had made for me. It contained a few spools of thread, some needles, pins, and a pair of scissors. With the spool was a little reel of silk; reel like the city fishermen use. Nobody could have guessed that it ran on bearings so delicate it would spin for a full minute, once started. It was made by a jeweller for Jenny—and fifty dollars. They took out the scissors, placed there for them to take. They always have to withhold something, these wise jailers, and but for the scissors it might have been the reel. And then Jenny told me that the time had come for me to leave the prison and she had thought out a way. War, she said, had changed everything for me but the obligation to pay. I was to render service on the battle-field, with nobler aims, in place of labor with safety in prison. And I must give her a certain promise. I gave it."

"There was more, Governor," began the clear, unshaken voice of Jenny; "he is ashamed to tell it, but I am not. I said to him 'a child will sit on your knee some day and ask what you did in the great war all your kinsmen and neighbors fought in. You cannot tell that child you were hiding in prison while they fought for France and Belgium.' I told him just that. And I'll tell the world the State has no right to break the heart of an unborn child. And there's mine, too. We haven't wronged anybody!"

"There's a great deal in that," said the governor gravely—"in what you mean."

"I should say so! And yet some women don't want the ballot! Well some of us do—and you watch us!"

"Her plan for my escape was simple but dangerously delicate. Success would hang literally on a thread—a strand of silk. The idea came to her while reading my long letter, and she had worked out every detail. The wren had brought in a thread; she could carry a thread back. And this one could be used to pull in another, larger. And so on, the size increasing to a rope which would bring the tools needed—saws, she imagined. The unvarying flight of the bird to the tree was the keystone of this rainbow arch.

"Nothing, sir, as perhaps you don't know, seems impossible to a prisoner seeking to escape, usually; but I confess that this plan at first staggered me. I reckon the prison was robbing me of something. I didn't react. Then it was Jenny stood over me and in hot whispers preached fight to my soul—the coming of the wren was not chance, but destiny! Bringing in the thread was destiny! My letter to her was destiny! Destiny is God by another name, an alias! Why always demand to see the nail scars? None but a fool will seek to break the sequence God has arranged! Then she went back and poured

salt into my wounds: 'The birds must sing and all the bands play and the world clap hands when that child comes. That's my dream! Do you prefer the rogue's march and the lock-step to it?'

"Pretty raw, sir, but it got in deep, as she wanted it to. The hitch was, I couldn't see why the Lord should all of a sudden take such an interest in me, but she had her answer—the average man thinks only to God and back to himself, forgetting the people beyond him. Perhaps God didn't have me so strong in mind as he did some nobler man or woman he wanted to bless. My part in the great war might be to inspire the souls of weak men. And maybe God would let me in return pluck a human life from the brink to balance the one I had helped push over. I was not escaping, I was only changing the form of service. Going, maybe, to the mouth of hell. The cell and three meals a day with wrens building around would some day, maybe, look like a lost paradise. Men would try to break in where I had broken out. That was about it, wasn't it, Jenny? The thought of saving a life caught me."

"That was all of *that*. Now tell the governor what happened, and if he wants to punish a girl for helping God, he can start on me, though I'd advise him to keep hands off. It's a dangerous thing to 'set the bars across the progress of the stars.'" Jenny was clearly herself again. She gazed impudently into the governor's eyes, smiled genially, and added: "However, no danger there. No four-inch trout for his bag!" He did not accept the challenge. There was a light in his eyes few men but many a soldier's wife and soldier's mother had seen when the cables told that the 82d had reached the Kriemhilde-Stellung line and held it unsupported—wives and mothers who stood waiting for the verdict of fate. He leaned toward her, the low musical drawl carrying his answer:

"You quoted just now my friend Will Thompson's 'High Tide at Gettysburg.' Do you remember an old poem called, 'Noli Me Tangere'?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And the last line? It seems to have been waiting for you all these years."

"Noli me tangere. I am the King's."

"You have said it: '*Touch me not. I am the king's!*'" The instant radiance and quick indrawn breath were her response to this, the finest tribute ever paid to woman by a man's lips, in the land of woman-worship. Already he had turned again to the soldier:

"And then——"

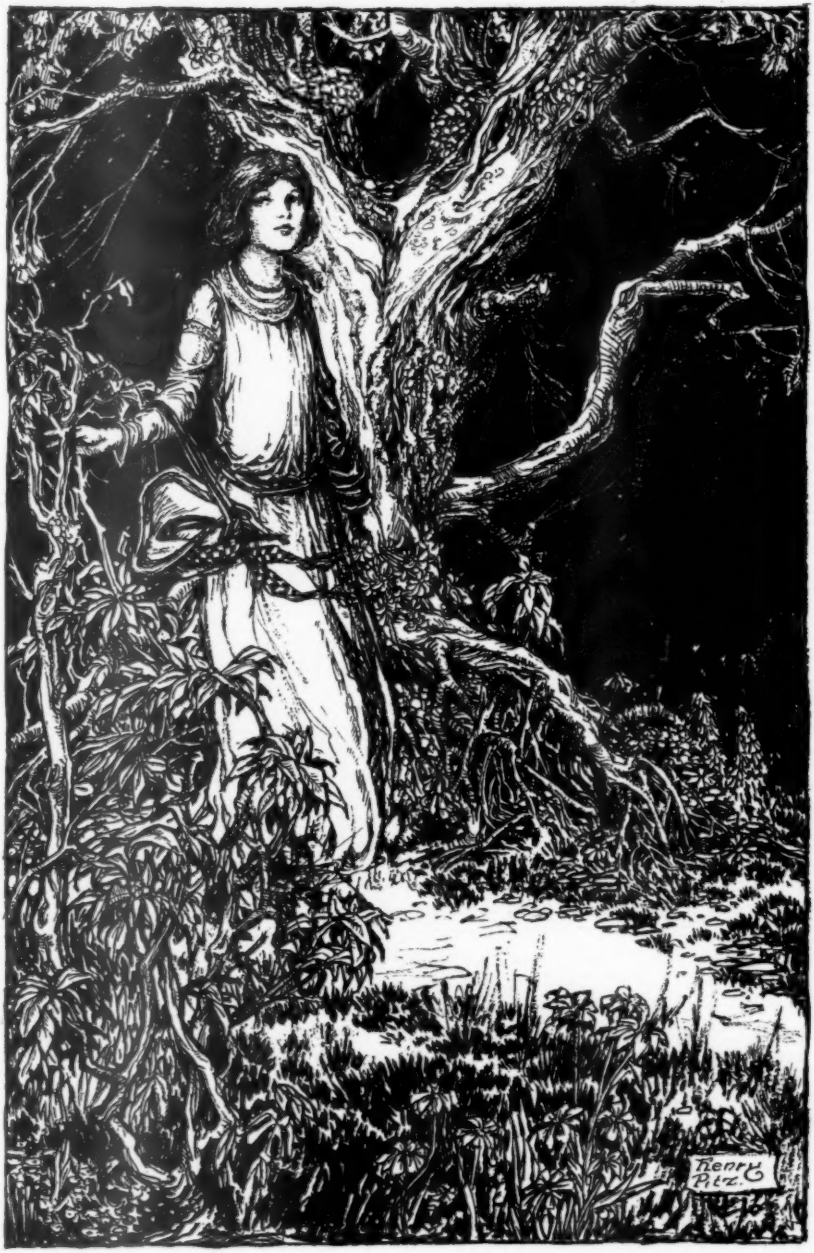
"It was destiny after all, sir. The wren went out of the prison one morning carrying a gray silk thread straight toward the oak only to fall short, wearied and dragged down by the unaccustomed weight, among the weeds. For me the world stood still. Despair? I had never before known the meaning of the word. And yet my first thought was of Jenny out there alone crushed and heartbroken. I should have known her better. For presently I saw her come slowly around the tree, her hat swinging on her arm by the ribbons. She passed along, just a girl gathering wild flowers. After what seemed an age, I saw a little bird flutter up. Jenny turned back slowly and the little reel in my hand began to whirl again.

"All that day the thread lay from the window across the prison wall, gossamer swaying in the breeze. To me it looked like a cable that any guard must notice. But none did.

"Then, after long hours came night. I crept to the window and drew gently on the thread, a little, and soon I felt a faint answer. Jenny was still there! For two hours I stood in the dark waiting for the warden's last round, but I was not lonely. The stars came nearer and I seemed to hear her voice calling, calling across the night. You know, sir, we mountain people have strange fancies sometimes, more than we ever talk about. After a while it seemed again that the wind was using that string across the night—from prison to freedom—as a harp, and there was an old cradle song my mother used to sing.

"Of course it was a song out of my own memory, but I love to think it was her touch on the string awoke it again." The speaker paused, swept a glance about the room and took up his narrative:

"The lights went out at nine and I began to draw in the thread inch by inch. The slightest fouling would have been fatal. And besides the weeds there was



Presently I saw her come slowly around the tree, her hat swinging on her arm by the ribbons.—Page 464.

the rough edge of the wall. After what seemed hours, I felt a larger diameter between my fingers. There was a silk fishing-line, the smallest made, but guaranteed to stand a strain of twenty-two pounds. I could hurry then and I drew on this rapidly until it brought in a larger. Then came the stout rope and the tools wrapped in wide strips of black waterproof cloth. When I felt the resistance of the tree, knowing Jenny's hand was on that rope, I gave the agreed-on signal, three jerks.

"The tools wrapped in the cloth were just two little tanks of oxygen and acetylene, tanks made and charged for the occasion, with the usual attachments and some matches. Saws would not cut the bars of that prison. I knew others had tried and failed, but the oxyaceto flame is another thing, as we learned at Tech. The bundle had to be opened outside the bars and the tanks left there, a delicate job. I was tremendously excited, but keeping my mind on Jenny steadied me. I worked in this way; hooking my legs through the grating and half sitting on the sill I tied two sections of cloth, both outside and in, in such a way as prevented a single ray of the fierce white light escaping. This done, I connected my tanks and cut through in less than two minutes. It was a wonderful sensation when I saw that great black hole leading into the night—and freedom! Then, carrying everything I had used with me I descended to the ground, scaled the wall, cut the rope, covered myself with the black cloth and crawled to the tree. The next instant I was a prisoner again—in Jenny's arms!"

"Hurrah!" said Jenny, holding them up for inspection.

"Her big car was in the shadow of a grove a short distance away, on a grassy bypath leading down to the highway. We packed our things in it, pushed it over a little, climbed in and coasted silently out. At five o'clock next morning we were more than a hundred miles away, in another State and at a little railroad town. All incriminating articles were in a distant river and I was in a business suit. To all who might seek to know, I was a husband off for the war and telling his wife good-by.

"That is the story, sir. I was selfish enough to try and take Jenny with me. We could have been married in Atlanta and she could have boarded near me while I was training in Camp Gordon, but she was game to the last. She was not thinking of herself, but of another. When my debt was paid, she would come to me. 'And you will come back,' she said. God had promised her."

His eyes rested for a moment on the girl, then with an odd gesture of renunciation, he turned to the silent executive:

"The rest is not important, sir, except as to one matter. There were months of training at Gordon and we crossed over. And more at Toul. Then came the 12th of September at St. Mihiel. And that place called the Argonne, which in peace times is like some of the wild places back in our mountains, but with war and the Germans and what they brought in there, was like hell itself. No need to tell you that, though. I had been offered promotion over and over, from which I knew I was doing my part well, but I could not accept any position that carried authority over others. Imagine an escaped convict punishing a man for infraction of discipline! It wasn't in me. And, well—you know there is always the honor of one's regiment. I stuck along with the doughboys.

"But there was one thing I could do different. I did it in the Argonne. I went out into 'no man's land' for some wounded of a division on our flank. I went for the one life that would balance my account—and because Jenny was staking herself on me. I went alone, my only preparation a letter to her in Apremont, where she was making history for the American girl with a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. The letter was to go to her only in case I didn't come back. It was just to let her know I played the game out.

"I went out on hands and knees except for short runs to cover, with a machine-gun and the snipers trying for me, and plunged at last into a shell-hole almost on top of a boy lying there bleeding to death. He was desperately wounded and almost unconscious. It was certain death for him if we stayed until night, for he could not possibly survive the loss of blood; and

with all my efforts the flow would not cease. So I got him in my arms—that way to shield him a little—and we started. They got me, half-way in, through a lung. From there on, it was my job to swallow air faster than it could escape through the hole. They got me again and again till I lost count; but no bones. The boys dragged us over the top. That's about all. The wounds and the fever held me up a month or two. When I woke up I was down in Bordeaux and Jenny was there fanning me. The tragedy of it all was they heard I hadn't pulled through and sent the letter with one from the captain. It hurt her pretty bad for a while, but then she remembered the promise, and, with everybody's help, ran me down. We came home together. And there's the whole story."

In the long silence that followed the story's ending, the governor made no motion, nor did he look on the speaker. He seemed not to know he had finished. Nor had the girl moved by so much as an eyelash. The soldier took out his pipe, looked at it, but restored it to his pocket. The slight movement aroused the governor at last. Rising, he walked wearily to the window and stood looking into the far distance. Presently he came and rested his hand lightly on Jenny's head:

"I know the rest seems simple, to you, my dear, but it is really difficult. There is a legal sentence hanging over your friend and the majesty and dignity of the law have been flouted. The board, the legislature may, but I—how can I pardon an escaped prisoner under any circumstances? I do not say that I won't, after a while——"

"Pardon!" and now in the eyes turned quickly up to him was the sunlight on marching bayonets: "How hard it is for men to understand! Pardon? Never! I could never marry a pardoned man! There has been lots doing in my family for two hundred years, but I've never heard of one of them acquiring a pardon, and I would have, if he had, for a pardon is more indelible than a crime. You can live a crime down, but not a pardon. No sir! my big boy is not here to be pardoned; he is here to surrender and resume payment. It is up to you, only to estimate the value of his services measured in time and give him credit for them." She arose and placed her hand on his shoulder, older, graver, and with a tone in her voice that thrilled him: "We of the mountains must be, in righteousness, before God, as immovable as our mountains! And that includes us all!" A cry escaped him. The astounding girl-woman! Her transfigured face held him fascinated.

"You—you a mountain girl?"

"I was born in the pure air, the free air," she said quietly, "the city is just a bad habit we floated into—oil and gas did it. I can wait for my boy, God bless him, we are both young. But, you understand, there must be no fear of footsteps in the night, no memory of duty avoided, no broken promise. *He promised before I helped him out of that cell to come here with me at the end.* There he is! My children must be able to look God in the face without a blush for their father!"

The governor's lips parted, but no word issued. He turned away again and stood by the window. When he came back, his face was all smiles.

"How would you figure that credit?" he asked gently.

"Six years was the shortest term he could have hoped for. Over yonder he served two; but those two were of days twenty-four hours long and of danger and wounds and suffering. Surely they should count for four!

"They shall count for four. I promise you that!"

"Then he has only two years to serve here."

"As you figure it, yes." He seated himself and wrote rapidly on official paper, attached a seal and inclosed the sheet in a stamped envelope that carried a printed address:

"This paper," he said, coming again to stand by her, "recites that service due to the State by James Denton has been cancelled by distinguished service with the American Expeditionary Forces and directs that after his name, on the records, be inscribed, 'Voluntarily surrendered after escape, and now honorably discharged with all civil rights restored, by order of the governor.' It is not a pardon: it is a receipt in full."

"But the two years! I cannot——"

"You have forgotten the year you gave

out of your own beautiful youth to those sick and wounded boys over there. I have doubled that also and have given Jim Denton credit for it."

"You mean—you mean—he has paid—in—in full? Then he is—is——"

"As free as any eagle above his mountains. He and you have paid, blood for blood; a life saved for a life lost. Take him, my dear—'to the land where all our dreams come true.'"

Steadied by his strong hand reaching out quickly as she swayed, she lifted her eyes. Something passed from them to his deepest consciousness. Her soul was speaking to him and pledging an eternity of love and gratitude. Then, as the end of a perfect day, in the western sky, the light faded from eyes and face and she was lying in his arms. How light! how little! Very gently he placed her in his chair and saw her face sink into the curve of her arm on the desk. He stretched out a hand to the soldier.

"Of such are the mothers of our heroes made! Come," he said huskily, "let's go—look at those mountains—some more!"

And to them there, after some minutes, as they stood by the window in low converse, came Jenny, quiet and composed. In her hand was a war cross:

"They laid it above his heart in France when they thought it was about to stop beating. I have never let him wear it. You may pin it on now." Her hand was extended to the governor. But with a cry the soldier seized and crushed her against his breast.

"Nobody can give me that, but Jenny! You understand, sir, don't you!"

"Nobody but Jenny! And only Jenny shall mail this letter. Take it, my dear!" He placed the official document in her hand.

Jenny pinned on the medal, kissed her soldier, pressing her cheek to his while she whispered, and her little hand patted his shoulder. Then she lifted her lips to the governor's.

"Come, my friend," she said, taking her sweetheart's hand, "we've a long way to go." But at the door she turned again, her figure drawn up, her hand lifted to the salute. By a swift transition she was the vibrant, resilient girl that had entered there an hour before. There was the same radiant face, the same impudent, uptilted smile. "Home-builders, Governor!" The governor waited by the window until they crossed the street below and she had dropped the letter in a mail-box. He saw them pause by a big car whose wheels were caked with mud and the girl turn and look up to his window. He waved his hand. She pointed toward the mountains. Then the car door closed behind her, a handkerchief fluttered and she was gone. He turned back smiling to his desk.

But on that desk was a blood-stained, knotted handkerchief, across which lay a scrap of paper carrying these words:

"The boy in the shell-hole thought he was dying and sent this to his mother."

Pulling apart the knots, he found a watch of antique design. He sprung the lid. The face of his girl-wife smiled up to him from within. Holding it against his heart, he stood with closed eyes and moving lips. The door to the inner office opened and a young man, limping a little, came forward:

"What is it, Dad?"

"The man who carried you off the field that day has sent your watch back! His sweetheart brought it."

"Dad! Who was he?"

"Well, now, that is funny! She never told me!"

"Did you find out who she was?"

"Yes. She was The Blue Hen's Chicken!"

Charles Lamb's Album

BY HARRY B. SMITH
Author of "Books and Autograph Letters of Shelley"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FACSIMILES

WHEN Charles Lamb moved to Enfield, in 1827, he had as his next-door neighbor that Thomas Westwood beloved of Elians as the man who "retired on forty pounds a year and one anecdote." The habitual recital of his own special "Grouse in the gun-room" story doubtless contributed liberally to the gayety of his acquaintance; for this worthy haberdasher's appearance seems to have been that of an unconscious comedian. The odd personality of his neighbor inspired Lamb to try his hand at portrait-painting, an unusual essay of Elia, and the result is to be found in a letter to Wordsworth enriched by this precious illustration.

"How weak," admits the artist, "is

Portrait of Thomas Westwood, by Charles Lamb, in a letter to Wordsworth.

painting to describe the man! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure; still you have no adequate idea; nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favored in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and respository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses, still you have not the man."

It is pleasant to imagine Gaffer Westwood, the subject of Lamb's portrait, of buffalo hump and benignity all compact, in his orchard on an autumn morning, gathering a windfall, not of apples, but of the recent publications of the popular authors of the day. In none of the letters or biographies have I found evidence that Lamb ever bought a new book. His literary interests were of no profit to publishers. The battered veterans on his shelves welcomed no dapper young recruits; but he received numerous presentation copies from authors, and such volumes, too modern to please his fancy, he was wont to throw over the wall into Westwood's garden. In this manner was formed the library of the younger Thomas Westwood, then a boy of thirteen. "A Leigh Hunt," he wrote forty years afterward, "would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple-trees; or a Bernard Barton would be rolled down stairs after me, from the library door. 'Marcian Colonna' I remember finding on my window sill, damp with the night's fog; and 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' I picked out of the strawberry bed." The writer possesses one of these outcast volumes, absolutely identified by Westwood's book-plate and Hunt's inscription to Lamb. The covers are damp-stained; like the lost heiress of old drama, it is identified by a strawberry-mark.

In 1830 there lived, at their father's rectory, Somersby, in Lincolnshire, three brothers, young men who wrote poetry and had published a small volume, "Poems by Two Brothers," the contributions of one of the three being considered negligible. A year after this first effort, one of the brothers published a volume of his own, which the critics found rather puerile and insipid. This young Mr. Tennyson, or perhaps his publisher, Moxon, sent a copy of his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" to Lamb, who, before wafting it over the wall to Westwood, submitted the little book to unusual humiliation. Apparently the only value that he discovered in Tennyson's volume was that it answered Sheridan's description: "A small rivulet of text running through a wide

meadow of margin." Lamb used these extensive margins for memoranda, tore out the pages and pasted them in his scrap-book, and then, one may imagine, tossed the wrecked remnant of the future laureate's first book over the garden wall.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Lamb's taste in literature than the use that he made of these ravaged pages of a then minor poet. His predilections for authors were like his preferences in book bindings, the older the better. Little favor in his eyes was found by the first poem in Tennyson's book:

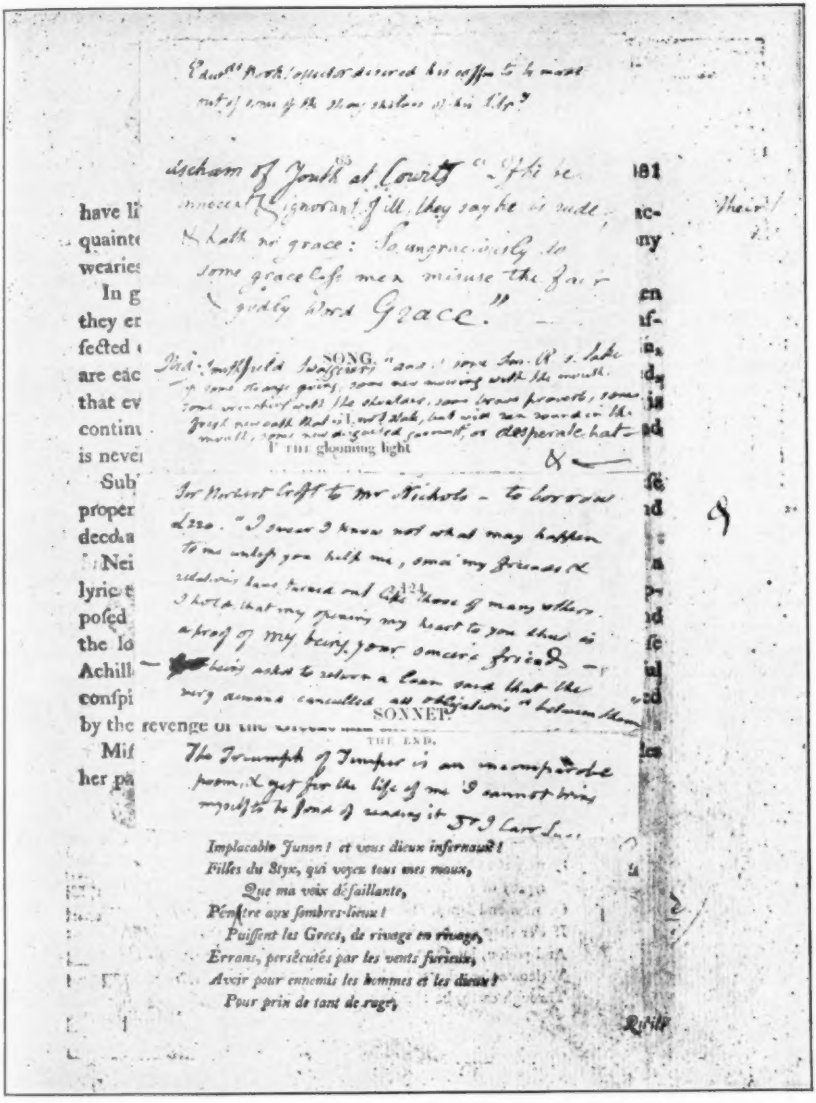
> "Where Claribel low lieth
> The breezes pause and die."

The pathos of Claribel was nothing to Lamb, but the white paper surrounding her threnody served for the recording of matter far more to his taste; an anecdote of a dull clergyman whom Doctor Barnard, of Eton, considered a nuisance, frequently telling him that "so dull a man ought not to appear at Coffee Houses or at all in public, 'for you know how stupid you are.' This he said to him in public without reserve. He bore this, B. added, with a coward's patience, but one day remonstrated: 'You are always,' he told him, 'running your rig upon me, and calling me stupid, for you don't consider that a broad wheel wagon went over my head when I was ten years of age.'"

The age of ten years seems to have reminded Lamb of another story, which he has written out, also on the Tennysonian margin; an illustration of innate depravity in the case of a person who "was wicked from a boy. You will be shocked. You will not believe it," says the narrator: "He wrote God with a little g when he was only ten years old."

The combination of scrap-book and commonplace book, in which were inserted the pages of Tennyson's poems utilized as writing-paper, is a portly quarto of a thousand pages. In it, during a period of thirty years, Lamb transcribed anything encountered in his reading or experience which he considered worthy of preservation, "anything," as he says, "quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy." This was one of the volumes that he moved from Islington to Enfield, acting as "dray horse for my books," as he wrote to Thomas Hood, adding his only known disparaging reference to his "midnight darlings," being out of humor with them for once and calling them "indigested dirty lumber." That Lamb's books formed a "ragged regiment" as disreputable in appearance as Falstaff's own, there is abundant testimony. His shelves were a hospital for superannuated tomes in the last stages of shabbiness and decrepitude, and the wrecks and remnants too far gone to be handled without falling apart were sent, not to a bookbinder for repairs, but to "a wizened old cobbler hard by." No doubt this scrap-book had a peculiar and distinguished dilapidation of its own. For many years it had been in constant service, and we know by numerous references to it that it was a book popular in the Elian circle. Tobacco and the drippings of many a cheerful glass have left their still visible traces. It has been thumbed by Martin Burney, who would have held such hands, had dirt been trumps. Lamb bequeathed the book to Edward Moxon, who provided the present stout and durable binding, lettered "Charles Lamb's Album." To all who admire Lamb as a writer, or are attracted by the charm of his personality, it is a volume of unsurpassed interest, inspiring envy in the book lover whose income and desires are out of harmony. A copy of the "Essays of Elia," published just a hundred years ago, containing Lamb's autograph, is literally worth its weight in gold, while this book has many pages in his handwriting and is a record of his thoughts and gleanings from authors, old or contemporary, during half his lifetime, an *omnium gatherum* resulting from the reading which he confesses was "lamentably desultory and unmethodical."

The volume has been variously described as a scrap-book, an album, and a commonplace book, and in the use that Lamb made of it it is a combination of all three; but it was born into the world of books an ambitious work by a hopeful author whose wandering ghost would be mortified to find that not its text, but its margins and fly-leaves, had saved it from oblivion. In "the palmy days of the drama," a phrase which has always meant any period but the immediate present,



A page of Tennyson's poems used by Lamb for notes and pasted in his scrap-book.

but in this instance refers to the time of the Kembles, Mrs. Jordan, Elliston, Munden, and their contemporaries, one Thomas Holcroft wrote plays now widely forgotten. His memory has a nebulous survival as an acquaintance of Lamb's, and as the author of "The Road to Ruin," a drama of some importance in its day.

Holcroft was a man of humble origin. At one time he wandered from village to village with his father and mother, the parents peddling small wares, and young

Thomas, when business was bad, begging food at farmhouses. His varied career included, among other vocations, those of stable-boy, jockey, strolling actor, novelist, playwright, and political pamphleteer. In 1794 he affiliated with a group of socialists and was imprisoned for high treason. Hazlitt, who thought highly of him, edited his memoirs in three volumes, and a curious chronicle they are. Moreover, Hazlitt praises Holcroft's "Travels in France and Italy" as one of the most interesting books of its kind. This work was published in 1804, and the proof sheets of the two quarto volumes Lamb converted into his scrap-book. By this judicious economy he saved the few shillings that would go toward the payment for Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," or Browne's "Urn Burial" in a copy ill-conditioned but readable.

The sentimental literary hero-worshipper who now curiously turns the pages of "Charles Lamb's Album" may casually read bits of Holcroft and very likely find himself agreeing with Hazlitt as to the interest of the work. A notable feature is its description of France under the Consulate. Holcroft seems to have taken a dislike to Napoleon; but the unhappy playwright had a violent prejudice against any one who achieved eminence over his fellow men. In his socialistic theories, apparently, no one could be a man and a brother who had not qualified by failure. Some of his incidental sketches of Napoleon are worth preserving. Holcroft was in Paris at the time of the festival of the Eighteenth Brumaire, of which he says:

> There are men who ought to adore accident as their deity, and one of them is the Citizen-General First Consul Bonaparte. About two in the afternoon, contrary to all expectation, the clouds began slowly to rise; toward three, spots of azure were seen; and at four the sun shone forth on Bonaparte. . . . I have several times been close to his person. His stature is diminutive; his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks that denote the labors of his mind; it is care-worn, but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his bilious complexion, choler might be certainly predicted; but from the sedateness of his eyes, not of that sudden and impetuous kind to which he is so very subject.

Lamb probably cared nothing whatever about Holcroft's political creed and socialistic theories; but found with him a common bond of sympathy in their interest in the theatre. The playwright required some one to assist him in seeing the "Travels" through the press, and Lamb read the proof sheets. There are numerous corrections in his hand, together with such notes as "I request you not to insert commas before such particles unless in the manuscript," and "This is very careless and strange. Surely the proof and MS. were not read." When the complete page proofs finally came into his possession, he had the two volumes bound in one—possibly by the "wizened old cobbler hard by"; for on one page, in Lamb's hand, is the instruction: "Half-bound. Lettered 'Holcroft's Travels.'"

Owing to its many blank pages and its very wide margins, it fell from its high estate as an ambitious literary work, to rise in greater glory as an "association book" of unique interest. It entered Lamb's service in 1804 as a commonplace book, a phrase which seems to mean a volume in which is recorded anything considered the reverse of commonplace. The articles transcribed and the dates of magazine excerpts pasted in show that the book was in constant use for the purpose to which it was converted; and only a few months before Lamb's death, his friend, Henry Crabb Robinson, refers to it in his memoirs. Robinson records a visit to Charles and Mary Lamb, in April, 1833: "I spent the evening playing whist; and after Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album ('Holcroft's Travels') pasted with extracts in MS. and clippings out of newspapers, &c." This may have been the same occasion of which Mary Lamb writes: "Robinson spent a long evening by our fireside, and there was much gin and water drunk. H. R. professed himself highly indebted to Charles for useful information . . . even after Charles could not speak plain for tipsiness."

In utilizing the book Lamb seems to have been guided by Captain Cuttle's principle: "When found make a note of." A good story told by a friend, a poem that particularly pleased him, an anecdote encountered in reading were entered here as worthy of preservation, and the contents of the thousand pages are of wide variety,

ranging from the Elizabethans to the writings of his contemporaries. The volume also supplied copy paper, as there are no fewer than thirteen original poems in Lamb's autograph. Some of these are acrostics written on the names of friends, Sarah Lachlan, Esther Field, Sarah Thomas, Jane Field, Joseph Vale Asbury, and others, including the verses "To Louisa Martin, Whom I Used to Call Monkey." Here, too, is the poem of twelve stanzas, "The Ape," also addressed to Miss Martin, together with Lamb's note:

> Mr. Editor: The riddling lines which I send you were written upon a young lady, who, from her diverting sportiveness in childhood, was named "the ape." When the verses were written, L. M. had outgrown the title, but not the memory of it, being in her teens, and consequently past child tricks. They are an endeavour to express that perplexity which one feels at any alteration, even supposed for the better, in a beloved object; with a little oblique grudging at time, who cannot bestow new graces without taking away some portion of the older ones, which we can ill miss.

Time dealt much more harshly than this with the lively Louisa Martin; for in Lamb's last letter to Wordsworth he appeals for aid for her in establishing a school, saying: "She is as good a human creature—next to my sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew." Alas, that the saddening years should change "my gamesome ape" to an "exemplary female"!

When Moxon began business as a publisher, he applied to Lamb for material for his first book, and received most of these versified trifles dedicated to friends, which were issued under the title of "Album Verses." In obliging his friend, the author became the victim of his own good nature. The amiable and harmless little book was savagely attacked by hostile critics, among them the ruthless Jerdan. His review in the *Literary Gazette* inspired Southey's retaliatory poem, published in the *Times*, which Lamb has preserved in the scrap-book. To an attractive pen-portrait of his friend, the militant laureate added the lines:

> "When witling critics to the world proclaim,
> In lead, their own dolt incapacity,
> Matter it is for mirthful memory
> To think, when thou wert early in the field,
> How doughtily small Jeffrey ran at thee
> A'tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.
> And now, a veteran in the ranks of fame,
> I ween, old friend, thou art not worse bestead
> When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim
> Dulness hath thrown a *jerdan* at thy head."

Lamb was antipathetic to Shelley and had no admiration for his poetry (though he is said to have made a curious exception in favor of "Rosalind and Helen"); so it was, perhaps, apropos of the critical onslaught on the "Album Verses," the breaking of a small butterfly on a large wheel, that Lamb copied in this book Shelley's sonnet, "Lines to a Reviewer," beginning:

> "Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
> In hating such a hateless thing as me?"

More to Lamb's liking than any poem of Shelley's was his favorite modern sonnet, Lord Thurlow's "To a Bird, that Haunted the Waters of Lacken, in Winter." This also has a place in the album, and Lamb wrote of it that it "has scarcely a parallel in our language." On his appearance as an author, Thurlow was ridiculed by the reviewers, much as Byron was; but, not having the latter's power to retaliate in satire, abandoned the parlous vocation of poet, and did not long survive the appearance of his first book. In "London Reminiscences," De Quincey mentions Lamb's reading of this sonnet from this album, "in which he had gathered together a number of gems, either his own, or picked up at random from any quarter, no matter how little in the sunshine of the world, that happened to strike his fancy," and he adds that Lamb delighted in this sonnet "as well on account of its real beauty as because it came from one who had been unworthily treated, and so far resembled himself." The poem has a place in some anthologies; but may be worth including here as a favorite of Lamb's:

> "O melancholy bird, a Winter's day,
> Thou standest by the margin of the pool;
> And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
> To patience, which all evil can allay.
> God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
> And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool
> Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
> And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
>
> There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
> Though these be good, true wisdom to impart;
> He, who has not enough for these to spare,
> Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,

And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part."

De Quincey himself is represented in the album by his famous essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate, in 'Macbeth'," of which and its author Lamb once said, indicating De Quincey: "Do you see that little man? Well, though he is so little, he has written a thing about 'Macbeth' better than anything I could write; no—not better than anything I could write, but I could not write anything better." The De Quincey article is signed "XYZ"; but Lamb has added the identification, "Opium Eater."

No essay on the English humorists could be considered complete if it excluded the name of Charles Lamb, though a few of his graver contemporaries viewed his whimsicalities with wondering disapproval. Carlyle grimly denies to Elia the saving grace of humor, finding his comedy "ghastly make-believe of wit." Doubtless the dyspeptic sage was what actors call "a tough audience"; but he has described Lamb in another phrase which is vivid enough, "sportfully much-enduring." Lamb seems to have been one of the determined laughing philosophers whose first interest in any subject is to find its comic aspect. His existence was not so joyous that he could spare a laugh, and if it could be found incidentally in a serious and dignified book, it was unexpected treasure-trove. Josephus's "History of the Jews" is not, I believe, a work to be prized for its humor; but Lamb read it, in Doctor Maynard's translation, and copied in his album not priceless pearls of wisdom, but by-products in the way of comedy. When he finds that the giant Goliath is described as "six *Cupids* and a span high," the misprint delights him. On other "giants in those days," Lamb comments:

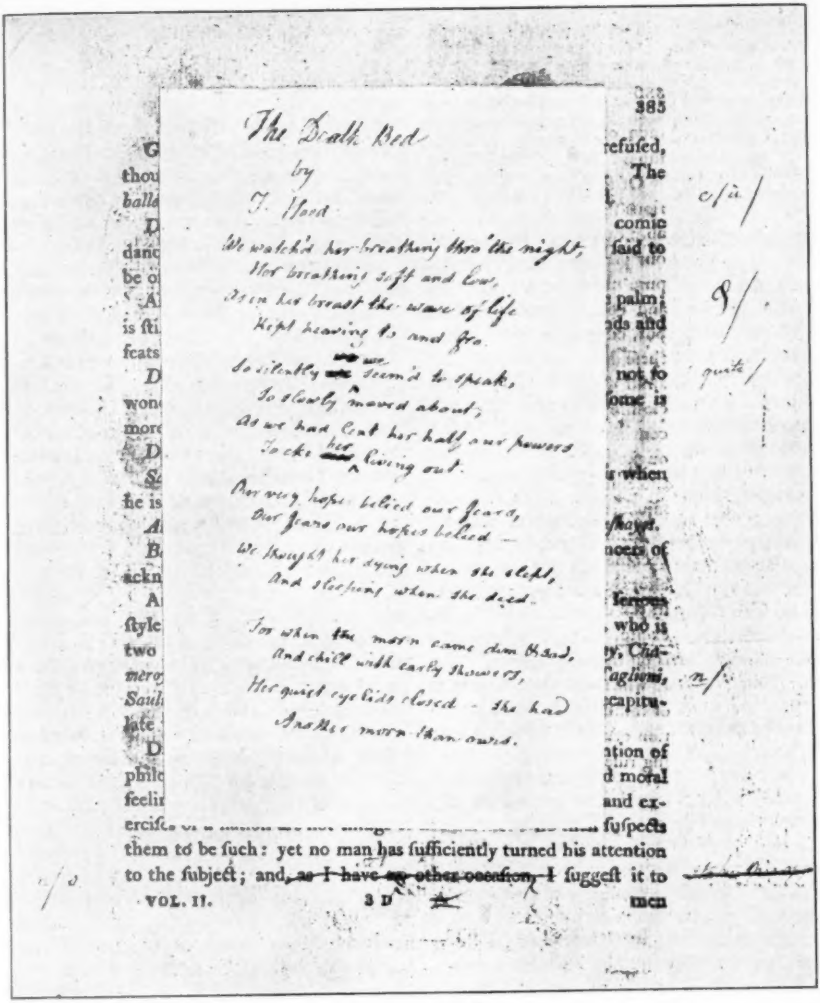
The Rabbins make the giant Gog—or Magog—contemporary with Noah and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in stormy weather, he was more than half-boots-over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat.

Lamb follows this picturesque bit of diluvian history by his own version of an incident in the story of Joseph of the many-colored coat:

Joseph interprets the baker's dream, which, from the experience of the butler, the latter hopeth favorable. This said (that is his dream) he expected a presage favorable as the former. But Joseph, having attended to the particulars, and premised that he could wish to have been the harbinger of more welcome news, ingenuously assured him that he had only two days to live, for that on the third day he would be hanged.

In this connection it is curious to note that in his catalogue of "Books which are no books—*biblia-a-biblia*," Lamb brackets the "Histories of Josephus" with "draught-boards bound and lettered at the back," and says that with these and some other exceptions, he "can read almost anything." That this was no idle boast is indicated by the variety of sources from which quotations are copied in the album, including such neglected works as the "Letters" of Warburton and of James Barry, the painter, "Poems," by John Walters of Ruthven, the "Letters" of Joseph Highmore, Ascham's "Toxophilus," and Thompson's tragedies. From the Highmore "Correspondence" he has preserved an extraordinary bit of evidence that the commercializing of art is no new thing; a description of the methods of work by which a painter named Vanderstraaten, living in Wyld Street, about 1770, completed landscapes at the rate of thirty a day.

He had large pots or pans of colour around him, on the ground; one or two of blue, of different degrees, mixed for the sky; others of what he called cloud colours; others of greens, &c. When all was prepared, he calls to his lad: "Here, poy, bring a claut" (cloth). Then he talks on as he works, and dipping a large brush in the blue pot, spreads over the top of the cloth, and again in the lighter blue &c., continuing it down as low as the horizon, and cries "Dare is de sky." Then dipping another brush in the pot prepared for clouds, and dabbing here and there, cries out again: "Dare is de clouds." Then again, in a kind of azure colour for the greatest distance, and spreading it along under the horizon: "Dare is the fore-street;" which is a Dutch term, but I am not sure of the orthography, though I am of the sound of the word. Then again for a nearer part another colour: "dare is de second cround"; and once more, for the nearest or forwardest part: "Dare is de first cround"; and lastly, with a small pencil, a man fishing: "Dare is de man a' fishing. Poy, pring anoder claut." And so on for the thirty. It is also said of him that he hired a long garret where he painted cloths as long as they were woven, many yards in length, and painted the whole at once, continuing the



"The Death Bed"
Thomas Hood's poem in Lamb's autograph.

sky in the manner above described from one end to the other, and then the several grounds till the whole was one long landscape, after which he would here and there put in a figure, and this he cut and sold by parcels as demanded, to fit chimneys &c., and those who dealt in this way used to go to his house to buy three or four, or any number of feet, of landscape as wanted.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the story is the statement that the narrator had seen examples of this wholesale painting, and that they were "not devoid of merit." From the "Letters" of another painter, Barry, Lamb transcribed an extract which—omitting the reference to art studies—might have been an aspiration of his own:

Oh, I could be happy going home to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of

my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, and a coat to cover me. I should not care what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such kind of art in London, with house rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in another manner, more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this.

Lamb filled two pages of the album with other quotations from Barry, criticisms of Leonardo da Vinci and Veronese, and a letter to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, thanking them for the gift of Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting-chair. Another artist whose writings are found in the volume is the American, Washington Allston, five of whose sonnets for pictures Lamb transcribed on a fly-leaf. On another page are three sonnets by John Hamilton Reynolds, Keats's friend. Keats, however, is not represented in the album, probably because Lamb possessed the three small volumes which are the poet's legacy to the world. Of the poems of his friend Coleridge, Lamb has included in his collection "Youth and Age," "The Old Man's Sigh," and "Kubla Khan," the last in its original form as it appeared in a magazine, with a note by Coleridge explaining the circumstances in which it was written.

Westwood, the younger, mentions Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" as one of the books that Lamb threw over the wall to his neighbor; but a poem of Hood's is found in the album, the "Death Bed," one of the humorist's little group of masterpieces, in which he proved himself a true poet. Barry Cornwall is represented by his lyric "Sing; Who Sings," and FitzGerald by his charming "Meadows in Spring," a poem of which Lamb said that he envied the writer. One wonders, by the way, if the translator of Omar Khayyam was one of the friends who, left alone in Lamb's sitting-room, like Henry Crabb Robinson, passed the time in looking over this album and found this carefully copied "Speech of a Courtier to King Edwine":

Man's life, O king, is like unto a little sparrow, which while your Majesty is feasting at the fire in your parlour, with your royal retinue, flies in at one window, and out at another. Indeed we see it that short time it remaineth in the house, and then it is well sheltered from wind and weather; but presently it passeth from cold to cold, and whence it comes and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant.

It is well known that many of the most admired verses of the "Rubaiyat" as we have it, are FitzGerald's own, both in ideas and expression, and it is curious to find in one paragraph the suggestions that might have been developed into two famous stanzas of the poem. On a blank half page Lamb transcribed the only poem of Blake's in the book, "The Chimney Sweeper," from "Songs of Innocence," of which it may be said, paraphrasing Lincoln, that those who like that sort of thing will find it just the sort of thing they like. Lamb copied this because, as he wrote to Bernard Barton, in 1824, Blake's "poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I have never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the 'Sweep Song.' There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

'Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Thro' the deserts of the night'

which is glorious; but, alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House." In 1824 Lamb was asked to contribute to "The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend and Climbing-Boy's Album," and he sent this "Sweep Song," which was published as "communicated by Mr. Charles Lamb from a very rare and curious little work." In the same year Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton, giving his impressions of Blake, half-admiring, half-quizzical: "He paints in water colours marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon—he has seen the Beautifullest, the Strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory." Perhaps it was under the influence of Blake that Lamb filled a page in this album with portraits of the devil, some twenty different conceptions, the drawing of the crudest kind; but in each figure an idea struggling for expression.

Southey, Talfourd, and Hazlitt are other contemporaries of Lamb whose writings have been transcribed or pasted

into the volume; and, in addition to the acrostics and verses to friends, there are several poems of his own. One of these of considerable length, entitled "Hercules Pacificatus," appeared in the *London Magazine* and does not seem to have been reprinted. Two others, "The Parting Speech of the Celestial Messenger" and "Existence Considered No Blessing," are alleged to be "translated from the Latin of Palingenius." In the title of the latter, Lamb has inserted "In Itself" following the word "Existence," and has prefaced a note: "The poet, after a seeming approval of suicide, from a consideration of the cares and crimes of life, discusses the negative importance of existence contemplated in itself, without reference to good or evil." The concluding lines, one ventures to think, are not "translated from Palingenius," but are the reflections of Charles Lamb at a time when jesting failed to drive away the blues.

"Merely to be
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,
Seeing that every vilest little thing
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone,
And tumbling bark from trees. Unless *to be*
And *to be blest* be one, I do not see
In bare existence, as existence, aught
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought."

Lamb's life-long interest in plays and players is shown by the theatrical ana contained in the album, engravings, and bits of criticism. There is a portrait of Fanny Kelly, the "Barbara S" of the "Essays," whom Lamb would have married, if the lady had only said yes instead of no. The portrait is a stipple engraving published at about the time that Lamb made his proposal. His own criticism of Miss Kelly's acting is appended. "What a lass that were," he had once written, "to go a' gypsying through the world with." Another theatrical portrait is that of Miss Burrell, an actress in his esteem second only to Fanny Kelly of the "divine plain face." His criticism of Miss Burrell, in the *Examiner*, is also preserved here. Lamb saw her in a burlesque of "Don Giovanni," and was greatly impressed, writing of her: "We have seen Mrs. Jordan in male characters, and more ladies besides than we would wish to recollect, but never any that so completely answered the purpose for which they were so transmuted as the lady who enacts the mock Giovanni." There are several old copperplate engravings of scenes from plays of the Garrick period, as well as mezzotint portraits of two of Lamb's favorite comedians, Wroughton and Dodd. For Dodd he had a particular admiration, and his praise in the essay "On Some of the Old Actors" vividly recalls the methods and mannerisms by which the comedian moved his audience to mirth. "The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face with expression." Lamb writes reminiscently of a chance meeting with the actor in age, grown sedate and philosophical: "Could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety?" Perhaps the fact that the comedian "left at his death a choice collection of old English literature" was an added merit in Lamb's eyes. On a margin is written the title, "On the Acting of Munden," a memorandum of the subject which was afterward developed into one of the most famous of classic theatrical criticisms. The satirical essay on "Shakespeare's Improvers" also has a place in the volume and is followed by the epitaph on Shakespeare's daughter, copied in Lamb's "most clerky hand," the inscription beginning:

"Witty above her sex; but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall."

Those who believe that Lord Verulam wrote the plays may learn from this inscription that Bacon fooled even Shakespeare's family and neighbors by his sportive masquerade as a dramatist. Lamb has added the note:

The English verses (preserved by Dugdale) were many years since purposely obliterated to make room for another inscription carved on the same stone, for Richard Watts, a person of no relation to the Shakespeare family.

Here, too, is the epitaph written in all solemnity by Thomas Clio Rickman, that summary of a well-spent life, which filled Lamb with irreverent glee:

"He played the husband's, father's, brother's part;
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

In a different spirit, admiration for the old and quaint, Lamb transcribed an epitaph of his beloved Elizabethan period, copying from a tomb in Stone Church, Kent, the post-mortem eulogy on Sir Thomas Smith, knight, who, according to Lamb's note, is described on his monument as "late Governor of the East Indian, Muscovia, French and Sommer (sic) Island Companies, Treasurer for the Virginia Plantations, Prime Undertaker in the year 1612, for that noble design the North West Passage, Principal Commissioner for the London Expedition against the Pirates, Ambassador to the Emperor and Grand Duke of Russia and Muscovia," and much more in the way of titles and honors.

"From those large kingdoms where the sun doth rise,
From that rich new-found world that Westward lies,
From Volga to the flood of Amazons,
From under both the poles and all the zones,
From all the famous rivers, lands, and seas
Between this place and our antipodes,
He got intelligence that might be found
To give contentment through the massy round;
But finding earthly things did rather tire
His longing soul than answer its desire,
To this obscured village he withdrew;
From hence his heavenly voyage did pursue;
Here sum'd up all, and when his gale of breath
Had left becalmed in the port of death
The soul's frail bark, and safe had landed her
Where faith his factor and his harbinger
Made place before, he did, no doubt, obtain
That wealth which here on earth we seek in vain."

Another epitaph recalls a time when poppies grew in Flanders fields more than a century ago. It is in Lamb's autograph, and may have been written by him for some friend who had lost a brother in Napoleon's last battle:

"FOR A TABLET IN WAVENDON CHURCH

"Picton and Ponsonby! a grateful land
In her proud annals now records her grief
On arch, urn, obelisk, with trembling hand
Your praise indenting. Thine no high relief
Shall tell, my brother! but memorial brief
This humble tribute from affection due.
Whilst England holds the dust of each proud chief,
Mine is the reminiscence ever new
That one small spot is thine in grave-starred Waterloo."

In contrast to the literature of cenotaphs is a real-estate advertisement which amused Lamb by its "height of fine language." George Robins, an auctioneer, offers:

A Freehold Estate, which upon analysis, will be found to include advantages greatly preponderating over any of its compeers in this favoured county. The Estate and its venerable mansion are familiar with the history of England. It was erected in the time of Elizabeth, and hath encountered many a long year and wintry night without suffering the devastation usually the accompaniment of many centuries. . . . The gloom and necessary languor that too frequently prevail in many of our ancient structures hath been entirely discarded here. There is not a room in which cheerfulness is not a constant inmate. The bedstead in one of the principal bedchambers, tradition reports to have been the occasional repose of Henry VIII. The humble individual who has so moderately pourtrayed a few only of its very many qualifications, will be disappointed if ocular demonstration doth not materially enhance its beauties.

This is merely a selection from Mr. Robins's eloquent description, of which Lamb writes: "A capital advertisement; but O, that I had preserved one in which the advertiser engages to pen letters for people of all sorts, but especially for illiterate lovers, ending (literally) 'the advertiser flatters himself he could use a strain,' etc."

One of the most interesting features in the album, for the reason that it strikingly illustrates a century's changes in the laws of civilized nations, is a pamphlet preserved by Lamb, containing the speech of Sir William Meredith against the penal code of Great Britain, "by far the most sanguinary of any in Europe, and a reproach to her civilization." The laws of England made it treason to counterfeit a silver coin. In his speech in Parliament, Meredith denounced this iniquity, saying:

By this nickname of treason, there lies at this moment in Newgate, under sentence to be burned alive, a girl just turned of fourteen. At her master's bidding, she hid some whitewashed farthings beneath her stays, on which the jury found her guilty as an accomplice of her master in the "treason." The master was hanged last Wednesday; and the faggots all lay ready—no reprieve came till just as the cart was setting out, and the girl would have been burnt alive on the same day, had it not been for the humane but casual interference of Lord Weymouth.

Sir William stated in his speech that "no less than three hundred and thirty-seven hanging laws were passed in the last

reign." Meredith made his appeal for more humane laws in 1777; but in 1830 the laws had not been materially changed, though their enforcement was less rigorous. A few years before Meredith's effort to obtain some mitigation of the criminal laws, Sir Christopher Bunbury endeavored to effect the repeal of some of the most cruel statutes. Will it be believed that in the days of Washington and Franklin, of Pitt and Burke, the House of Lords rejected the proposal on the ground that it was "an innovation"? According to Meredith, whenever a member of Parliament thought of any injury that could be done to *property*, he brought in a proposal for a new hanging law. Shop-lifting, no matter how petty the larceny, was a capital offense. One of the speaker's illustrative examples of the atrocities of the code was the story of a young woman of nineteen, whose husband had been seized by the press gang, with the full warrant and sanction of the law. After several months of begging in the streets with her two children, this girl committed a petty theft. Deprived of her husband, by legal authority, in order that the waves might continue to be ruled by those who "never, never, never shall be slaves," it was shown that the young mother had become insane because of the suffering she had undergone. Nevertheless, says Meredith, "she was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of the shopkeepers in Ludgate Street and the honor of the British nation. Her youngest infant was nursing at her breast when she was taken to Tyburn gallows."

The pamphlet containing Meredith's speech was one of a series issued by the London Committee for the Diffusion of Information on the Subject of Capital Punishments. Others contained speeches by Earl Grey and Lord Grenville. In April, 1813, a bill was introduced in Parliament to abolish the death penalty for stealing sums less than five shillings. The bill was brought in by Sir Samuel Romilly, *and lost*. Such infamies in the name of law and justice were of every-day occurrence, and naturally aroused the indignation of Lamb, most humane and kind-hearted of men, though he protested in vigorous language against being described as "the gentle Elia." He was greatly interested in the society that was working for the abolition of the death penalty for misdemeanors, though he did not live to see new laws fixing a greater value on human life than on five shillings' worth of property. Another article preserved in the album is of a nature similar to the Meredith speech, Lamb's brother John's vigorous attack on the Corn Laws of 1815, by which it was proposed to make gleaning in the fields a form of robbery, presumably to be punished by death. John Lamb argues that the logical inference from such a law is that Boaz, instead of marrying Ruth, should have prosecuted her for larceny and seen to it that she was duly hanged.

The early efforts to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals also interested Lamb, and he probably inspired or suggested the pamphlet written on the subject by his brother. The only copy of this work that has survived—Charles Lamb's own—is described in my "Sentimental Library." The Right Honorable William Windham, having opposed a parliamentary bill to prevent cruelty to animals (perhaps on the ground that kindness to animals would be "an innovation"), John Lamb wrote his pamphlet in protest. There are references to this subject in the album; among them Lamb has written:

> Mr. Cooke, son of the late member from Middlesex, some little time ago, near Uxbridge, shot a very large bird, which, as soon as it fell, rose on its legs, and pointing to its shattered wing, reared an enormous crest, and opened its mouth, as much as to say "See what you have done." It was too much disabled to be kept alive. . . .

Of puns, epigrams, and anecdotes the volume contains a great variety, the contents being fairly well described in Lamb's verses "What is an Album?" which appear here in his own hand:

> "A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
> And some things not very like either, God knows,
> Where wise folk and simple alike do combine,
> And you write *your* nonsense that I may write mine."

Of the briefer entries, a few may be quoted at random. From a popular nonconformist hymn, Lamb selects the gem:

> "Come, needy; come, guilty; come, loathsome and bare.
> You can't come too filthy—come just as you are."

The Beef Eaters (of the Tower) whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, famine and thought.

Browne Willis, in a rambling religious book written by his wife: "All the connection in this book is owing to the book-binder!"

"ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND

"'Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here.
What think you, my love? Don't it strike you?'
'Can't say it does just at present, my dear;
But I think it soon will; it's so like you.'"

Edwards, book collector, desired his coffin to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his library.

Dr. Sneyd Davis, after a visit, being importuned by a lady, for a seat in his carriage as far as her own door, reluctantly took her in, and when they approached the village, to elude gossipping reports, drew up his blinds.

"PORSON'S GERUNDIAL PUN

"When Dido found Æneas would not come
She mourned in silence, and was Di do dum."

The traveler in Ireland who says that "he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, till he saw the Dublin ones."

"COLERIDGE'S INSCRIPTION ON A TIME-PIECE

"*Now!* It is gone. Our moments travel post,
Each with its deed or thought; its what? and how?
But know each parting hour gives up a ghost
May live within thee, an eternal *Now*."

Lamb did so much scrivening in his day's work that one may feel sure that he used his more leisured pen to copy only the things that impressed him as really worth while. Therefore it is interesting to find his regard for America expressed in a quotation from Cowper's "Letters":

I consider England and America as once one country. They were so in respect of interest, intercourse and affinity. A great earthquake has made a partition, and now the Atlantic Ocean flows between them.

There is also a quotation from one of Cobbett's letters, regarding the qualities that Americans and Englishmen have in common:

The loud voice; the hard squeeze of the hand; the instant assent or dissent; the clamorous joy; the ardent friendship; the deadly enmity. . . . All these belong to Englishmen.

It is likely that Lamb would be gratified, as well as astonished, to know that this book, which he used for many years and which has been in the hands of most of his friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and many others, has found its home in America, in a Western city, in Lamb's own day an Indian village, which in 1829 was granted by the government to a half-breed Indian woman. On the dispersal of the library of Edward Moxon, the scrap-book became a part of the Morrison collection of autographs. When that extraordinary collection was sold at auction, the volume came to America, and Mr. E. Arthur Ball, of Muncie, Indiana, is now the possessor of this unique memento of the best beloved and most friendly of writers.

Reference has been made to Lamb's thumb-nail sketch of one of his famous contemporaries, De Quincey. The latter made a full-length pen portrait of Lamb, the original manuscript of which is in my collection.* A part of this is an incisive character study:

Lamb would make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and in after moments he would continually ridicule that class of words by others carried to an extreme of pedantry. From intense sincerity and truth of character, Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company, shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked by the sense of what was revolting, as by a Swiftian laying bare of natural shivering human nature. Such exposures of masquerading vanity! Such surgical probings and borings of the secret feelings.

If we make a composite of this sketch and Hazlitt's "Venetian Senator" portrait of Lamb, thoughtful and sedate, but with a twinkle in the eyes as if on the alert for a jest, we have the man in his habit as he lived, "sportfully much-enduring."

The Genus Ball Player

BY CHARLES E. CHAPMAN

ONCE a ball player always a "ball player" —not a "fan." There is a difference. One may like the game, be wildly enthusiastic over it, even make a living as a baseball reporter, but if he has not played it at least a few years in organized leagues, he is at most a "fan," and not of the inner circle.

The writer of this article is a professor of Hispanic American history in an American university. For seventeen years he has had little or no intimate acquaintance with present-day professional ball players. Before that, however, he played the game nine years, four of them in organized ball and the other five on fast "semi-pro" teams. He was never anything but the common run of ball player, and did not "make" the Big Leagues. But he was *in* baseball long enough to be *of* it. And he will belong to the fraternity, or at least hover on the edge of it, to the end of his days.

The writer can *feel* what it is to be a ball player. But can the feeling be explained? It has its roots, perhaps, in the knowledge of the player on the field that the game is far more perfect than the spectator understands. And there are unique human angles that the public never gets. The player is therefore in a select group of society. He has a certain superior knowledge which even the most intelligent are unable to grasp, unless they, too, have played the game. To be sure, it concerns only baseball, but baseball for a few years has been the biggest thing in his life, and the grip of the game is lasting.

Many sporting writers have published articles on so-called "inside ball." Some of these have a great deal of truth in them; others are merely ridiculous. Ball players themselves have written articles, but they are too near the game to have perspective and are usually incoherent. A member of the fraternity can detect what they are trying to say, but they rarely bring it out into the clear. The writer does not flatter himself that he will be more successful than they, but believes that some clew to what it means to be a ball player may be provided if he relates a few experiences of players, past and present.

The great human drama of baseball finds its richest setting in the professional leagues of medium grade, those styled now "Class A" or "B," such, for example, as the Eastern, Southern, and Western leagues. Here one finds pretty good baseball, and every type of professional player in the game. On the one hand is the young star, working his way toward eventual success in the "Big Time." With him are other young players, who will already have reached their limit or may progress at most to a grade above, in the "AA" leagues. On the other hand, there are the old players, back from a great career in "the Majors" or taking the lesser drop from "AA." In the spring there are always "rookies," young players receiving a try-out, most of whom will never get anywhere in the game. The play is fast enough in "A" or "B" for the science of the game to show, and it is always sufficiently imperfect to give that science a greater than usual opportunity for expression, since the defense against brains is not so strong as in the higher leagues.

In "AA" and the Majors the same elements do indeed exist, but the distinction is less sharp. Improving or "going back," the players in these leagues are still the élite of the game, stars as compared with the rank and file in the leagues below them. The lesser leagues, on the other hand, those called "C" and "D," are merely on the border line of baseball. One must advance beyond them to call himself a "ball player." Amateur play, whether as between schools and colleges or rival towns, is splendid sport, but it isn't baseball; it is a "good time," plus

the glory of service to *alma mater* or native heath. "Semi-pro" games, those played for money outside the pale of organized ball, are only a little better from the standpoint of real baseball.

What are some of these underlying currents of the game? The "fan" sees base-hits, put-outs, assists, and errors. If a little better informed, he notices what the pitcher is using, and recognizes a hit-and-run play when he sees it. He repeats in the stands the phrasings of the reporters. He may know little or much, but his knowledge is always *after the fact*. One phase of intelligent baseball on the field is the anticipation of a play or even the forcing of it.

"Al Rogers" could hit a high fast ball hard. He chopped too much on a low curve. He was therefore awake to anything that would tip off the pitch, though preferring no tip at all to an uncertainty. Many uninformed pitchers give away in advance what they are going to throw—as by some movement of the hand or leg or even by the position they take. The star recollection on this score in "Al Rogers's" experience concerned a pitcher named "Jake" Wells and a player named "Stick" Aldrich. "Jake" Wells had great speed and a phenomenal drop. The team on which "Al Rogers" played was helpless against him. It was lucky to get six hits to a game or a single run. One day for four innings but a single hit had been made. And then "Stick" Aldrich came back from the coaching line to the bench.

"I've got him," he said. "Every time he pitches his speed ball, he grits his teeth and screws up his face, and for an instant shows a little of the white of his teeth. When he throws his curve he doesn't do that."

We watched him a while. It was certain. Before the day was done "Jake" Wells had been batted for fourteen hits. Never again was he able to stop this club, and presently he was released. "Jake" Wells did not fail for lack of "stuff"—decidedly not! The game of baseball must be perfect. It admits of no defect. "Jake" Wells failed because of a white tooth!

There are scores of other ways to get the "signs" for what the pitcher is going to throw. But is this legitimate? The writer has played football. He would have scorned to use an opposing team's code for calling plays. He knows, and believes he observes, the niceties in the game of tennis. But baseball must be perfect! It is legitimate to take advantage of a defect, for there should be no defects. It is ruthless—it is war!—but it is splendid, none the less.

Low-grade catchers often give the signal away. The writer knows one catcher, rated a star in the Pacific Coast League, whose "signs" he is able to get from the stands. Many catchers who successfully hide the signal for the pitch will nevertheless take a receiving position that shows what they expect. It is said that the Cleveland Club won the World's Series of 1920 by observing an opposing catcher's stand. The writer saw two Major League catchers last year who almost invariably gave the pitch away; on one of them, for a test, he guessed every straight ball pitched during two successive innings. This type of signal-getting is dangerous, however, for there may be a slip; there *will be*, if the catcher realizes he is being watched and knows what for; and one slip ruins the system, for it leaves behind an element of doubt.

In talking over matters of this sort with a certain National League player last year, the latter told something about "Phil" Douglass, then a Giant pitcher, but since banished from the game.

"I'll give you a problem," he said. "We know when Douglass is going to throw his spit-ball. See if you can get it."

The writer saw Douglass pitch several games after that, but for the life of him he couldn't make it out. Then one day he arrived late, and was obliged to take a seat beyond third base. Suddenly, without his looking for it—for he had given the matter up—the thing forced itself upon him. When Douglass threw the spit-ball he bent his wrist—no doubt to keep the ball from slipping in his hand; when he did not bend his wrist he might throw speed or a natural curve, but not a "spitter." Evidently Douglass didn't know of this mannerism of his, or now and then he would have bent his wrist on the fast ball—and the game would have been up!

Sometimes the pitcher gives the "signs." The writer once saw a game pitched by Theile of Stanford University. The catcher got down as if to give the signal, but Theile was watching a runner on first, and never once looked at the catcher. The catcher did not get down again, but Theile pitched. Two more pitches, and the writer knew the "signs"—according as Theile held his glove.

Other players on the team, especially the short-stop or second baseman, may give the play away. They are in a position to see what is being called for, and sometimes move about accordingly. A curve reaches a batter a little later than a fast ball. Consequently the batter is more apt to "pull" a curve, and less likely to do so with a straight one. But if a batter has his eyes open, it isn't safe to move before the pitch.

Against players smart enough to notice things, it is often possible to force a play that would not work against less intelligent opponents. "Al Rogers," who caught during much of his career, knew that a good catcher sees everything about a batter's style and realizes almost better than the batter himself what the latter can or cannot hit. "Al Rogers" liked high speed. Therefore, he would often take a defensive crouch at the bat, as if expecting a curve. As the pitch was made, he would straighten up and lunge for the high fast one, which in such cases was almost invariably served to him. This bit of strategy would never work but once against a given smart catcher, for good catchers have a memory like an elephant.

It is not alone in the battle of batter and battery that skill in "calling the turn" is employed. It is everywhere in the game, and it is too skilful to be observed—necessarily so, for it must deceive a skilful opposition. Indeed, brainy plays are made every day that nobody on earth but the player who made them is aware of. Last year Max Carey of Pittsburgh, a veteran of the National League, made one of the most remarkable records in the history of the game. The public has been fed columns of "stuff" about "Babe" Ruth's home runs, his woodchopping, influenza, the blackmail case against him, etc., but hardly anything about this infinitely more remarkable happening. In fifty-three attempts at stealing a base in 1922, Carey was successful *fifty-one times!* In comparison it would be nothing to hit even a hundred home runs, with the modern lively ball and modern bandbox park. It is a sad commentary on baseball writers or the public they serve that the one thing should get so much notice and the other little more than nothing at all. Carey is fast, but a score of men in the Majors are as fast or faster. Charley Paddock, the "fastest human," would probably not steal twenty bases in fifty-three tries, and meantime would very likely be picked off base before he started, more often than he stole. Carey stole bases with his baseball brains. As a super star in baseball stealing he sees and takes advantage of little defects in the opposition too slight to be observed or utilized by the average star.

Even "Al Rogers," garden variety of ball player and slow on his feet, experienced two years of success as a base-runner. He learned that he could read a pitcher's mind through movements of his knees and feet easier than by watching his eyes. A certain pitcher he played against would invariably pose four seconds before making his pitch, but if he were going to throw to first he would let go on three seconds or earlier. Knowledge of little matters like that, coupled with a quick, jumping start and a slide, made the crowd think "Al Rogers" fast, but the crowd was wrong, as it usually is. Later he lost the start, or played under "safety first" managers, and his base-running stopped.

A moment ago the writer said that great plays are made, known only to the player who made them. Such plays often involve a rapidity of thought that the reader may think impossible, but every ball player knows it to be true. Here is one by Fred Tenney, one of the greatest first basemen of all time. Some years ago, when Boston and Baltimore were battling for a pennant, the two teams met in a "crucial series." With Boston last at bat, the score was 1 to 1 in the ninth, Hamilton of Boston on second, one out, and one strike and no balls on Tenney. In that situation Tenney was prepared to

hit the next one, if it should be over the plate. Just as the pitcher was delivering the ball, however, he saw that Hamilton, who was a great base-runner, had a long lead off second for a steal of third. In the fraction of a second it takes a ball to travel from a pitcher to the plate, here is what passed through Tenney's mind:

"Hamilton has such a long lead that he is sure to make third. If I hit the ball, I may line it and retire the side on a double play, or else put up a fly and make him go back to second. But if I let it go, Hamilton will be on third, and then a long fly to the outfield will score him. So I am going to take this pitch."

The ball cut the plate for two strikes, but there was a roar from the crowd. For Tenney? By no means. Hamilton had stolen third! The story would be perfect if presently Tenney had driven out the anticipated long fly, but in point of fact he made a hit that would have scored Hamilton from second. Nevertheless, it was a great play, and the writer knows it only because Tenney told it to him. Tenney himself was the only man on the field that for a certainty knew why he took that second strike.

Things like that happen daily even in the lesser leagues. And to show that "everybody's doing it," the writer will relate an experience of "Al Rogers." He was playing first base for Manchester in a game at New Bedford in the old New England League. The thing came up in course of a triple play, which, as the sporting writers put it, was "one for the book." In this triple play every member of the Manchester team handled the ball, but it would have stopped short at two men out if "Al Rogers" had followed instinct rather than fraction-of-a-second thinking.

New Bedford had men on second and third, with nobody out. The batter hit to short-stop, who threw home. There was a run-up between third and home, the catcher, third baseman, pitcher, and left-fielder participating. Meanwhile the man on second had moved up to third, and the batter had reached second. Just as the man in the run-up was being caught near third, the other runner at that bag foolishly started back for second. There was another run-up, in which, among others, the second baseman, centre-fielder, and "Al Rogers" handled the ball; "Rogers" had left first, since the play had passed his base. By this time every man on the team but the right-fielder had taken part in the play. But just as the runner from second was being caught near that base, the man who had hit the ball made a foolish break back toward first. "Al Rogers" had meanwhile returned to first, so as not to clutter the run-up between second and third. He was standing inside the diamond, about fifteen feet from the bag, in a line with the short-stop. The return of the base-runner from second was a stupid play, and therefore a complete surprise. The short-stop let drive a throw for first. While it was on the way, the following went through "Al Rogers's" head:

"The throw is high, but I can get it if I jump. But I won't be in time to get the runner at first, as I am out of position. The right-fielder ought to be on first base or thereabouts, if he is doing his duty. But 'Deacon' Morrissey, a pitcher, is playing right-field to-day, and he may not think to come in. If I let the throw go, and the 'Deacon' isn't there, the runner will reach third, or perhaps score, and my team mates will give me ——! But he ought to be there, the throw is going there, and if he *is* there the runner will be out, and it's 'great' to make a triple play, and if I knock it down and he's *there* I'll catch ——! I haven't time to look and see if he is there, but I think I'll take a chance."

The throw went through, the "Deacon" *was* there, the third man was out—and "Al Rogers" didn't even "catch a cold!" Every particle of the above had flashed through his brain in perhaps a fifth of a second. Not one of his team mates knew he had made the play, and he never told them. Why should he have told it? These things happen every day.

The greatness of the game, which he alone knows, sets the ball player off from the rest of the world. Within his sphere, however, he has his problems, his differences, and his adjustments, just as in any social group. In membership the society is ultrademocratic. On the same club there may be not only veteran and rookie, but also rich (though rarely) and poor, the

college graduate and the illiterate mountaineer, a variety of religious faiths—in a word, all the graces and awkwardnesses of American society. This *pot-pourri* of membership not infrequently makes for serious team problems. Strange as it may seem, the writer has known more than one club to be divided into two camps, according to religion. Speaking generally, however, ball players belong to one or other of two types: those who recognize they are in the game for the time being, on the way to something else; and those who are not sufficiently far-sighted to look ahead to the inevitably early day when their career on the diamond will end. In the writer's opinion the former profit by the game, though this is not the place to argue the matter. They go on and up in the scale of good citizenship.

But the others? Where do *they* go? Their fate is hard enough when one finds them on the way *down*, in the medium minors, after a span of years at the top in stardom. But many go lower yet. Little more than children in the ways of business, their savings fall away from them through unwise investment. It is not at all that they are roustabouts; few professions have as high an average of right-living men as baseball. But they are untrained. They perish more often from misapplied virtue than through reprehensible fault.

A great deal might be said about the social side of the inner circle of baseball. There was a time when the foot on the rail and the "steering of schooners across the bar" was an all-too-prominent part of relaxations from the play. But, long before Volstead was ever heard of, that day had gone. It survived in lesser baseball, and perhaps most of all in the summer-resort clubs, where the athletes, mostly college men, mixed baseball, beer, and sweethearts in their treble pursuit of a "good time." Professional baseball in the better leagues is much too serious, however, to admit of these practices. Here and there a black sheep may appear, but less often than among other men on a similar social plane.

To a certain extent, ball players spend their hours away from the game much as other men might who possessed an equal amount of leisure. Ordinarily they are late risers. If at home, they may have to go to the park for morning practice at ten or half-past for an hour. Away from home they spend hours reading papers and magazines and writing letters. Evenings and days when there is no game, they may go to the "movies." Some play golf, or go fishing, whenever there is a chance. Much more likely, however, they gather in groups in the hotel, and talk—what? They talk *baseball!* The ball player talks, dreams, and eats his game as well as plays it. If he is free for an afternoon, and there is another game in the vicinity, he gravitates toward the park.

Men in the better leagues get good enough salaries to make trial of the old adage that "two can live cheaper than one," and perhaps a majority of the seasoned players are married. Naturally, the baseball husband is less often seen at the hotel than the bachelor, when the club is at home. Indeed, he is rather a domestic creature, not infrequently an expert dish-washer and baby-tender. The ball player and his wife enjoy more real comradeship than falls to the lot of the average couple outside the game. He stays at home during most of the numerous leisure hours, and she goes out to the park in the afternoon. Your habitué at the games will soon pick out the players' wives. The wives know one another, and not infrequently sit in the same part of the stand. They know more about baseball than the average "fan," and enjoy the play, if the team *and* "*hub'n*" are doing well. At other times it is torture for them to see the game. As a rule these pretty young brides—and they are pretty, for the ball player is as good a picker of feminine charm as he is of balls and strikes—these girlish wives *hate* the crowd. Some few, perhaps, not bred to conceal their feelings, reply to the taunts which the rooters nearest them are hurling at the players. Others keep silence, but with difficulty. The more sensitive end by staying away from the games altogether. The battle is harder for them than for the men on the field.

And what, indeed, is the attitude of the player toward the "fan"? Your seasoned professional will tell you that he pays no attention to the crowd, whether

it cheers him or gives him the gnawing "razz." He will tell you this, but in his secret heart will know it isn't so. Reputation is part of the game, and reputation is what the crowd thinks. Nevertheless, it is true that the player rather despises the crowd. He knows it is ignorant, "baseballically" speaking. The crowd cheers or hoots, according to the *result*, no matter whether the play is good or bad. Also, the crowd has certain ineradicable misconceptions about the game. Any base-running disaster, the crowd thinks, is always due to the coacher, more particularly if that coacher is the manager or some temporarily unpopular member of the team. Ball players know that where the runner has the play entirely before him it is the runner's fault, nine times out of ten, if the thing goes wrong. The crowd hoots the coach—while the erstwhile base-runner gets a "panning" on the bench.

Years of watching the game from the stands have led the writer to believe that the players overdo their condemnation of the crowd. Usually the more uninformed make the most noise. Furthermore—something "Al Rogers" never knew, but the writer has since discovered—much of the booing and cutting wit is in a rather cruel spirit of fun, and not vindictive at all.

But how do former players watch a game? If they are like the writer, they do it almost in silence, *never* jeering, applauding only out of a desire to give encouragement, but intently observing the play, figuring it out beforehand as in the old days on the field. Indeed, it is a little bit like work, though a fascinating task. Because it *is* work, the old player will often sit back and take it like a "fan," according to the result, though better understanding why results are produced. If there is a particularly attractive player on the field—a great pitcher, a promising rookie, etc.—he will put on his thinking cap and observe what the man is really doing.

And how about the old player in the presence of the active members of the fraternity? If he was formerly a Big League star, no doubt his prestige will carry him. But if he is a "never was," like "Al Rogers," he may be diffident. The writer has dined with South American presidents, and, in fine, met his share of notables; whatever it all amounted to, it never made him bat an eyelash. But one year when he was invited to accompany a Big League club on its swing around the circuit and mingle with the players, he "started, but never finished." Why? Boiled down to essentials, it was perhaps due to this: he was afraid he might be taken for a "fan"! The players would have treated him like anybody else; they are human beings, and esteem a person, ball player or not, according to the way he strikes them. But if one has ever been in the thick of the game, it is hard to be crowded out. Perhaps, after all, that is the greatest tragedy of baseball: one becomes an *emeritus* at thirty-five; it doesn't last a lifetime.

Dead Man's Hand

BY RICHARD NYGREN

Illustrations (frontispiece) by Lon Megargee

THE storm was over. For more than thirty continuous hours the wind had swept the Red Valley desert. Howling and screeching, it had driven relentlessly on, filling the air with burning sand, drifting the hollows and sweeping the levels, until it had obscured from view every sign of trail and water-hole. Then suddenly it had ceased with the same abruptness which had characterized its start, leaving the air overhead a murky red and the desert a sea of rolling sand, strewn with strips of torn cactus and mesquite bush.

Not a sign of life was visible on that vast expanse of sand. Even the lizards and horned toads had sought refuge from the wrath of the storm.

Then, as though they had risen from the earth, two men suddenly appeared from behind a dune. Covered with sand, their hands were torn and bleeding, and their bloodshot eyes showed like balls of fire through their dust-covered faces, bearing evidence of the fight they had put up to keep from being buried alive.

They were an odd pair and presented a strange contrast.

One was tall and young. He was lithe and straight, with wiry, steel-like muscles. His well-shaped head was covered with a shock of wavy golden hair, and his dust-covered, bleeding hands were long and slender. The rawhide strap of his hat hung under his chin, and his face wore an expression of sullen rebellion and suppressed indignation. He did not even so much as favor the other man with one of his scowling glances.

"The Gamblin' Kid," as he was familiarly known in the Southwest, had good reason for his sullen attitude. He had shot a man, and in consequence he had fallen into the hands of the law, which in this particular case were the hands of no less a personage than ex-Sheriff Gabe of Rawson County. He was a little old wizened man of seventy years. To look at him no one would ever credit him with the job he had in hand. He resembled nothing so little as he did a man-hunter whose reputation had, on more than one occasion, been the cause of shady characters and gunmen leaving the desert trail and giving Rawson County a wide berth.

Gabe was not at all like your Western magazine sheriff, who is always depicted as a big man with a long, drooping mustache and cold, steely eyes. No, Gabe was the farthest possible from that picture, almost to the extent of being weak in his demeanor. Even his high-heeled boots could not elevate him above five feet six inches, and his yellow-white mustache never grew long enough to droop. His pale-blue eyes under normal conditions were almost wistful and sympathetic, but surely the man who wrote the poem "The Colt Equalizer," telling how all men are the same size behind a Colt .45, must have known old man Gabe.

No one had as yet proven himself a bigger man with a gun than Gabe, and quite a number had been curious. If Gabe had been of the type of man who must notch the butt of his gun in order to refresh his memory, it is doubtful if one gun would have been sufficient to hold his decorations.

He had retired some years before from the office of sheriff of Rawson County. After thirty odd years of man-hunting he had felt in need of a rest, and realized that he was no longer in a fit condition to cope with the requirements of his office in the desert country. But since his retirement he had on several occasions, in the absence of the new sheriff, been called back to serve as sheriff, which accounted for his being out on the desert with the Kid in tow.

Gabe's face was thin and haggard, and his lips quivered as he stood gazing where the rays of the sun were starting to filter through the red sky.

"Reckon it's over?" he said weakly, without looking at the Kid. It was more of a statement than a question.

The Kid made no reply, and old Gabe did not act as though he had expected him to. He had become accustomed to the Kid's sullen, silent mood. Even their common peril throughout the storm had not changed that. The Kid had spoken no word since Gabe had crept up on him two nights before and disarmed him, and the scowl on his boy face never softened.

The Kid felt deeply chagrined at being held a captive by a weak-mannered individual like Sheriff Gabe, and he cursed him blackly under his breath and hoped for a break that would give him his chance to be off again.

Gabe had ceased gazing at the sky and was looking in a friendly way at the hole behind the sand-dune which had sheltered them from the burning sands.

Then he spoke again in the same soft tone.

"We sure played in big luck to find this place. Yeh, we sure did," he continued. "Not another place showin' that would have done the trick."

The only effect his words had on the Kid was to make him scowl deeper and turn away. If the expression on his face was his answer, he certainly did not appear grateful for his deliverance.

Gabe did not know that he blamed him much for that. He had seen other men who had been indifferent to their welfare when realizing what was in store for them at the end of the journey. So he refrained from expressing himself further and started saddling his pony. He had finished before he noticed that the Kid stood motionless and had made no move to do likewise.

"Well," began Gabe, "ain't yuh goin'—" He paused as his eyes dropped to the position of the Kid's hands held in front of him, and he did not finish what he had started to say.

He walked over and commenced fumbling with the Kid's wrists, saying in an apologetic tone: "I plum forgot."

Gabe seldom resorted to the use of handcuffs, and most of the time they stayed in his saddle-bag, but after the Kid had tried to sneak away right in the teeth of the storm, when it was at its worst, he realized that the Kid was not going to come of his own accord, so he had been forced to tie him up.

When they finished saddling their ponies, they mounted and rode away in silence.

It was still some three hours of being sundown, and Gabe was anxious to find a water-hole before dark. They had filled their water-bags shortly before the storm hit them, so they had not suffered greatly from thirst, but all that remained of that now was less than a quart, and their horses were in great need of water and feed.

Gabe took his bearing from the fast descending sun and was back-tracking, hoping to find again their lost water-hole. But darkness found them camped by some cactus-trees without having found any sign of water or their old track.

There remained but four hardtack biscuits in Gabe's saddle-bags. He divided these with the Kid and set about building a fire out of greasewood. While he was hunting wood, the Kid rose and walked over to the horses, where, unobserved, he gave up the last of his supper to his pony.

Long after dark the two men sat smoking and gazing into the fire. The puffing of their pipes and the sizzling of the greasewood were the only sounds audible.

When Gabe finished his smoke he rose, and speaking to the Kid in a friendly tone he said:

"I hate for to tie yuh up, Kid, and if you'd only give me your word that you'd keep me company till mornin' I'd not do it. You'd sleep a heap easier," he continued, his voice almost pleading, "and I'd feel some easier myself."

The Kid's lips moved but he made no reply. Instead he reached over and pulled his saddle onto the blanket for a pillow and raised his hands for the bracelets.

When the sheriff finished tying him, he rolled up in his own blanket and lay there musing on the peculiarities of human nature as he knew it.

The boy he had just tied up would shoot to kill, and had done so. He would make

a break for freedom if given the smallest chance; yes, even if he had to kill again in doing so. Yet, when asked to give his word that he would not attempt to get away, he had refused to take that means of getting loose.

"That's what I've heard said of him," murmured the sheriff to himself. "Mighty queer world," he reasoned. "Some men are killers, others are thieves, and some are liars, but very few have a full hand of meanness. Mighty queer," he mumbled, and dropped off to sleep.

The next morning they were in their saddles before sun-up, and Gabe set a brisk pace. He knew very well what the going would be when the sun commenced beating down on them.

By ten o'clock the sun was unmerciful and the heat rose from the desert in blinding waves. They rode with their hats pulled low and their neckerchiefs tied over their mouths to keep out the hot, dry air. The horses were beginning to play out, and staggered along with drooping heads and lolling tongues. The wind had swept out all trace of any track that might lead them to water. Finally the ponies stopped altogether, unable to drag their tired, burning feet through the sand.

Gabe dismounted and turned to the Kid. His eyes were wild and glassy. He did not seem to comprehend the Kid's being along. With shaking hands he unhooked the canteen from his saddle and raised it to his lips. The water was hot enough to boil an egg, but it was wet. He handed the canteen to the Kid, who treated it in the same way, merely taking enough to wet his lips.

Without waiting to rest the tired horses, the sheriff hooked the canteen back on his saddle and started walking and leading his horse. The Kid followed, cursing him inwardly for an old fool without sense enough to rest the ponies.

They walked for the next hour leading their horses.

The sand burned through their leather boots and blistered their feet until they must needs mount or stop.

When next they came to a stop, the Kid made a move to unsaddle his pony and rest. Old Gabe halted him by climbing heavily into his saddle and motioning the Kid to do likewise. He did not seem to comprehend the condition of the horses or himself.

By noon the sun was straight up, and the sheriff was swaying drunkenly in his saddle. He rode with one hand on the horn to steady himself, and for the past hour he had taken to rubbing his hand over the left side of his chest as though he were in pain.

The Kid had ceased to scowl and his lips formed a swollen, cracked smile as his eyes followed the swaying body of the sheriff. Malignity was marked in his demeanor and in his physiognomy as he muttered through his swollen lips:

"Damn him, it won't be long now."

A spasm of pain racked the sheriff and he lost his hold on the saddle-horn and slipped to the ground.

The Kid pulled his right foot out of the stirrup, but before he could dismount, the sheriff was on his feet facing him with his gun drawn and a wild look in his eyes.

What he anticipated from the Kid's move to dismount was very clear as he stood there grasping the stirrup to steady his sagging body, and his eyes fastened on the Kid.

Then his lips parted and he spoke to the Kid in a wheezing hiss. "I'll let you know when I need you," he said, "and until I do," he continued, "I'd not make any more moves if I was you. Especially"—he broke off with a sneer—"since I'm liable to mistake your well-meaning intentions."

The Kid did not offer to reply to this. He knew that the sheriff was weakening, and he had no intention of losing out now by words or actions. So he sat cool and straight in his saddle and regarded the sheriff with an insolent look on his face.

"He's plum loco," he said as they rode on. "It won't be long now," he muttered as the sheriff almost bent double in his saddle.

Old Gabe could feel the Kid's eyes boring into the back of his head, and whenever he turned he met his leering smile.

He cursed him madly; he cursed himself for having tied the Kid up the previous night; he could have bluffed sleep, he reasoned in his semidelirious mind, and

when the Kid had made a break to get away he could have plugged him. The thought of losing his man affected him strangely, and he cursed the sand-storm and the sheriff of Rawson County for having been away, thereby throwing the job on him.

Riding and stumbling alongside of their horses, they kept going until late in the afternoon.

Finally Gabe's horse, too tired to take another step, reeled and sank slowly to the ground. Gabe started applying his quirt to the pony's head, and trying to pull the tired animal up on his feet. In his frenzy he took to shaking the pony's head, wheezing out oaths as he swung his loaded quirt time and again.

The Kid sat silent in his saddle, watching this spectacle. The muscles stood out hard on his face, and his jaw quivered as the sheriff's pony made a weak attempt to rise, and sank back again. Gabe fell across his pony's neck, his mouth open, and his breath came in racking gasps. He had exhausted his waning strength in his maddened frenzy. For long he lay there watching the Kid before he recovered sufficiently to rise. He seemed to be in a daze as he staggered around, and uncertain as to his next move. Then, seeming to realize that further travel was impossible, he unbuckled the cinch and pulled his saddle off, and motioned the Kid to do likewise. This done, he took his blanket and started walking painfully toward some cactus-trees down in a hollow and lay down. He lay there, his face twitching with pain, and his eyes fixed on the Kid.

When the sun had gone down he got up and, not seeming to be aware of the Kid's presence, started walking slowly over the knoll. A short time after he disappeared the stillness of the desert was broken by the loud report of a gun.

"He's done it," exclaimed the Kid, his face turning pale.

But even as he started to rise, the sheriff appeared over the knoll with a smoking gun in his hand. He staggered up to the Kid, and drawing the gun he had taken from him three days before he handed it to him *barrel first*, saying as he did so, in a biting voice: "Your horse needs lookin' to."

The Kid made no move to take the gun, and his lips formed a protest, but seeing the gun in the sheriff's right hand tilt upward and his lips drawn back in a sneer, he checked his words and took the gun.

The sheriff watched him with bulging eyes and kept his gun trained on his back.

When the Kid had disappeared from view, the sheriff started crawling after him, pushing his gun before him.

When he came to the ridge, he pulled his hat off and peered cautiously over, lest the Kid get the first shot. The first glimpse he got made him duck his head. Then he heard the Kid speaking in a tremulous tone of voice. They were the first words the sheriff had heard him utter since he met him.

"Now, now, you mustn't look thataway," he was saying to his pony, who was looking at him with pleading eyes.

"Yuh ain't a-thinkin' I'd be holdin' out on you, are yuh?" he asked, as the pony nuzzled his pocket. "I'm sorry, old girl," he continued sadly, as he rubbed her nose, "I ain't got a crumb for you. I gave you the last bit I had last night."

But the pony did not seem to understand why there was no morsel of food for her, and she pawed the sand beseechingly and squeezed her nose farther into his pocket.

So the Kid stood silent with his arms around her drooping neck, his eyes closed in misery.

Long he stood there before he could steel himself for the task he had in hand.

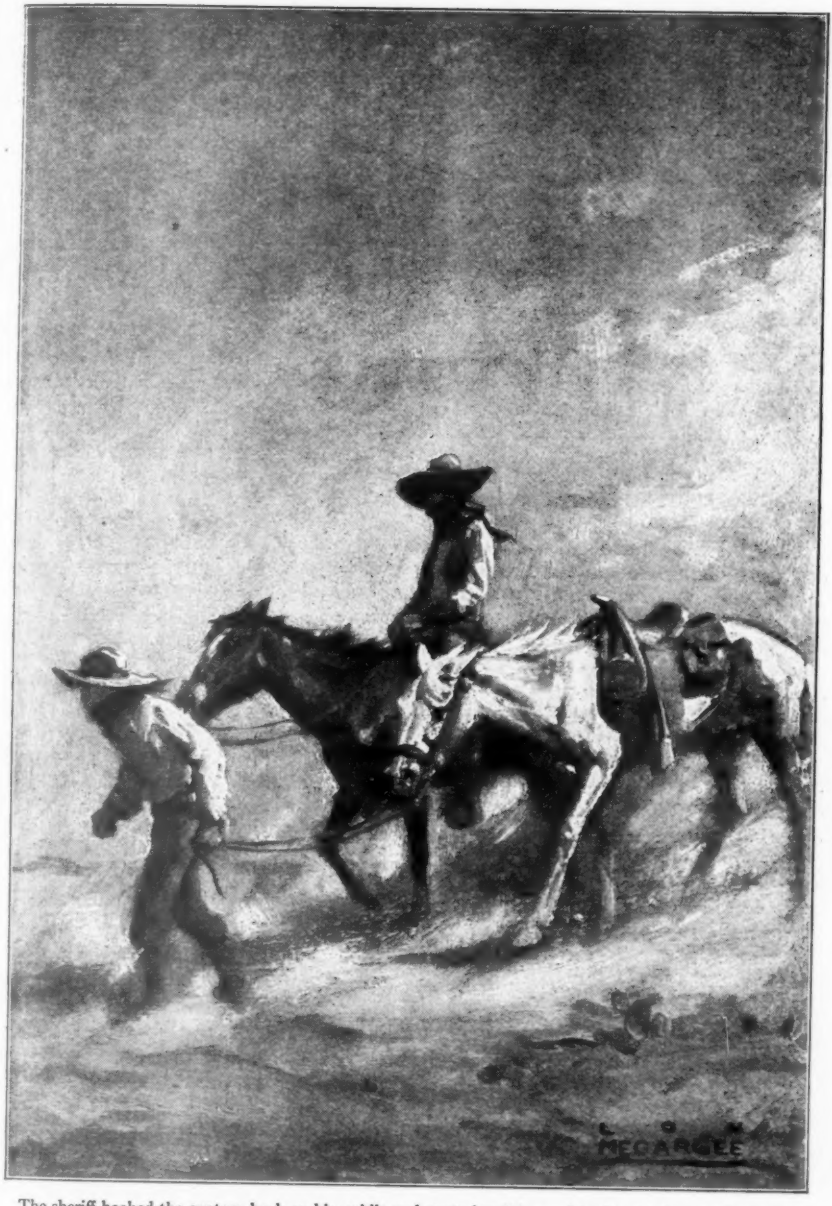
Then his hand slid slowly to his holster. He scarcely could close his fingers around the butt, they had become so numb, and the pistol seemed to be made of lead.

"It ain't goin' to hurt you much, girl," he said in a husky voice. "I wouldn't hurt you if I could help it."

The pony had ceased nuzzling his pocket and was looking at him, her big eyes seeming to sense her master's distress.

"Keep a-lookin' now. I never hurt you and I don't want you to know I done this."

There was a flash and a report, and the pony sank slowly down while the Kid held her head in his arms. He stayed in that position a long time, and his shoulders shook with convulsive sobs.



The sheriff hooked the canteen back on his saddle and started walking and leading his horse.—Page 489.

Old man Gabe, peering over the knoll of sand, let his gun slip slowly into his holster, and his face softened as he crept quietly back.

Long after, he heard the Kid's footsteps come crunching slowly back through the sand, but he forbore to turn around, and sat gazing absently at the ground before him. He heard the footsteps come to a halt, and his face took on an expectant look, but he did not turn. He knew what was going on behind his back almost as well as though he could see. Then, as the footsteps resumed their crunching, his lips formed a weak smile.

"That's what I figured," he said. "That's what I figured."

"You keep that," said the sheriff without raising his eyes, as the Kid tried to hand him his gun.

The Kid did not seem to understand, and he stood there ill at ease, holding the gun. Seeing the puzzled expression on his face, Gabe explained: "Coyotes will be around to-night; you may have to use it."

The Kid slipped the gun into his holster and sat down, still at sea as to what kind of a game old Gabe was up to now. The scowl was gone from the Kid's swollen face, and a streak that he had failed to rub off with his sleeve ran down from his eye on the left side of his face.

Old Gabe's face, drawn with pain and suffering, had taken on a wistful expression. He had played his last card and he had failed in what he had played for, namely, in trying to shoot it out with the Kid. He knew, as his breathing became more and more difficult, that he had run his last race. As darkness fell on them, the desert atmosphere became chilly, and Gabe started to rise, saying as he did so: "I reckon we'd better have a little fire." His face twitched with pain, and he clutched his side and slipped weakly back. The Kid leaned forward quickly and eased him down, his face full of concern.

"Thanks," murmured old Gabe. "Seems to be my chest."

"You stay here," said the Kid in a husky voice. "I'll rustle a fire."

They were the first words he had spoken to the sheriff.

Old Gabe lay watching him as he busied himself with the fire. "He's only a kid," he murmured, as the fire showed up the Kid's boyish face. "It's too bad," continued the sheriff to himself. "I wonder how he come to do it. Reckon it was his temper. I've heard it said he's got a right fiery one. Don't guess he'd care to talk about it. If I only knowed, why, I'd—" and there Gabe paused in his thinking.

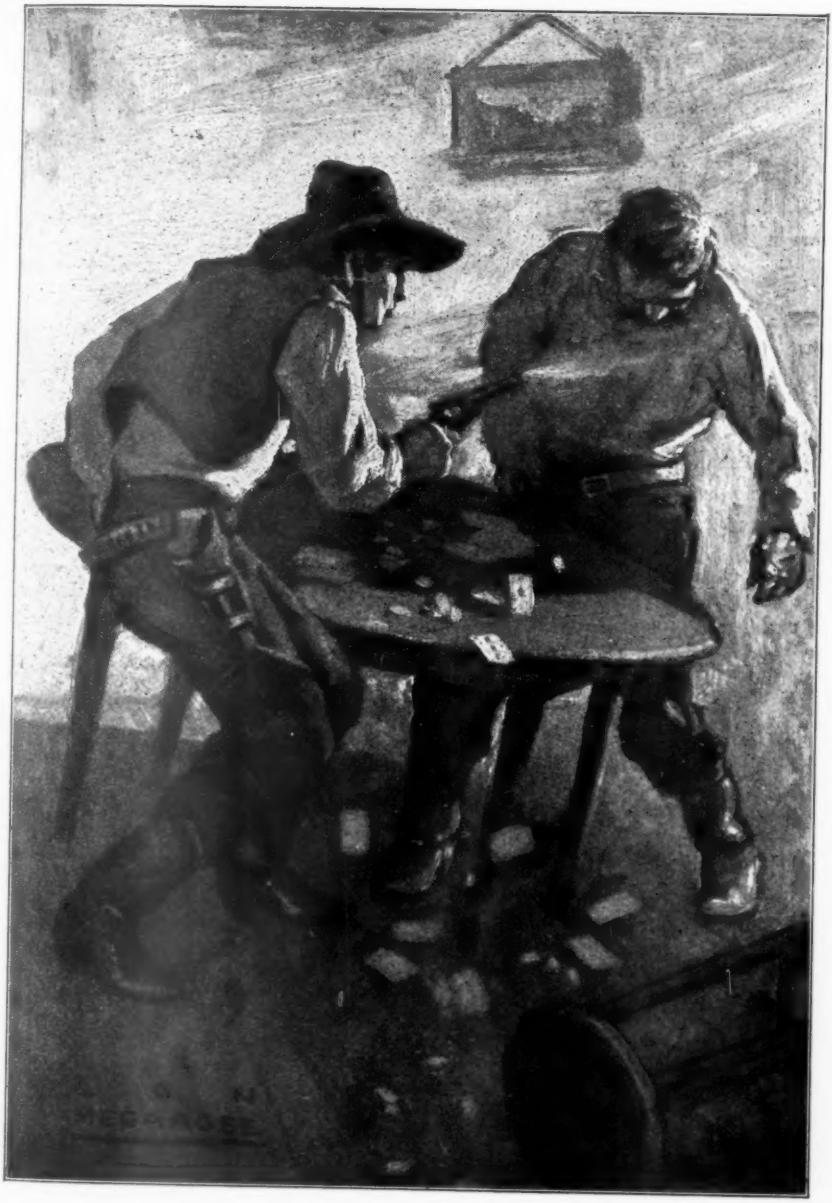
"Kid," he commenced, when the Kid had seated himself on the opposite side of the fire, "I reckon as how you and me has acted plum foolish for the past days." He paused to see what effect his words had on the Kid, but not reading anything in his face, he continued: "Yeh, plumb foolish. We're growed-up men, and should act as such. Now, my job is to bring you in. The law wants you, and I'm hired by the law. I've always made it a rule in my business never to ask questions or to try to pry anything out of my man. There's men back in town who the law hires for that job, and I've always left that part of the game to them. Now, Kid, I'm a-going to break that rule for reasons I can't explain, only this, if you choose to tell me, why, it will make things a heap easier for—" Another spasm of pain racked his body and he gasped for air.

The Kid snatched up the canteen and held it to Gabe's lips while he supported his head in the crook of his arm.

"It ain't water, Kid," said the sheriff, and tried to smile as the Kid lowered his head. When the pain ceased, he spoke again; his voice sounded hollow and far away. "Yeh, it would be a heap easier for me," he said; "and I'll tell you this, Kid, what you tell me you won't be tellin' any one else, not even me when you're through."

The Kid sat staring into the fire. His dry lips moved, but the words seemed to stick, so old Gabe asked in a voice almost pleading: "Why did you do it, Kid?"

"It was him or me," commenced the Kid in a husky voice. "We was in Freeman's back room," he continued, "playin' stud. They was six of us in the game when it started, then it dwindled down to just Slim Gaskins and me. No one else was in the room at the time. We was bettin' real money," said the Kid, and his voice had become hard,



"It was him or me."—Page 492.

"when the skunk sneaked an ace under his hole card. He knowed I'd seed him, and when I reached for to spread his cards there was six showin', *one extra*. He went for his gun at the same time, but it must have stuck. He never got it out. You know the rest," the Kid broke off.

The sheriff lay silently regarding the Kid's head lowered in his hands.

"Why didn't yuh stay and explain, Kid?" he asked.

"What chance had I?" answered the Kid dejectedly. "His gun was in his holster, and the cards were strewn on the floor."

"It's always the absent what's termed guilty, Kid," said the sheriff. "We all knowed Gaskins for what he was, and if you'd only stayed——"

"I became afeared," the Kid interrupted, his voice shaking. "I never had done *that* before."

Old Gabe's heart went out to the Kid as he regarded his boyish jaw quivering with emotion, so he refrained from further discussion of the happening. He knew the Kid had come clean with his story, and he believed him.

Even men grown old and calloused in crime, when they come to play their last hand, will, as a rule, deal their last cards from the top of the deck.

Gabe turned over on his back and lay counting the stars, and his brow was wrinkled in thought. He knew that to-morrow the buzzards, which had been flying overhead all day, would come to earth, and he shuddered as the thought struck him.

He lay thinking a long time, and then his wrinkled brow relaxed and he murmured softly to himself, as an idea occurred to him: "Yeh, I'll give him an even chance. If he wins," he continued, "I reckon it won't be back in town that I'll stand trial for my action. No, it surely won't be back in town," he said as he rose weakly and staggered over to his saddle-bag and took out a pack of playing-cards.

"Ever play poker show-down, Kid?" he asked, trying to bluff an air of cheerfulness.

"Some," replied the Kid.

"Now, there ain't a little bit of use of you and me tryin' to fool each other, Kid," he said. "Not a bit. To-morrow will call our bluff if we do. There ain't but a little water left; one man might go till to-morrow noon if he had it all. Now, I've been thinkin' as how that might be arranged. Here's my game. You can leave it or take it. Either way will suit me. We'll play one hand of show-down poker."

The Kid bent forward, his face white and his lips trembling.

"The winning hand," continued the sheriff, "takes the water and quits camp to-night *alone*."

They looked at each other in silence for a good half-minute. They both realized fully what the stakes were and what was in store for the man who lost.

Then the boy's lips ceased trembling and his face became immobile, and he was once more "The Gamblin' Kid."

"All right," he said, so low it was almost a whisper. "First Jack deals."

The sheriff nodded his approval and commenced turning the cards for the deal.

"Jack," spoke up the Kid after a half-dozen turns, and old Gabe passed him the deck to shuffle.

The Kid split the pack and sent the cards shimmering in a continuous ripple through his fingers.

Gabe watched those long, slender hands as they manipulated the flying cards and he knew they had the power to deal him a hand of death, and as he raised his eyes to the Kid's face he read the fight that was taking place there.

Finally the Kid's will broke, and he threw down the cards, and in a voice that shook with despair said:

"You shuffle them, sheriff; I can't make my fingers obey my mind; they keep a-settin' the cards in spite of myself."

Gabe picked up the cards slowly and commenced shuffling them. He did not speak. He could find no words that would express his thoughts.

As he passed the cards for a cut, he noticed how the Kid's hand shook, and he knew what it had cost him to give up the deal.

The Kid picked up his cards and moved to the fire to see them. A slight twitching at the corners of his mouth was all

that his poker face registered as he laid the cards down face up.

His hand showed one pair of queens.

Gabe let his eyes fall on the Kid's cards, and his face wore a pleased expression as he opened his cards to lay them down.

The Kid's face was tense as his eyes followed the downward movement of the sheriff's hand, but before Gabe could lay his cards down, a violent pain in his chest stayed his hand, and he clutched the cards and fell face forward into the Kid's arms.

He raised the sheriff to a sitting position and held the canteen to his lips. As the Kid eased him gently down, old Gabe murmured softly to himself, "This is it. *This is it,*" and closed his eyes.

When again he opened his pain-ridden eyes, the light of hope was gone from his face.

"Yuh got a pair of queens, ain't yuh, Kid?" he asked in a voice weak with despair.

The Kid's eyes dropped as he nodded his head "yes."

"That—that beats me, Kid," said Gabe, closing his eyes. "The water is yours."

Long after, they sat gazing into the fire, full of thoughts and short of words. In each man's heart there was an unspeakable emotion at the dissolution of their companionship.

"You don't mind stayin' around for a spell, do you, Kid?" asked Gabe sadly, as he rolled himself up in his blanket. "Just long enough for me to fall asleep," he continued. "It won't be so lonesome if I'm not awake when you go."

"No, no, certainly not," the Kid hastened to reply. "I'll stay longer if——"

"Just until I'm asleep will be long enough, thank you," said Gabe with a smile.

Long after the sheriff had fallen asleep the Kid sat staring into the fire. He was anything but elated over the unexpected turn of events, and his heart went out to the man who had lost.

As he sat there, heavy of heart and trying to keep down a lump that kept rising in his throat, he played idly with the cards, running them back and forth through his long fingers.

Finally, with an effort, he roused himself to go. Picking up the sheriff's cards to place them in the pack he unconsciously opened them.

His eyes widened as they fell on the cards, and the look of sadness vanished from his face. Cold perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his jaw sagged as his lips parted and he mumbled incoherently: "Aces and eights. The dead man's hand!"

Aces and eights were the cards that the dead man back in town had held in his crooked deal of six cards. It was as though the dead man's hand was reaching out across the desert as a grim reminder of his tragic affair in town.

It numbed the Kid's senses, and a shiver shook his body as the cool desert air penetrated his dampened clothing.

It slowly dawned on him as he reached for the canteen to moisten his parched lips that he had no right to the water.

"It ain't mine; I ain't a right to it," he murmured in a hushed voice, as he stayed his hand. Then he began to wonder "why," and sought the answer in the sheriff's sleeping face.

"I don't guess he could have saw them," he muttered again and again.

Then he remembered vaguely, as his brain began to clear, that the sheriff had been seized with a violent pain in his chest as he had been about to show up his hand, and had not done so.

"It was the pain," reasoned the Kid aloud. "Must have addled his brain so he plum forgot what cards he had in his hand."

He stood running his fingers through his wavy hair, his brow wrinkled in thought. He knew the sheriff had held the winning hand and had won the water.

"I must wake him and tell him," he said to himself. But glancing at Gabe's face, relaxed from pain in deep sleep, he deferred.

"I'll just let him sleep," he murmured softly, "and mosey away myself. He'll find the water when he wakes up."

For fear Gabe might not think to look for it, he took an old envelope from his pocket and wrote with a shaking hand on the back of it:

"Aces and eights always beats a pair of queens, in a *square deal,*" he emphasized. "I don't savvy why you done it. I

expect your head is like mine, a little crazy, and you've not seen things clear, and maybe you done it—" He paused here. A lump had risen in his throat, and he could not write his thoughts.

"I can't take the water," he continued. "I ain't *that*, whatever else. I hope you get through," he wound up.

He placed the note under the canteen and stumbled off in the lonely night.

The next morning a searching party headed by Bill Steadman, a ranger, were pushing their horses hard in the direction of a flock of buzzards flying low over a hollow in the desert.

When they found Gabe he was in the same position in which the Kid had left him. He had just dozed off into the longest of slumbers.

They closed his eyes and pulled the blanket over his face.

"Just played out on himself," said the ranger softly as he stood reading the note the Kid had written. "Wasn't the water so much," he continued. "He could have had that. Yeh, I reckon he knowed his job was finished, and also who he was turnin' loose."

"Yuh'r right, he did," spoke up another member of the party.

"Old Gabe ain't the kind to turn a man loose just because he tired of his company," said another.

They followed the Kid's stumbling footsteps until midday. They could see where he had fallen and risen, and stumbled on. Now and then they came to a hole where he had scooped out the sand hoping, in his delirious mind, to find water.

The last mile he had been unable to keep his feet, and had crawled.

They came on him face down, within twenty rods of a water-hole. His mouth was open, and his tongue, swollen and black, hung out at the side.

Bill Steadman applied a wet cloth to his lips, and the other men cut his boots off from his swollen and blistered feet.

When he opened his delirious eyes and saw Bill bending over him, he mistook him for Gabe, and mumbled, "All right, sheriff, I'll go with you now," and sank back.

When they revived him enough to travel, and started slowly back, a man who was a newcomer in the desert country and who knew nothing about desert laws or codes rode along beside Bill Steadman and asked in a hushed voice what he thought the Kid's chances were.

"Oh, he'll make it," replied Bill. "He's got youth and——"

"I don't mean that kind of a chance," interrupted the other man. "I mean back in town—his trial."

"Trial, hell!" said Bill. "He's done been tried."

Hymn to Lucifer

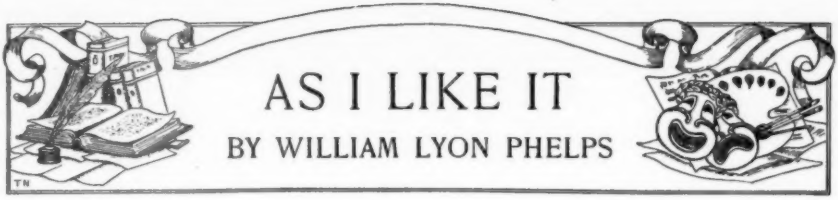
BY JOHN FARRAR

O Lucifer, Bright Prince of Sin
Teach me what ways to wander in
That I may know the grim desire
That stretches man across Hell's fire.

Teach me thy mandates to rehearse,
Teach me the sabbath witches' curse,
Show me the cloaks thy slaves have worn
To stand before God's throne in scorn.

Teach me the mastery of hate,
Of wickedness most intricate,
Of passions blacker than black flames,
Of darker crimes that bear no names.

I would know you throughout all time,
I'd earn a Doctorate of Crime
Until, with sin quite understood
My heart might entertain the good.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MY remarks in the July issue on librarians drew a considerable number of letters from men and women practising that admirable profession. A gentleman from Pennsylvania writes: "I agree with you. . . . But there are not enough of them in this world. Many are qualified for the profession, but few indulge in it. Why is this? I think the main reason . . . is due to the fact that it does not offer high enough financial return. 'The starving bookseller' is a common expression and disheartens those interested in books and their circulation."

I am sure that a world with more librarians in it would be a better world than this; and I am sure that their services do not receive sufficient financial compensation. I inquired about this matter of Andrew Keogh, one of the most distinguished librarians in America, and he replied: "There is no doubt that there is a dearth of librarians, at least of librarians of the proper kind, and I feel quite sure that the low salaries have a good deal to do with this. The salaries paid to teachers in the public schools are higher than those paid in public libraries to people of the same education and length of experience, and the salaries of teachers are really higher because they work only nine months in the year. In some cases teachers are entitled to a pension, while public librarians have nothing of this sort to look forward to, as a rule. In the college and university library the same thing is true. The library staff has to work eleven months of the year, which means that they have no opportunity to write or study or travel, and they do not, as a rule, get the same salary as those on the teaching side. It is true that many assistants in college and university libraries have not the education required of teachers, but those who have are still in many places employed at a lower salary than if they had gone into teaching."

Well, this should be reformed altogether. I did not know that there was any educated group, always excepting ministers of the gospel, who received lower salaries than teachers in the public schools. The men and women who teach in primary, secondary, and high schools, and who are perhaps more responsible for the future citizenship of the country than any other class, have always been inadequately paid; this kind of preparedness has never appealed to those who distribute public funds. If librarians are still worse off, I am sorry for them, and sorrier for the cities and villages in which they work. Both teachers and librarians are yet in a better position than ministers, for, no matter how small the salary may be, they actually receive it; whereas with Christian ministers, the smaller the salary, the less likely they are to get it. A pastor of a big city church receives his cheque regularly; a pastor in a small village, who often has several churches to manage, has to beg for his income like a trained dog asking for food. So true is this that a little while ago, when a committee called on the pastor of a small church and informed him they were going to raise his salary, he exclaimed: "Don't you do that; it takes all my time to go out and collect what I have now."

It is amusing to see the constant attacks made on churches as "bulwarks of wealth and privilege," when the majority of them are composed of members who are poor, the poorest frequently being the preacher.

A short time ago I saw in New York an interesting play by Tom Cushing and Winchell Smith, called "Thank You," alluding to the fact that the average minister has to live on tips. The driving idea of this comedy was that ministers should be so well paid that their status would be more than respectable—their position should be so dignified as to be at least on a level with that of the squire. The minister should be so far above sordid cares

that he would be able to devote his entire time to the spiritual needs of the community, and receive from his neighbors the respect always given in this funniest of all possible worlds to any one who lives in luxury. Now the Catholic Church takes care of its clergy; a priest is the leader of his flock, and is seldom regarded by outsiders as contemptible. You remember in that brilliant novel by Harold Frederic, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," the dramatic contrast between the powerful Father Forbes and the miserable Methodist minister? Well, then, read it. It is as striking a comparison as that between Bishop Blougram and Gigadibs, in Browning's poem.

To see a play in the theatre advocating the raising of ministers' salaries has an oddity all its own.

There is no doubt that those whose time is mainly given to public service are conspicuously underpaid, and while it is essential that librarians, teachers, and preachers should receive more money—because able men and women must be attracted to these callings, and because no man can do his work efficiently if he lives in chronic financial worry—still I think it is well that these three professions should never be on a cash level with the law, engineering, and business. The element of personal sacrifice is more necessary to success than the possibility of any material gain. When I hear people say indignantly, "The successful librarian, teacher, or preacher should be paid exactly as much as the successful lawyer, manufacturer, or engineer," I smell a fallacy. It is essential that he who enters one of those three public service professions should be actuated chiefly by a never-dying zeal to help mankind. Give, and not get, is the eternal distinction between service and personal ambition.

Not for a moment do I mean to imply that business men are morally inferior. It is the man and not the job that counts the most. Public servants could never live at all were it not for the generosity of men of affairs. Librarians do not build libraries; doctors do not build hospitals; professors do not build colleges; ministers do not build churches. These institutions are erected by devoted, unselfish, and successful business men. But the impelling motive driving any man or woman into a profession of service should never be security, ease, social standing, or luxury. There is no particular danger that it ever will be.

The danger is all the other way. I remember a statement in a book by the late Professor Albert E. Hancock, of Haverford, whose tragic death was a public misfortune. A young assistant professor, who was vainly endeavoring to support a wife and child on an inadequate salary, was asked what particular original work he had in hand. He answered: "I have only one ambition. That is to pay my bills. I have ceased to take the slightest interest in any form of scholarship. My time and energy are devoted to meeting living expenses. That is my original work." This is neither an imaginary nor an isolated tragedy.

To return to librarians. I received a witty letter from a young Boston librarian, who playfully objects to my calling her and her colleagues *harmless*. I admit that the word has an unfortunate connotation, but I meant it only as a compliment. Every one secretly likes to be regarded as formidable, and *harmless* sounds tame. But when I think of the large amount of damage wrought by individuals who are not technically guilty of crime, I think that to say librarians are the most harmless of all people is to praise them. I mean they are positively, aggressively harmless.

Every one secretly likes to be regarded as formidable; and if it is any comfort to librarians, let me confess that, so far as I can remember, no man, woman, or child has ever been afraid of me. This is, as the world goes, a humiliating admission; for many believe that not to inspire fear is a sign of incurable weakness. *En revanche*, I find that with advancing years I progressively lose fear of others; I grow less and less afraid of human beings. There are some things, however, I will not do; I never open letters in the evening, and I will not answer the telephone after I have gone to bed. President Eliot once told me that every night at nine o'clock he "killed" the telephone, and restored it to activity at seven the next morning. This explains why he has lived to be eighty-nine years old.

The librarian of the United States Veterans' Bureau Hospital 80, Fort Lyon, Colorado, neatly catches me in an egregious and unpardonable error, and all I can do is to cry *Peccavi!* She writes: "It is heartening indeed, and highly stimulating, to have the dignity and usefulness of our calling so recognized. If permitted a paraphrase, I'd say, 'For this belief much thanks.' . . . Of course it's a busy life this being mousy, abstaining from profanity and lynchings, keeping out of jail generally. However, some of us in this harmless profession have found time to read enough to know our Keats from our breakfast food. Hence we are led to wonder, on reading to the end of your article, in what edition of the 'Grecian Urn' you find 'Heard *songs* are sweet,' etc. True, Keats might have sacrificed rhythm to alliteration—but did he? He might have said 'Heard *songs*' instead of 'Heard *melodies*'—but did he? Has your harmless librarian a special edition or are you putting it, as John Weaver would, 'in American'? We may be wrong, but we think we have the cards. As our boys say, 'We call your Keats—what you got?'"

What have I got? I am nine-spot high. Only I did not intend to bluff, and I am sorry I came in. The accursed propensity to alliteration was what made me misquote. The worst of it is that this is not my only offense. In recent years I have repeatedly quoted that phrase from memory and have invariably said *songs* instead of *melodies*. It makes one perfectly rhythmical pentameter line, but my correspondent is wrong in saying Keats might have said *songs*. He could not; for in that poem he would never have used anything but the perfect word.

I am almost glad of my humiliation because it drew so jolly a letter, and because it saved me from continuing in sin. I therefore glory in my shame. Let me say now that any corrections of errors in these articles will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged. This does not refer to indiscriminate abuse. Faithful are the wounds of an enemy, for the victim recognizes the sincerity of the intention; but they require no acknowledgment.

Alliteration led me into that crime against Keats. When Professor Scripture was teaching psychology at Yale, he made tests on a large number of individuals, with the result that he proved that the average man, both in writing and in speaking, falls instinctively into alliteration. The problem of the poet is not to alliterate, but to avoid it. Alliteration precedes rhyme.

Swinburne's

"With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain"

is undoubtedly deliberate, but I think the following line from Browning was unstudied.

"Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God?"

A correspondent from Pasadena suggests that my sentence, "The reason why the supremacy in this game has passed, etc.," would be better without the word *why*. I agree with him. Yet my sentence is not incorrect. *Why* is there a relative adverb, and the clause with which it begins is not an adverb clause, but an adjective clause, modifying the noun *reason*. See that excellent work "Constructive English," by Francis K. Ball.

A musician from Asheville, North Carolina, gives me some interesting reflections on the word *accompanist*. "I am repeatedly subjected to the hearing of breakneck attempts at its pronunciation. Why on earth people try to make it a hard word to pronounce is beyond my ken. Simply because the verb 'accompany' has a y at the end, they insist on saying 'accompanyist'—and I've heard many a gallant attempt to pronounce it with casual speed end disastrously. The noun does not boast a y. Therefore, 'y' will some people insist on its inclusion? The word *accompanist* is simple and easy."

She is undoubtedly right; and I hope this advertisement will bring relief to many. Still, the word *accompanyist* occurs in Grove's "Dictionary of Music"; but it is obsolescent and the sooner it dies the better. I like the story of the alcoholic musician who was accosted by the policeman with the remark, "See here, you'll have to accompany me." "All right, old man; what's the key?"

My Asheville correspondent is dis-

tressed to see the words *farther* and *further* used indifferently. As an illustration of accuracy she writes, "Seated on a fallen log, they discussed the matter further before walking farther." She condemns Edith Wharton for not observing the distinction. As a matter of fact, the distinction has become outlawed, and it is not incorrect to use either word for the other. But it would be well if we could observe the finest shades. Finally she condemns Brander Matthews—she is out for big game—for using *as . . . as*, when he should say *so . . . as*, in negative sentences: "he is not as active at 70 as he was at 40." She adds, "I am right, am't I?" Personally I agree with her, though it is a matter of taste rather than of grammar or syntax.

It is well to indicate a change in the meaning of a word by a change in the spelling. I follow the English usage in writing *tyre* for an automobile, *cheque* for a bank, and *storey* for an edifice. It is pleasant to note that the abominable American spelling *segar*, once very common, is moribund; and along with it has vanished the comic accent on the first syllable.

A lady from Springfield, Mass. (pronounced Massachusetts), writes, "As a contraction of 'am I not?' what is the objection to 'amn't I?' All my life I have heard and used it, not once questioning the propriety of doing so." This is interesting. I have never heard it except in jest, but I hope to. Is it really common in Springfield? I am more than ever determined to use it, now emboldened by my correspondent, but I shall spell it "am't" I.

A press despatch from London states that Doctor J. A. Fleming, inventor of the wireless valve—whatever that is—in a lecture to electrical engineers, said that the phrase "the rough-coated, dough-faced ploughman went coughing and hiccoughing through the streets of Scarborough," was used by Americans to find a method of reproducing by telephone all the variations of vowels. He added that the number of waves set up by speech could be counted and weighed. Even a lecturer emitted only twenty-five foot-pounds of power per hour. Dear me! I had thought it was more than that. But this explains why, at the expiration of the average lecture, the audience is more exhausted than either the speaker or the subject.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the English novelist, writes me an interesting letter about the present state of the English novel. Her husband was the famous mathematician and philosopher, and the conversations in their house were so brilliant that they literally became the talk of London. Years ago I read her admirable novel, "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," and it will be remembered that she recently scored a success with "Miss Fingal." With her present letter she enclosed clippings from the London newspapers, giving an account of a public debate between Rebecca West and Sheila Kaye-Smith. The subject was the Sex Novel. Mr. J. C. Squire, poet, critic, parodist, and editor of that excellent periodical, the London *Mercury*, was in the chair, and there was a large audience. Miss Kaye-Smith asserted that there was no alternative to the sex novel, and that we did not want one, which remark was greeted with cheers. She also said that sex was one of the few abiding emotions we had left; we were different from our forefathers in most things, but not in this. Therefore if the novelist wished to make a universal appeal, he should write a sex novel. Miss West said there was no such thing as a sex novel among works of art; such books were written by people who were unable to make their writings interesting without this motive. She then proclaimed a stiff doctrine, saying that novels were much too easy; they should contain more thought, and be more difficult to read. "When you get hold of a good novel you ought to be prepared to spend not two days, but two months, over it. You ought to do that ten times if it is a good-enough novel." In summing up, Mr. Squire said he should take away with him a picture of Miss Kaye-Smith hugging to her bosom the last slight element of crudity that remained in our civilization, and he would long remember the spectacle of Miss West standing on that platform advising them to take two

months to read a novel and to read it ten times, taking two months each time. That might possibly be good for the reader, but it would certainly knock the bottom out of the fiction market. Mr. Squire's remarks pleased the audience, but I wonder if they increased his popularity with the speakers.

Miss West's advice would have to be followed with certain books. I remember reading of a conversation where A said, "I love the novels of Henry James; I read them over and over again." B: "You have to."

Another of Mrs. Clifford's cuttings shows that the quarrel between the old and the young in London is in an acute stage. Some curious specimen of youth published an anonymous and hysterical protest against old people, heading it "The Secret Cry of the Young." The article expressed the fervent wish that all people over sixty would die, for they are a "ghastly nuisance to young people." The editor of the paper declared that this murderous wish had elicited "hundreds of letters of protest," which seems to me to prove that there are as many idiots in London as in New York. But the crazy child who wrote it had the satisfaction of drawing a contemptuous reply from Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who wrote, "The aspirations which have been seething for so long in your youthful breast without means of expression have at last found noble utterance. And it all amounts to this: *It's our money you want!*"

Well, let me quote once more from a worldly philosopher who had a knack of summarizing human thought, I mean the prize-fighter John L. Sullivan. "Various candidates for the championship say they want this and they want that. But what they all really want is the good old dough."

The recent death of Maurice Hewlett brought out the following anecdote in the London press. In 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett lived across the street from Mrs. Clifford. One day he called upon her with a huge parcel, informed her that it contained a novel he had written, and asked her to read it. It lay on her table for days, but one night she tackled it in desperation, and read it straight through with steadily increasing enthusiasm. She sent it to Macmillans, and heard nothing. Meeting the head of the firm at a party, he said, "Your friend's book won't do. Our reader says—" "Your reader is an idiot," said Mrs. Clifford. "Go home and read it yourself." The book was "The Forest Lovers" and Macmillans published it. For some weeks there was silence, then came universal acclaim, and Hewlett received fame and fortune. He quite properly dedicated the novel to Mrs. Clifford.

A London author writes me that young people over there do not now read good books, with the exception of Kipling and Stevenson. The boys still like "Robinson Crusoe," but they are not familiar with "Gulliver's Travels" or "Pilgrim's Progress." In my boyhood I unaccountably missed four works of universal fame —"The Wide Wide World," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs," and "The Swiss Family Robinson." The last three I shall never read, but some day I am going to examine "The Wide Wide World," to discover what gave it such sensational success in both English and American households. The popularity of some books is more interesting than either the books or their authors.

Of new American novels, I have most enjoyed "Mr. Podd," by Freeman Tilden. Henry Ford is the only begetter of the story, but Mr. Podd is by no means a mere copy of the automobile-manufacturer. This is a sprightly and winsome tale, full of toothless satire and wise tolerance. The reformer and the reactionary afford to the reader much diversion, and over all the fun is the fragrance of romance.

I am glad that the publishers have decided to reissue Nesta Webster's memoirs of the Chevalier de Boufflers. It should have a wide circulation. It is a contribution—from the aristocratic point of view —to the history of the French Revolution; but mainly it is an account of one of the most interesting love-stories in the world, biography and not fiction. One obtains an intimate view of the brilliant conversationalists of the eighteenth century. Their wit defied both life and

death. King Stanislas, who had received from his daughter, the Queen of France, the present of a wadded dressing-gown, got his death from it, for it caught fire. An old woman who endeavored to help him was severely burned, and in the midst of his agony the king said, "How strange that at our ages you and I should both burn with the same flame!" He was 88. After a fortnight of suffering he died, and in his last hours he dictated a letter to his daughter about the gown. "You gave it to me to keep me warm; but it has kept me too warm."

Wit certainly has a preservative quality. Many women of the salons lived to be octogenarians, and age seemed to act on their wits like a whetstone. They practised the art of conversation with such skill that they feared not the loss of youth and beauty; the older they grew, the more in demand they seemed to be. Perhaps the older generation to-day might learn something from them. A well-furnished mind and the ability to talk brightly on many subjects form a good insurance against life. Those wonderful men and women of the *ancien régime* had their faults, but they bored nobody; hence they were beloved by their contemporaries and envied by the young. There is never much trouble in any family where the children secretly hope some day to resemble their parents.

Another book which I recommend to students of human nature is "English Diaries," by Arthur Ponsonby. This is a review of English diaries from the sixteenth to the twentieth century; and let me add that the author's introduction, of some forty pages, on Diary Writing, is as good as anything he subsequently quotes. This is the kind of book I have been waiting for, and I wonder that it has not appeared before. Mr. Ponsonby divides the population of the earth into two classes—those who do and those who do not write diaries, and he wisely says that to the second class the first is "absolutely and entirely incomprehensible." The objective and the subjective method are discussed, together with the matter most commonly found in private journals. He makes a candid examination of the oft-discussed question, Is it possible to write a diary without imagining some one at some future time reading it? He goes into this with thoroughness; but I think one point may be added. Many believe no diary to be wholly frank, because of the thought of a remote future examination; but is there not another reason? It is difficult to write a diary without the thought that it may *very soon* be read by some one else. Who can be certain while writing that he can always and every day successfully lock up the book? He may be suddenly interrupted by an accident, by a calamity, by an unexpected visitor, by any one of a thousand things; the diary might therefore be for a moment forgotten, or one might be compelled in an emergency to leave it at the mercy of others in the household. This is one reason diaries are not a precise report of thought.

This book is a revelation of human nature; and after one has read Mr. Ponsonby's introduction, one feels complete confidence in the author's taste and judgment as exercised in the 400 pages of extracts.

Hermann Sudermann's "Book of My Youth" is practically a diary of the years from his earliest recollections of childhood in East Prussia to the beginning of his journalistic days in Berlin. I hope that he will continue the story, at least far enough to cover the period of his first successes in writing novels and plays. Judging by the English translation, the narrative is carelessly written. The author is more interested in telling us of his thoughts and experiences than in the manner of it. Possibly for this reason it seems more sincere and trustworthy. He cannot keep self-pity out of his pages, for he suffered so terribly from extreme poverty, from lack of food and lack of sleep, from ridicule at the school and at the university, that it would be a painful book did we not know that these hardships ended in success. The sentimentality so evident in the German temperament gushes from nearly every page; but it is not repellent, and the same art that makes Sudermann's novels and plays so interesting is equally triumphant here. It seems a miracle that he did not succumb, and I think few ambitious young men, no matter how rugged in constitution, would be either able or willing to

endure like Sudermann. He frequently alludes to the famous Sudermann beard, which he says was for twenty years the joke but also the envy of his contemporaries. He certainly had phenomenal whiskers, so copious that Bryant or Whitman would have turned peevish at the sight. Even his famous character, Graf Trast, did not have such luxuriant foliage as his creator.

The character of his mother, as drawn by her son, is especially appealing, and it is pleasant to remember that she is still living, at the age of 97. No writer seems more attached to his native soil and to his family; a fine trait, when we remember both. The peasant element is as strong in Sudermann as it was in Carlyle.

Although he has had amazing successes on the international stage, I believe that his early novel, "Frau Sorge," will outlast everything else he has written. That has already become a classic. It is one of the very few first-rate novels written in German. It contains among other features the most thorough study of boyish *bashfulness* that I know. The agony caused by this characteristic of adolescence receives no more sympathy than seasickness; but it has been the cause of many suicides.

I deeply regret to record the death of the famous actor Louis Calvert, who died in New York on July 18. He was a remarkably intelligent and thoroughly competent artist. An Englishman by birth, he had become a citizen of the United States. He had been on the stage forty-five years. Every one who remembers the New Theatre in New York will remember Mr. Calvert's superb interpretation of old Anthony in John Galsworthy's "Strife." He was a friend of Shaw, and created the rôles of the waiter in "You Never Can Tell" and of Andrew Undershaft in "Major Barbara." It was he who directed the production of "A Winter's Tale" by the New Theatre company, and he was later associated with John Corbin in the presentation of "The Tempest." I have a copy of his edition of "Hamlet," called "An Actor's Hamlet," with his manuscript notes, which are of high value. His book, "Problems of the Actor," I recommend to all who love the theatre. In late years he was a member of the New York Theatre Guild, appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped," "R. U. R.," and other plays. I wish I knew of some one who could take his place.

America may well be proud of an important addition to Shakespearian scholarship. This is a new "Life of Shakespeare," by Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, of Cornell. Doctor Adams is one of the ablest Elizabethan scholars in the world, and has spent years of study and investigation in the preparation of this work. Let me add that it is as interesting as it is valuable.

A new member of the Fano Club is John Henry Wigmore, dean of the law faculty at Northwestern University. He showed his originality at an early period by being born in San Francisco. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty, was professor of law at Keio University, Tokio, and has now reached the climax of his career as a citizen of the world by receiving an election to the Fano Club. He writes from that delectable place, "The town is now becoming a most popular bathing resort, with scores of new villini on the shore." When Professor Tinker and Father McCune joined, they sent me a picture postcard showing a bathing pavilion, to which work of art they appended this thrilling lyric:

"To be in Italy and not see Fano?
McCune and Tinker both cried, Ah, no!
For not to go, and here's the rub,
Means missing Phelps's Fano Club.
In Fano on Sunday shops close, all and each,
Save this poor place on the bathing beach:
But even this, we think, by Jiminy,
Is better than a card from Rimini."

Browning was not the only poet inspired by Fano.

Other new members of 1923 are W. D. Crockett and Sarah G. Crockett, of State College, Pennsylvania, who were led to see Fano and the Guardian Angel by my remarks in SCRIBNER'S and the comments thereupon in the *Outlook*. Mr. Crockett adds: "Please notify me as to the date of the annual dinner." The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at New Haven some time between the first of November and the first of May, and I

advise all members to save every evening between those dates, and to renew their subscriptions to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, wherein will soon appear exclusive and precise information. Suffice it now to say that the dinner will be held, and members of the Fano Club will receive personal invitations.

The distinguished surgeon Doctor W. W. Keen writes me from London that, having just read my remarks on the overlicking of envelopes, with which he is in hearty agreement, he is moved to add, "More frequent and quite as irritating is the custom of many people to apply the edges of the paper when folding the letter with meticulous care exactly edge to edge."

I believe in saving time in every possible way. Not that I mind a little frivolity and idling and loafing, for such things are no more a waste of time than rest and sleep. But to have letters badly folded and sealed—that is the cause of an absolute waste of time plus unnecessary friction. For the same reason, parents should not give their children long names. If a child is named Epaphroditus Bartholomew Holcombe-Smith, Junior, and if he survives such an appellation, he will probably lose what will amount to three years of his life in writing his full name on those frequent occasions when it becomes necessary. Furthermore, parents should give a daughter only one name; then when she marries, she can preserve the family name between her Christian and her husband's last name. When I was a boy, I knew a girl named May Day. Such a name closely approaches perfection; think of the time saved in writing cheques and on other occasions! It is also hard on a child to give it a name that few can either pronounce or spell; the victim has to spend a large slice of his life answering questions and making explanations. A name is an individual's only label; the only thing standing between him and absolute oblivion. Children are at the mercy of their parents in this as in so many other ways.

Doctor Keen writes that my reference to Bernard Shaw reminds him of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." "Twenty or more years ago I bought and read with deep interest Sarah Smith's novel with exactly the same title. . . . Either Shaw was ignorant of the literature of his own country or he deliberately plagiarized the title." I regret to say that I never heard of this Sarah Smith—though that was the name of a particularly admirable teacher I had at the West Middle School in Hartford; Doctor Keen says that in fertility she rivals Trollope.

If one is named Smith, it should be an incentive to the attainment of distinction; think of what Holmes said of the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and think also of the immortality of the friend of Pocahontas.

Holmes thought that Smith's national hymn was rubbish, but that it would outlast all the better work of his contemporaries. It contains something that will make it live forever. Browning is a greater poet than Smith, but he could not have written a national song. National songs must be sentimental, and Browning was too passionate to be sentimental.

Although I have never heard of Sarah's "Doctor's Dilemma," I deplore the custom of repeating names for novels. It is quite unnecessary. A short time ago I saw widely advertised a book called "The Fruit of the Tree"; I failed to see any review of it that commented on the fact that Edith Wharton had already used that title. Thomas Hardy's original name for "Jude the Obscure" was much better than the one he finally gave it; but he rejected "Hearts Insurgent" because he found it had been used by somebody else.

Doctor Keen is a model and an inspiration. He is eighty-six years old, and went to England this summer to fight the anti-vaccinationists. He tells me there is great danger in that country of an epidemic. Instead of 85 per cent of the babies being vaccinated, only 38 per cent are thus protected. The *Times* advocates compulsory vaccination, and Doctor Keen has come in as a valuable ally, for he is as well known abroad as in America. But isn't it a fine spectacle to see this magnificent octogenarian travelling across the ocean to fight for progress? In his recent book, "I Believe in God and in Evolution," he combines science and

faith in a characteristically reasonable way. Every one should read that booklet and follow it up by reading one even more recently published, called "Evolution and Religion," written by the distinguished scientist Henry Fairfield Osborn. There is nothing antiquated about true Christianity, for its Founder was so modern that it will take the world many centuries to reach His ideas.

FROM remotest ages men's eyes have searched the heavens, and the object there which has attracted most attention, because of its commanding size and intriguing changes, is the moon. Yet, though it hangs in the sky for all the world to see, to many writers the moon's affairs are a deep mystery; and this, not only in the learned whys and wherefores of its phases, but even in its every-day behavior.

The Inconstant Moon

Going back a hundred years or so, there is Coleridge; with one of the richest minds of his time, acquainted with philosophy and all manner of other things, he never got acquainted with the moon. After the Ancient Mariner saw the spectre bark disappear, he watched:

> "Till clomb above the eastern bar
> The horned moon with one bright star
> Within the nether tip."

Here are two astronomical bulls in three lines; the Mariner not only saw the new moon rise in the east, he also saw a star within the embrace of its points, as if it were a crescent moon cut out of pasteboard. Moreover, Coleridge seems as befogged about star ways as about moon ways:

> "The moving moon went up the sky"

(only seven days old, it still moves *up*)

> "And nowhere did abide;
> Softly she was going up,
> And a star or two beside,"

as if moon and stars moved across the firmament together, keeping pace with each other.

Dickens takes an opposite position; instead of hurrying the stars along with the moon, he has a star stand idly in one spot for a week. Stephen Blackpool, the unhappy weaver in "Hard Times," falls down a disused mine-shaft; seven days he lay, sorely hurt, at the bottom. When he was rescued he gazed at a bright star overhead, and said:

"It ha' shined upon me in my pain. . . . Often as I coom to myseln and found it shinin' on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home."

It was kind of the star to stand by in his suffering, but how its stopping must have dislocated the celestial harmony!

One of Captain Marryat's stories tells of a crescent moon waning in the early evening, while Rider Haggard has a full moon rising in the west. But one does not need to go back to the Victorians and the pre-Victorians to find these *lapsus lunæ;* to many present-day novelists the night sky seems to be undiscovered country—at least, beyond the fact that the moon belongs up there and varies in its shape and location.

Sheila Kaye-Smith illumines "Tamarisk Town" with "a big red moon which rose out beyond Ausdore, lifting her burning horns above the fogs that lay smoky in the east." She follows Coleridge's astronomy, and so does Zane Grey, with his new moon rising in the east at sunset, though neither of them adds the insult to lunar habits of caging a star within the moon's tips.

And Galsworthy, subtly as he turns the human soul inside out, has not penetrated the mind of the moon. As the wife of the "Man of Property" sits at dusk in Richmond Park with Dartie crowding her against Bosinny on the too-short bench, "suddenly the moon appeared, young and tender, floating up on her back from behind a tree." Truly, it takes the eye of a novelist to see the young moon moving up, either on her back or any other way.

Another fashion in lunar eccentricity finds favor with Hall Caine; his moon plays bo-peep with the earth—comes and goes in a most irresponsible way. When the Governor of Man made his little cruise around the island with his daughter and her lover, "Stowell and Fenella sat on deck under the moon and stars." The very next night they are on deck again; but the moon has business elsewhere, for "the gray twilight came down from the northern heavens, and then night fell—a dark night without moon, but with a world of stars." As the lovers were not keeping curfew hours, it was not their fault that they saw no moon; they gave her time enough to come, but she did not keep the appointment.

It is a long time since people believed that the moon is made of green cheese; it is time to take another forward step and learn something of her ways. May an admirer drop a word of kindly admonition in the ear of dear writer-friends? The moon is coy, retiring, and ignores every effort to make her change her habits; so why not let her pursue her nightly path according to her own wilful way?

Local History

SOME days ago I went out to our country home, after a long city winter, to rediscover, with Hector the collie, all our favorite places in the deep woods by the river. Each year we do this, and each year we find more of the alder-swamp impenetrable and the curtains of cat-briar set against us. This part of the country is indeed being reclaimed by the wild. It bears few remaining signs of its occupation by men. Once it was as neat and settled and lived-in as any New England community. The queer old town three miles up the river used to have a great landing-dock for coal and farm produce, and beamy deep-laden schooners had passage up-stream. Now, with difficulty and at high tide only, fair-sized motor-boats may dodge the bogs and shallows, and reach the old dilapidated wharf. And what a pleasure to think that, though commercialism is ruining many of the wildest and loveliest of places, this place is being made ready for a second existence as wilderness!

Hector and I, fur and clothes full of last year's dried burrs, waded as far as we could into our alder-swamp, to look for white violets and jack-in-the-pulpits, and at length came out upon a little clearing—Old Whitney's clearing—arched over with swamp-grapes and tangled woodbine. Here a bent and broken crab-apple tree was pointed, at the tip of every branch, with red buds about to burst into flower. No wind stirred. The river appeared far beyond, toward the north, through a haze of green leaves folded and pale like luna moth wings. A drift of cherry petals shook from a branch swayed by a bird. There was silence for moments at a time, interrupted by a wood-thrush that we knew—his song unvaried since last year.

And then we turned and looked south, up a slope where passage should have been easy through the underbrush, toward the old fallen homestead grown up with vines. Amazing! Everything was silver-white riot and ruin. Beside Old Whitney's fallen house an enormous cherry-tree had been swept over by one of last autumn's storms. Its towering head, bent over the unused road at the side, smothered the world in a foam of white blossoms. Beyond it an oak with a trunk three feet in diameter had toppled over, and its roots had borne out of the earth a delicate hemlock thirty feet high—the only hemlock within a radius of two miles. No one would ever recognize Old Whitney's dooryard. He himself, having been once a Long Island farmer, is probably taking the change philosophically, if he is conscious of it at all in whatever heaven he inhabits. He and his neighbors took all things philosophically fifty or more years ago. His house to-day is a sunken ruin, with little but foundation and heaps of refuse left. His orchard on the hill to the south is grown up with locust and cedar, against which the old apple trees still flower out bravely and beautifully as ever at this season, regardless of what gnarled fruit they bear for the consumption of wasps, chipmunks, and squirrels later on. And here the dooryard is a wreck, the currant bushes broken, the quince barren, and the berries gone wild. Long ago a lack of light choked out the lilacs and the syringa.

Well, there we sat, Hector and I, surveying the site of an ancient homestead, and wondering at how things change. I suppose, by Hector's expression, that he may have been regretting the passage into earth of his favorite piles of rubbish and chalky masonry. And I may have been lamenting the gradual dissolution of man-made things—but scarcely regretting it, for nothing is more beautiful than a blooming ruin in early

spring, set in the solitude of a glade. And, anyhow, I am of the younger generation, and don't believe in regrets. Then, too, this place had given birth to many of my plans, none of which had quite gone to nothing. Sitting here I had cast my hopes three ways: I would be author, opera-singer, and actress. From the age of nine on, I had designated my ambitions by four secret initials, here explained for the first time. To consider to-day the first ambition: Well, I have just had a book published, so authorship was not so unattainable after all. As to the second, I suppose I must count Hector's appreciation of my singing voice. That is something, though all the rest of the world remove itself at my first few notes. And my histrionic achievements may be but slight fulfilment of the third ambition; yet they do not lack vividness. This old ruin provided the proper solitude in which I gained the necessary daring to draw up a few great plans, now executed in small part.

During our reflections on ambitions and change, the air grew chilly, and Hector restless, making it necessary for us to return home, a quarter of a mile cross-country, due east. Upon our arrival at the house, and after seeing me settled by a log fire, my brother opened conversation.

"You know you aren't the only author in this village," he began.

"Is that so——?"

"Not by any means the only author. Maybe you think you are, but I was in the drug store uptown this afternoon, and, do you know, Jim Hampton has written a book, and it's on sale there! The story of his life. The old fellow's got a stack of copies, selling them at three plunks apiece for the church. The whole town's buying them. Book's full of local history, they say, and it has a picture in it of this house, and one of Old Whitney's."

"Humph," I muttered, seeing my new-made reputation as the town's only native author falling with a sound like thunder. "Better get a copy, and let's see if it really is a book."

Now, in much cooler mood, and after perusal of the enchanting pages, I am more than willing and glad to admit that I am by no means the town's only author. He has done more, this Jim Hampton, than he ever planned to do. Ingenuously, without the grace of flawless grammar or the ornaments of studied style, he has written a book which strikes me, at least, as infinitely better and more important than all the popular novels-of-place of the present day. And he was born, the book tells us, in Old Whitney's house!

I doubt if, in boyhood days, he ever sat at that doorstep and planned to write a book. He probably spent more time planning the planting and harvesting of the little farm—caring for the now neglected fruit trees—doing anything he could to earn a few cents to help his mother, widowed in the Civil War, and with several small children to support. He used to husk corn at three and a half cents a shock, for one thing. And he left home bravely at the age of twelve, to live with childless neighbors and relieve his mother of some of her burden.

From the first break, he seems to have grown in mind rather faster than most members of the community. The country school interested him; his neighbors, in fact any people, always engrossed him. He regarded them all kindly. When in his mature years he built up a business with an office in New York, and travelled throughout Europe, meeting men of the world, his homely straightforwardness caused him to prosper; but his success never made him forget the simple folk of his boyhood, or the trivial doings of their full lives. He is living among them to-day up in town, and he has surprised them all with his book for and about them, written secretly during the past year. He will soon be seventy years old—a ripe age and honored among these country people. They will appreciate the pictures from his life in the larger world, gathered into his book for them—his office in New York—his family climbing the Alps. There is also a recent picture of his grandchild. He shows our own house because its site was that of the home of those friendly neighbors who took him in when he was a boy of twelve. Old Whitney's house appears, almost as it is to-day, a ruin among tangled weeds and vines; but in the photograph the cherry tree is still standing, and the oak, and the little hemlock now upturned. Yet if Jim Hampton should revisit his birthplace, I wish he might see it as Hector and I saw it the other day—a beautiful spring ruin, covered by a mist of blue-white cherry blossoms—a desirable birthplace, not laid waste for anyone's material gain, but claimed by the forest, and made ready and renewed for another cycle of life.

Art and the Skyscraper

BY DEWITT CLINTON POND

EUROPEAN comment on American architecture has not always been of a favorable nature. Our tall buildings are acknowledged to be noteworthy examples of engineering enterprise and initiative, but as works of art they are simply skyscrapers, a term expressed in tones of good-humored patronage. These towering buildings seem to be all that we have, and to the observer the engineering phase of our undertakings has been considerably more important than the art which is involved.

The word skyscraper makes a vivid appeal to the imagination, and for this reason it has been given undue attention when American architecture is under consideration. Although buildings in the more congested parts of our larger cities are almost universally higher than those found in European cities, the truly tall buildings, in the construction of which unusual engineering skill is involved, are exceptional. Even in New York, where the development of tall buildings is the most impressive, in proportion to the total amount of construction in the city, there are actually few buildings which can properly be called skyscrapers. An airplane view of Manhattan shows this graphically. The upper part of the island is covered with six-story apartment-houses. Farther south, around Seventy-second Street, there is an outcropping of taller structures, and at Columbus Circle and the Plaza there are some of gigantic proportions. At this point, however, these buildings are exceptional, rising as they do far above their surroundings. It is not until the uptown banking and commercial district and downtown financial district are reached that the towering buildings are the rule. In the uptown section the Bush and Times buildings are probably the most prominent. In the Wall Street area are the Woolworth, Equitable, Singer, Bankers Trust, and Cunard buildings, the like of which have never before been seen in the world.

As Manhattan is only one of the five boroughs which form the greater city, the proportion of tall buildings in this metropolis is actually small. In view of these facts it is evident that although the development of the skyscraper is significant and appeals to the imagination, certainly it is not characteristic of the architecture of the country as a whole.

This is also true of buildings which require unusual engineering design. They are exceptional. The science of engineering has become so standardized that for the average building, once loads are found, the sizes of supporting members, such as beams, girders, or columns, can be determined from tables in which the properties of the various members are listed.

The European observers are not the only ones who are prone to believe that our building achievements are more a matter of engineering than art. I believe that in any treatise on architecture one fact should be emphasized strongly. This fact is that architecture should properly be regarded as an art. However, although this is the only sane manner in which this branch of the fine arts should be viewed, one wonders if the various persons in the swirling throngs around the base of the Woolworth Building in New York or that pass in and out of the Pan-American Building at Washington mentally file these masterpieces under this heading. Architecture is so intimately associated with various branches of engineering work that the observer is apt to believe our modern design is entirely a matter of construction. Structural conditions undoubtedly impose certain restrictions, but I believe it is safe to say that such restrictions are less burdensome to the architect to-day than at any other period in the history of the world.

Part of New York City's Skyscrapers.
The Battery, showing the Aquarium in the centre foreground.

When a large fireproof building is under construction we are made aware of the progress of the work by the erection of an enormous steel skeleton—a network of columns, girders, and beams swung into place by giant derricks, to the deafening sound of pneumatic riveters. The framework is alive with men—structural steel workers—some of them bolting beams into place, others standing over portable forges heating rivets, which they throw to their fellow workers, who first catch them in metal pails, and then force them through concentric holes in the angles and plates or beams, in order to rivet the various structural members securely together. The whole is a picturesque sight, one of the most striking encountered in our modern industrial civilization.

While the steel skeleton is being erected higher and higher, the concrete mixers are grinding and whirring below, and material hoists, laden with mixtures of cement, sand, and rock, speed to the floors where forms are already built and reinforcing steel placed.

When the steel frame has reached a proper height, the exterior walls of stone or brick are erected, and, although the masons may start to build them at the grade level, there have been cases where the walls were started at floors many stories above grade. A builder of the Middle Ages would have stood aghast at a procedure which would call for the construction of floors before the outside walls were erected. In olden days the walls acted as support for the floors.

To the observer that which is meant by architecture is this veneer of brick, stone, terra-cotta, concrete, or plaster, which is simply applied to the sturdy steel frame, and, because to most of us that which is human and adventurous is more interesting than that which is motionless and æsthetic, our attention is caught more by the fabrication of the skeleton than by the static proportions of the finished structure. The building seems to be more a product of engineering skill than the output of an artist's atelier. Little attention is paid to the brain work which must conceive the design of the structure before a single steel beam can be rolled, cut, punched, and delivered, or a single cubic yard of earth can be removed from the site.

The genius of the architect, however, dominates the erection of a modern building, if it is to be considered as something more than merely a huge box divided horizontally by floors and vertically by partitions. There are buildings like this, of course—mainly factories and warehouses—but these no more resemble architecture than a packing-crate is like a beautifully carved sixteenth-century chest. Granting that most of us desire something more inspiring than the packing-crate type of building, then we must call upon the genius of the architect to supply it. He it is who develops the plan, locates the columns, determines the floor height, and designs the exterior of the building. He must rely upon the engineer to calculate the loads to be carried by the various structural members, and decide upon the sizes of beams, girders, columns, and footings which will be required. It is due to the co-ordination of these two types of work that the erection of a large modern building is made possible. Both types are important, but that which makes the building a convenient place to work in and an inspiring mass to behold is the work of the architect.

There have been times when the man who determined where the structural supports were to be placed, as well as their decorative value, might have acted as his own engineer and passed upon the strength of his supporting columns. The plan of an Egyptian temple was a comparatively simple one. Not many of the modern requirements which complicate a plan, such as the location of stair wells and elevators, numerous offices or rooms, as well as the need of providing mechanical equipment, and erecting tier upon tier of floors, existed in the time of the Pharaohs. Ground space did not seem to have the importance then that it has now. In those less strenuous days it was quite possible for the artist, who carved the massive stone piers to resemble huge bundles of papyrus stalks, to solve the structural problem of how far apart his supports should be, for this distance was the length of the stone lintel, which spanned from pier to pier.

It was impossible for the designers of buildings in those days to develop a plan in which large, unobstructed spaces existed, as there was no method of providing a roof over any such space. Structural conditions imposed their limitations then most decid-

edly, and the problem of providing a covering over wide areas was not solved for many years after the Egyptians first built their huge temples, the interiors of which resembled forests of huge stone piers. It is probable that the Greeks solved the problem of roofing their temples by means of wood beams. We have no direct evidence of this, as the roofs over the temples vanished centuries ago. The limits within which Ictinos and other Greek designers had to work were fairly rigid. Wood beams can only be of a certain length. Within the limits set by structural conditions, the Greek artists wrought marvels. Nothing has been erected since the Parthenon which can be said to be more beautiful.

The Romans liberated their designers from the need of planning buildings to cover restricted areas, for they were the first to use on a large scale the arch, vault, and dome to span over large spaces. They built their vaults of concrete, and these had no more thrust than inverted teacups once the material had set. Huge vaulted temples were erected, and enormous baths, the grandeur of which has probably never been surpassed.

There are those who assert that the Romans should be given little credit for architectural achievements. It is true that most of the motives used to ornament their large buildings were inspired by Greek models, and that much of the decoration was simply applied to their structures. The Greeks used columns as supports. They were forced to do this. The Romans used columns simply as ornamental motives, for their domes and vaults were self-supporting. However, these critics of the builders of Rome lose sight of the difficulties encountered by architectural designers of the Roman or any other period. These are the difficulties of planning and erecting beautifully proportioned buildings, which have a pleasing relation of parts, an interesting composition of masses, and a simple, direct plan. The Romans, probably with the help of Greek artisans, overcame this difficulty triumphantly. In their more imposing buildings their work was characterized by a splendid understanding of scale or proportion. Liberated from the need of working within restricted areas, they designed their vaults with a fine regard for the space to be covered, and ornamented their walls with motives which well fitted the architectural scheme.

It is interesting to speculate upon the relationship which existed between the men of Rome who determined what structural supports were required, and those who dictated the proportions which the various supports and arches should have. Possibly approximately the same relation existed then as one now finds between the modern architect and engineer. One set of men planned for beauty and the other for strength, but the fact that the buildings were truly magnificent bears witness that each set of men must have understood the requirements of the other, and that there may have been only one type of designer after all—one who knew what was required both for artistic and structural design.

The use of concrete seems to have gone out of existence about the time of the fall of imperial Rome, but the use of the vault for the purpose of spanning over large openings was not forgotten. The builders of the Romanesque and Gothic periods made use of the vault, but attempted to build with stone. Now, a stone arch or vault develops a thrust which must be resisted in some manner. The early Romanesque builders in Europe or Norman builders in England at first made use of huge, thick walls to counteract the force of thrust from the vault. Later it was found that pointed arches and vaults exerted less thrust; that thrust could be counterbalanced by counterthrust; that loads could be concentrated at piers, and buttresses could be used to withstand such horizontal forces as were caused by the arches.

Engineering as we know it to-day was unknown in the Middle Ages. It is probable that such rules as were used were formulated as a direct result of experience. That such rules were not always reliable is shown by the fact that certain of the vaults fell in after construction. In other cases additional stone work was added to buttresses to withstand thrusts from vaults which evidently started to spread.

The guilds of masons who built the superb cathedrals were highly organized, and it is quite possible that there was a certain amount of specialization, but there is such harmonious blending of art and structure in the work of the builders of mediæval Europe that there can be little doubt about the ap-

preciation of artistic values possessed by the men who specialized with regard to construction.

The designers of the Middle Ages gloried in the freedom they gained through a knowledge of the possibilities of stone vaulting. Their piers became much more slender, their vaults higher. Their stone ornaments became almost lacelike in their fineness.

The vault or dome, however, still remained the only method devised for roofing large spaces in a permanent and fireproof manner, from the time of the Romans until very recently. Within the memory of most of us a new material has been introduced on a large scale into building construction. This material is steel, a modern product. With it almost any distance can be spanned, any height attained. A building can now have an open, unobstructed space within it of almost any dimensions desired. Given such a foundation as can be found on the rocky bed of Manhattan Island, it is possible to erect a building much higher even than those which form the inspiring group to be seen from New York harbor. Such limits as are now imposed are not those fixed by materials but by man-made laws. We have found that city streets, as they now exist, are not wide enough to accommodate the throngs which would pour out of such towering structures as could be constructed, that avenues lined with these colossal edifices would be mere chasms—in shadow except when the sun was in the meridian. So man has prohibited the erection of such towers as we might construct, with the result that the architecture of such a city as New York is assuming a new character.

Freed from the limits imposed throughout the ages by outworn structural conditions, architects at first had difficulty in handling the design of the great modern structures, but of late years they have done surprisingly beautiful things. They have designed with a freedom and feeling of scale which the architects in other parts of the world will have difficulty in equalling.

The patronizing attitude of those who claim that buildings in which the use of steel makes possible new forms cannot be good expressions of the art of architecture, shows a lack of understanding of what this art really is. A building must be useful, so its plan must be simple and direct. A building must also be beautiful, and so its parts must be well proportioned and designed to form an interesting composition. To accentuate and define the various parts, various ornamental motives are used, and because these motives are inspired by Old World patterns, the critics have been disposed to belittle the achievements of American designers. It is a cheap kind of criticism, for architecture is very much more than the derivation of ornamental motives. It is the same type of criticism that is voiced against the Romans, who planned with masterly skill, but who used Greek models as inspiration for their applied ornament.

Great credit must be given to the men who have placed at the hands of architects the modern materials of construction. From the skilful men who design the members for strength to the fearless workers on the lofty steel frames, their work is characterized by enthusiastic initiative and daring. Granting, however, all the credit due to these men, the building as a final product is the work of the architect. He it is who determines how the materials are to be used to produce a well-planned and beautiful structure.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 9.

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GIRL WITH LUTE.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

—"An American Artist Canonized in the Freer Gallery."—Page 539.